

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

European Front

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The divisional strength is different. In Italy, the nineteen German divisions on the line across the

peninsula provide defense forces averaging about one division for every four and one-half miles. German forces as dispersed along the Atlantic Wall, from Denmark to the Spanish border, do not exceed one division for every twenty-five miles. If lower Norway and the Mediterranean shores of France are added, there is an immense territorial coverage demanded of the approximately forty German divisions in the West.

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Russia cuts into the Balkans

Russia's grand strategy emerges with the clarity of a blueprint, now that disaster has broken the armies of Mannstein and Kleist in the Ukraine and Bessarabia. Nearly fifty divisions of the Wehrmacht have paid forfeit to the superior generalship, fighting spirit, and manpower of the Russians since New Year's. Close to 700,000 are dead, missing, or prisoners.

Losses of tanks, heavy mobile guns, transport, and food stores gravely impair the resources available to the battered Wehrmacht. These enormous subtractions in equipment need to be emphasized. Their importance is primary. They explain Germany's frenzied new search for slave labor.

The climactic campaigns of the war impend in Eastern Europe. Russia's primary objectives are those she has pursued throughout the winter and spring: destruction of the armies of the Third Reich; destruction or capture of the supplies and equipment upon which they immediately depend; seizure of sources of raw materials, supply bases, and industrial production centers whence Germany's war equipment derives, and the cutting of communications lines over which it must travel to battle.

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In the South the Russians are coördinating operations from captured Odessa to the Eastern Carpathians for a powerful thrust toward the Danube. Ahead, on the Rumanian plain below the Transylvanian Alps, lie the rich Ploesti oil fields and the Iron Gate, which controls the whole lower Danube valley.

Russia's master plan still pivots on the Balkans. That explains the weight of the attack mustering along the central and southern fronts. Success, either in the smash toward the Hungarian plain or along the valley of the lower Danube, would sever Bulgaria, Greece, and most of Yugoslavia from German control. It would deprive Hitler of indispensable oil, cut off Germany's mineral supplies from Greece, halve Nazi imports of chrome, dry up German imports from Turkey completely, subtract more than 40 per cent of Germany's remaining copper supply, bring her war plants in Czechoslovakia within reach, and threaten the rail lines from the upper Adriatic, over which Germany hauls 45 per cent of her nickel and all her parachute silk from Northern Italy.

Will Russia by-pass Turkey?

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federation of the Southern Slavs, enable Russia to by-pass Turkey at the Straits, and consolidate Russian influence all the way to the Adriatic.

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Defeat by starvation

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nutrition in France threaten the future of the nation. The flooding of agricultural areas in the Netherlands adds another terrible chapter to this nightmare tale. By this action, Germany is wrecking the subsistence base of the nations. Biologically she is bleeding Europe white.

Slaves have nimble fingers

Along with the policy of man-made famine among her victims, Germany is employing a new policy of kidnaping. From Czechoslovakia, Austria, Holland, France, and Belgium, the Nazis have begun to collect boys and girls of eleven, twelve, and upwards for forced labor in German war industries. "Children have nimble fingers," quotes the German Minister of Labor. The Czech underground reports thousands of these youngsters in a single camp in Southern Germany, where they are being instructed for work in munitions factories. Many of those factories are targets for our bombs.

Street raids are the order of the day in Poland, where Nazi press gangs who previously seized men and women for slave labor now round up children for the same purpose. The herding of Belgian girls of fifteen into war plants, has elicited bitter denunciation from the Catholic Bishop of Liège.

The neutrals walk on eggs

Turkey's case at the far end of the Mediterranean is complex. Already in default on her pre-war mutual defense treaty with Greece, Turkey's position is perilously close to default in her treaty with Great Britain also. Ankara is aware that Germany is losing the war, and that Britain is predominant in the Mediterranean. Yet the Turk is unwilling to commit himself, because he observes political trends which urge caution: correctly or not, he suspects British influence behind the proposal for an Arab Federation in the Near East.

In the proposal for an American oil pipeline through Saudi Arabia to the Mediterranean, the Turks see signs of a post-war Anglo-American alliance. But Russia's demonstrated military power is a fact in their immediate neighborhood, and Britain is distant. The Russian army in the Caucasus is a fact, not a theory. These factors have to be fitted into Turkey's equation of policy somehow.

Finally, there remains the question of the Straits. Will that finally be determined by Russian influence or by joint Allied policy? Memories of a fruitful twenty-year alliance with Russia prior to this war linger in Ankara. Russian help in framing the Montreux Convention governing the Straits, and British opposition, are not forgotten. Russia's attitude toward Turkey is milder lately. Turkey balances facts — and waits.

Switzerland reads the signs of the times and hastens by vote of her government to promise Moscow recognition — after the war. Meantime she defies Hermann Göring's brother, who asks in vain that a Swiss village be erased to permit enlargement of his electric power plant in Switzerland just over the border. The village voted not to liquidate itself. To this extent Switzerland feels secure in her rocky cantons. Hitler cannot afford to detail precious divisions to police her.

The Swedes keep their powder dry

Sweden remains the logical inner highway over which Germany might decide to pour troops for defense of Norway and the Baltic gate. Invasion alarms in Western Europe accentuate this fact today. So there is sharp deterioration of Swedish-Nazi relations as the crisis of the war approaches. What did Winston Churchill mean, two months ago, when he declared that the grand attack on Germany would be delivered from the East, the South, the West, and the North? Germany would like to know.

Whatever Churchill meant, Hitler is taking no chances. Barracks have sprung up in Northern Norway, close to the Swedish frontier — presumably to house the six Nazi divisions that may retreat from Finland. New airfields emerge in Central Norway, close to the Swedish border. German warships and planes step up their violations of Swedish territorial waters. Hitler makes no effort to conceal his wrath at King Gustav and Swedish Prime Minister Hansson, for the part they have played in inducing Finland to heed Russian peace offers.

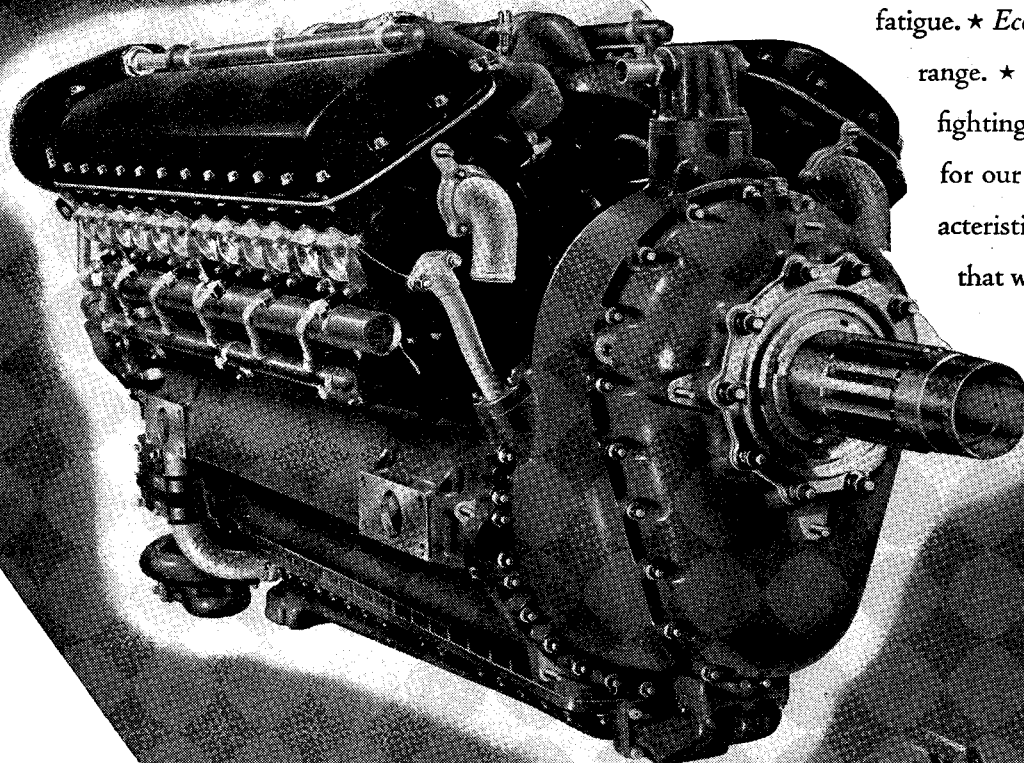
So the Swedes are again on the alert. Elaborate maneuvers of the Swedish Army close to the frontier of Norway in the Arctic counter evidences of German threat. Sweden's entire air force is on the *qui vive* day and night. Every incoming ship's hold is investigated by the shore police. The Navy stands by under emergency orders. Some influential papers are boldly demanding that neutrality and isolation be dropped. A distinctly friendly policy toward Russia is evolving at Stockholm. Sweden, like Turkey, weighs not only the risks of war but the riddles of peace.

WHAT TO WATCH

1. The development of Allied bombing aimed at dispersed small industrial plants and food stores.
2. Possible invasion pressure on the western Balkan shore of the Adriatic — especially if the Russian advance maintains its tempo.
3. Development of Russian naval activity in the Baltic against German supply shipping from Sweden.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

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The Pacific War

THE many difficulties which face Japan today, both at home and abroad, stem from a fundamental crisis in grand strategy. The fact is that Japan's resources and manpower, her social organization and military indoctrination, have been prepared for a type of war which we are not going to fight.

Japan prepared for wars of aggression. In the interval between her immediate conquests and her proposed expansion, she expected nothing more than weak and desperate assaults on her island outposts by navies constituted in the traditional manner. When Japanese leaders claimed that it would cost us a million men to take the Marshall Islands, they were not bluffing. If our knowledge of amphibious tactics and the range of our battle fleets had remained static after 1941, they would have been right. We should have paid the price of Tarawa at every island beachhead without the satisfaction of taking the islands. In this way Japan's theory of "bleeding operations" might have worked.

The passing of naval bases

Why are we not fighting Japan's kind of war? In the first place, we are independent of naval bases. When the Washington treaties were signed, the assumption was that war could not occur between Japan and the United States, because neither had bases near enough to the other to permit their fleets to meet. The operative range of battleships was then around 2500 miles.

But today we have a battle fleet that can circle the globe twice without stopping at any base at all. Accompanied by its train of varied craft — ammunition ships, tankers, tenders, hospital, supply, and repair ships — the modern fleet can strike at long distances and keep on striking. Japan has been unable to produce this sort of second navy upon which the fighting craft can depend.

Tremendous technological developments make this new kind of fleet possible. New methods of construction and new steel alloys provide increased storage capacity and greater protection without sacrificing speed. We have floating drydocks that can house battleships.

When we took Kwajalein, the smoke of battle had hardly cleared before the second invasion began, headed by bulldozers, steam shovels, and floating cranes. Along with these came everything from refrigerated foods to prefabricated houses. After attacking Truk, five carrier groups refueled at sea and proceeded on to the Marianas. The fleet has conquered the problem of naval bases by taking them with it.

Every Japanese sailor has read Mahan, but Mahan did not provide for contingencies such as these. The Japanese, for their part, now discover that their own naval bases are useless if there is no navy to defend them. We can bomb Truk at the same time that we are bombarding Palau. The multitude of aircraft carriers and the technical superiority of our planes appear to have destroyed our fear of land-based planes.

Attrition and starvation

The Japanese Navy is in difficulties. The dilemma of whether to use available resources to build ships or planes is a very real one. It is created by the successful operation of our submarines and our air forces against the supply lines upon which Japan depends. Ships cannot be protected without planes — but how can planes be built unless ships bring the raw materials from Southeast Asia?

Japan is not bleeding us; we are bleeding Japan. By a series of brilliantly executed outflanking movements, we have isolated large numbers of Japanese

troops. It is estimated that 65,000 were cut off on New Ireland and New Britain, 25,000 on Bougainville, and thousands in the Marshall Islands. Here they are left to starve or surrender.

A large part of the Japanese submarine fleet is engaged in the expensive task of bringing in supplies to isolated garrisons or in evacuating key personnel. The effects on morale, both of submarine crews, to whom this is a much more dangerous operation than combat, and to troops, who see the state to which the Navy has been reduced and resent the evacuation of key personnel, is obvious.

Foreseeing their difficulties when the tide of battle turned against them last year, the Japanese began to build wooden ships of between 100 and 250 tons. These are no answer to the basic problem of supplying the outposts. Such vessels are difficult to construct with unskilled native labor; they demand a high proportion of trained crews in relation to the weight carried; they are uneconomical to load and unload; and they form easy targets for the fifty-caliber machine guns of American planes.

No wonder Japan has to exert every effort to recruit Japanese and native seamen, as well as to raise their morale. It is something new to find the Japanese press discussing the security and living conditions of seamen. The most tangible improvement is likely to be in the way of awards, certificates of commendation, and the multiplication of ceremonies in honor of merit. So long as Japan is losing more ships than she can replace, material improvement for her seamen is not very likely.

Japan knuckles down to Russia

The Soviet Union was among the first to perceive and to profit from Japan's difficulties and changed strategic position. The Soviet-Japanese agreement on Sakhalin, and the Fisheries Convention of March 30, demonstrated dramatically the diplomatic isolation and weakness of Japan. The government took great pains to explain and to justify the agreement to their own people, and stressed heavily the complex procedure, involving even the Emperor, by which such agreements had to be ratified.

The renewal of the Fisheries Convention of 1928 for five years and the payment of five million rubles by the Soviet are as nothing to the other terms of the Convention. This agreement annulled the Russo-Japanese Convention of 1925, granting Japan oil concessions in Northern Sakhalin. Those parts of the Treaty of Portsmouth (1905) relating to Japan's fishing rights were modified. Among other things, the Japanese are no longer allowed to fish in or conduct aerial navigation over Eastern Kamchatka waters for the duration of the war.

The coal and oil production of Northern Sakhalin was not a large proportion of the total used by Japan, but at times like these, any loss is serious. The limitation on fishing rights can hardly please the Japanese. In 1925 the Japanese worked 88 per cent of the fishing lots. By 1939, this had been reduced to 40 per cent. Now it is even less. At the same time the rental has steadily gone up. Russians have more and more replaced Japanese seasonal labor, and Soviet fishermen have been supplanting Japanese fishermen.

The Soviet press has not refrained from pointing out to Japan the reasons for the change in her bargaining position. They are simplicity itself — the change in the position of the Soviet Union and the turn of events in the Pacific war. *Pravda* and *Izvestia* reminded the Japanese of the time when they thought that Hitler's blitzkrieg in Russia would be successful, and that Germany, as an ally of Japan, attacked the Soviet Union only two months after the signing of the Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact.

Izvestia's comment to the effect that the new agreement showed appreciation of the military situation of Russia's allies in the Pacific, whatever its other implications, is good nerve war against the Japanese. It is significant that Japan's militarists have tried to put some of the responsibility on the shoulders of the Emperor. This, presumably, puts the matter beyond the realm of criticism.

The attack on India

The Japanese may be in difficulties, but they still have plenty of fight left in them. The invasion of India follows the usual Japanese pattern of seeking to destroy our preparations for assault on Tokyo by well-timed and daring action. Among other things, the invasion serves to remind us that Japan is a continental as well as a naval power. The Burma fighting from our side is a highly coordinated process of encirclement.

By using imaginative and daring tactics, which cost the life of General Wingate, we are trying to lop off large sections of the Japanese garrisons in Burma and to reopen some kind of land route to our ever growing bases in China. Japanese stockpiles of arms and ammunition in Burma must be replenished mainly by the long supply route beginning at Bangkok, stretching by rail to Moulmein, then to Rangoon and up the Irawaddy. Allied planes have been pounding this communication strip for months.

Politics on the march

The attempt to invade India and to cut the Assam-Bengal railway must be looked upon therefore as a desperate venture in which political motives are even more important than military. Here the greatest

political triumphs, or boosts, could be made in return for the least expenditure of effort.

Home audiences were given the cheering news that Indians welcome liberating Japanese armies, as an antidote perhaps to the fears already aroused by careful descriptions, in home broadcasts, of the various types of American planes now in China. These are now estimated by Tokyo as between 1000 and 2000 planes. If our Burma operations meet with reasonable success, the antidotes to this antidote should be dropping over Tokyo long before the end of the year.

It certainly has been the Japanese intention to exploit what differences there might be between China and her allies on the one hand, and between us and the British on the other. In view of this purpose, public discussion has its dangers, and certainly no one wishes to provide ammunition for the enemy. But the time is rapidly approaching when we shall have to clarify to ourselves and to others the part we think we are playing in the continental war in Asia.

The Chinese, usually the first to announce their policies, have already taken up the question of how to deal with puppets serving the Japanese. The *Ta Kung Pao* argues that such puppets must be relentlessly punished, and that plans should be made to punish all traitors. This much is simple, but there are apparently three grades of puppets: those who have deliberately betrayed their country; those whose crimes are of a secondary nature; and those who have been forced to aid the Japanese invaders. These last, it is argued, should be pardoned but deprived of civil rights.

It is going to be hard to prove whether a man was forced to serve the Japanese or willingly became a puppet, but the tone of the approaches shows that the Chinese recognize the seriousness of the problem. There is particular venom against those in high places who joined the Japanese to serve their personal ends.

The *Ta Kung Pao* merely raises the question, and with it comes the whole question of the attitude of conquered people and the further question of how to clear up the political wreckage of years of enemy rule. The possibilities for bloodletting are enormous. It is well to establish now the principle that even a long-suffering and righteous indignation can be expressed through legal channels.

Where do we stand?

Our traditional policy in Asia has been to insist upon a free hand. We have refused alliance with anyone, but have broken down any alliances, such as the Anglo-Japanese, when they seemed too powerful for us to handle.

Is this going to be our line for the future? If so, where are we going to throw our weight? Will it be with the British, who are apparently bent on recovering their former position in the Far East? Will it be with the Chinese, to whom vast territories and responsibilities will be restored, but who, for many years, will be the industrial Cinderella of Asia? Or will it be with the Russians, whose voice in Far Eastern affairs will be ignored at our peril.

When the war is over, the two greatest Far Eastern peoples, from a military-industrial point of view, will be no match for the three great powers. How are we going to make sure that this area does not become the breeding ground of further wars?

Certainly it will not be enough merely to extend our Pearl Harbors to the China coast and to surround a defeated Japan with guns and fortifications. This effort would merely make it a little easier to start the next war. Somehow or other we must act in such a way as to ensure a peaceful Asia. It is either peace or police — and no country would tire of policing sooner than the United States.

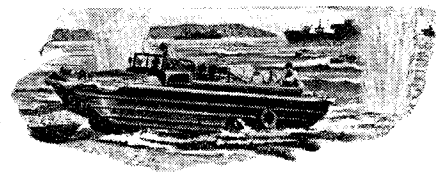
• This is where the trouble begins. How can we ensure peace, not in terms of military security, but in terms of the inner development of Far Eastern peoples. Do we know them well enough?

The British, with a deep sense of responsibility, have their ideas of how to organize the Far East. The Russians have also done plenty of thinking about it — as we shall discover, perhaps, when the fate of Korea approaches solution and the many thousands of Koreans who live in the wartime provinces show an interest in their homeland.

We have done some thinking about China, to be sure, and we have strong views about the demilitarization of Japan, but we have no territorial or political anchors on the Asiatic mainland. Unless there is some kind of international organization, therefore, covering the whole of Eastern Asia and the Southwest Pacific, we shall have no influence in Asia (except, perhaps, for the Philippines) comparable to that of our allies.

By force of circumstances, we are driven to the closest possible understanding with China as the basis of political influence in Asia. To achieve such coöperation it is not enough to dissociate ourselves from the political ambitions and methods of our allies while giving full military assistance in Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia, and probably French Indo-China. We must think out our position long before the fighting is over and the real political maneuvering begins, for the problems of Europe will look simple compared with those of Asia.

The truck that took to water



"JOHNNY," Big Ed Gormley used to say, polishing away at the shining radiator — "Johnny, this baby'll do everything but *swim!*"

And Johnny, thinking of the power in that big engine and the strength of the sturdy frame, wouldn't put even *that* past Big Ed's husky GMC truck.

"Gosh!" he'd dream, picturing himself behind the wheel on a long, thrilling night run. "*When I grow up I'm gonna drive a truck like that!*"

When Johnny grew up, bugles were blowing. And one day he found himself on a loaded transport, just off an enemy shore.

"Hey, guys!" someone yelled. "Look what's comin' to take us off. *Ducks!*"

And up to the landing nets moved a stream of strange craft that were, in actual fact, trucks like Big Ed's — now taught how to swim!

For one of General Motors' many war jobs has been the development of an amphibious vehicle from its standard 2½-ton 6-wheel-drive truck. The DUKW — "Duck" in GI language — is basically the same GMC truck as many now on the road, with front-wheel drive, hull, propeller, rudders and a few special controls added.

The heart of the "Duck" thus comes from the peacetime ability of General Motors truck engineers to plan and build well.

The "know-how" acquired

in many years of working for more and better things for more people equipped them so well that, within 38 days from the time they were asked to, they could *and did* produce a "truck that took to water."

Urged on in peacetime by the traditional American practice of a just reward for good and useful work, they were prepared to help their country when war struck.

The same urge to accomplish great results, that has already brought America so far, will carry our country still further, in the coming days of Peace, along the road of more and better things for more people.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Latin America

THE inter-American front serves three purposes: it is a supply line for essential war materials; it is an important reinforcement front for the rapid transport of "super priority" fighting men and materials and government officials to all portions of the European war areas, including Russia; and its network of air and naval bases is the Hemisphere's defensive front against Axis submarine ravages, and for the protection of the Panama Canal.

All these emergency functions the Hemisphere front is still performing — except for a few materials — more than adequately. In spite of the huge war consumption of certain goods, considerable stockpiles of strategic minerals, now mainly derived from Latin America, have been accumulated. The political defections from which the front is suffering have not materially checked this flow of goods which armies must have. Even Argentina continues to supply meat and grain to Great Britain.

As for reinforcement and communications, the flow of air and shipping traffic through Brazil's "Bulge" ports was never better. Brazil is closer to her allies — Russia, perhaps, excepted — both in Europe and North America than any other Latin American power.

The third objective of inter-American collaboration — the defensive — already has been largely fulfilled. Sufficient bases to take care of practically any conceivable submarine, or even air, attack on the two continents have been established and are in operation. Things are going well defensively.

But after the war —

In the long haul, what may legitimately be expected of an inter-American concert of powers toward a permanent peace?

In the first place, for a considerable period after the war a vast flow of the Western Hemisphere's foodstuffs and essential industrial materials must be maintained to the other continents in order to re-establish the war-stricken nations. And not all of these exports, by any means, can immediately be paid for in the kinds of manufactured products in which there are various degrees of critical shortages in almost every region of the American continents.

Second, the greatest possible degree of political agreement needs to be worked out among the American nations, including the United States, so that they can present a reasonably united front in bringing about the kind of peace which they most need themselves. An international agreement is needed which will safeguard the rights of small nations, guarantee a more fluid world trade economy, and reduce balance of power intrigues among the stronger countries by making the maintenance of peace against all aggressors a genuine international responsibility.

U. S. scapegoat

Little has been done to center the attention of the American power bloc — if we can use such a term to describe the wartime relationship of the American republics — on these long-term objectives. The republics are loosely united in an emergency operation to carry through a few immediate war enterprises together. But most of them will scramble eagerly to escape from the toils of effective collaboration as soon as the emergency is over.

Mexico, our nearest neighbor, is officially a co-belligerent. But Mexico is in the grip of one of the severest inflation and cost-of-living crises in her tangled financial history. And increasingly — if by no means altogether justly — the economic war policies of the United States are being blamed for it.

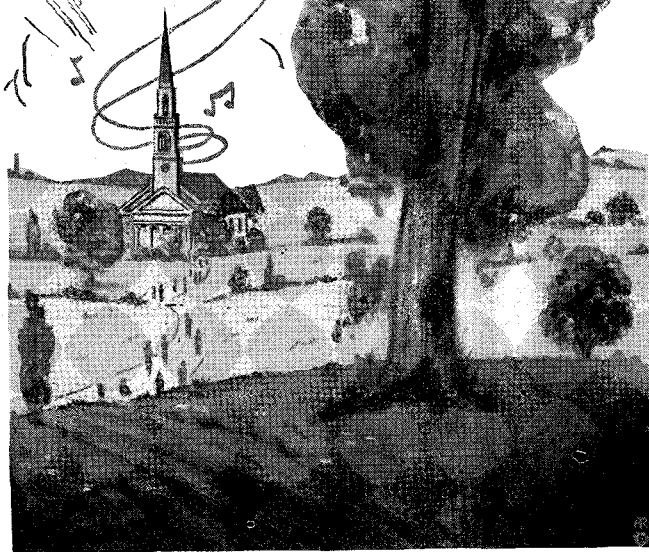
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Still worse, out of the economic difficulties is arising another crisis: a struggle between the Left and Right in Mexico — between the old socializing revolutionist element once led by former President Lázaro Cárdenas and the anti-war *Sinarquistas* who have been backed from the beginning by the Spanish Falange. The aim of both factions is to destroy the middle-of-the-road policies of President Ávila Camacho. The victory of either group is unlikely to lead to closer collaboration with the United States in promoting a sound inter-American policy.

Or take *Colombia*, the most democratic republic in South America in its working politics, and also a fellow belligerent. In the late autumn Colombia's President Alfonso López took a leave of absence to visit the United States. He has been back on the home grounds for nearly three months, during which he has displayed reluctance to resume his office and has made several threats of formal resignation.

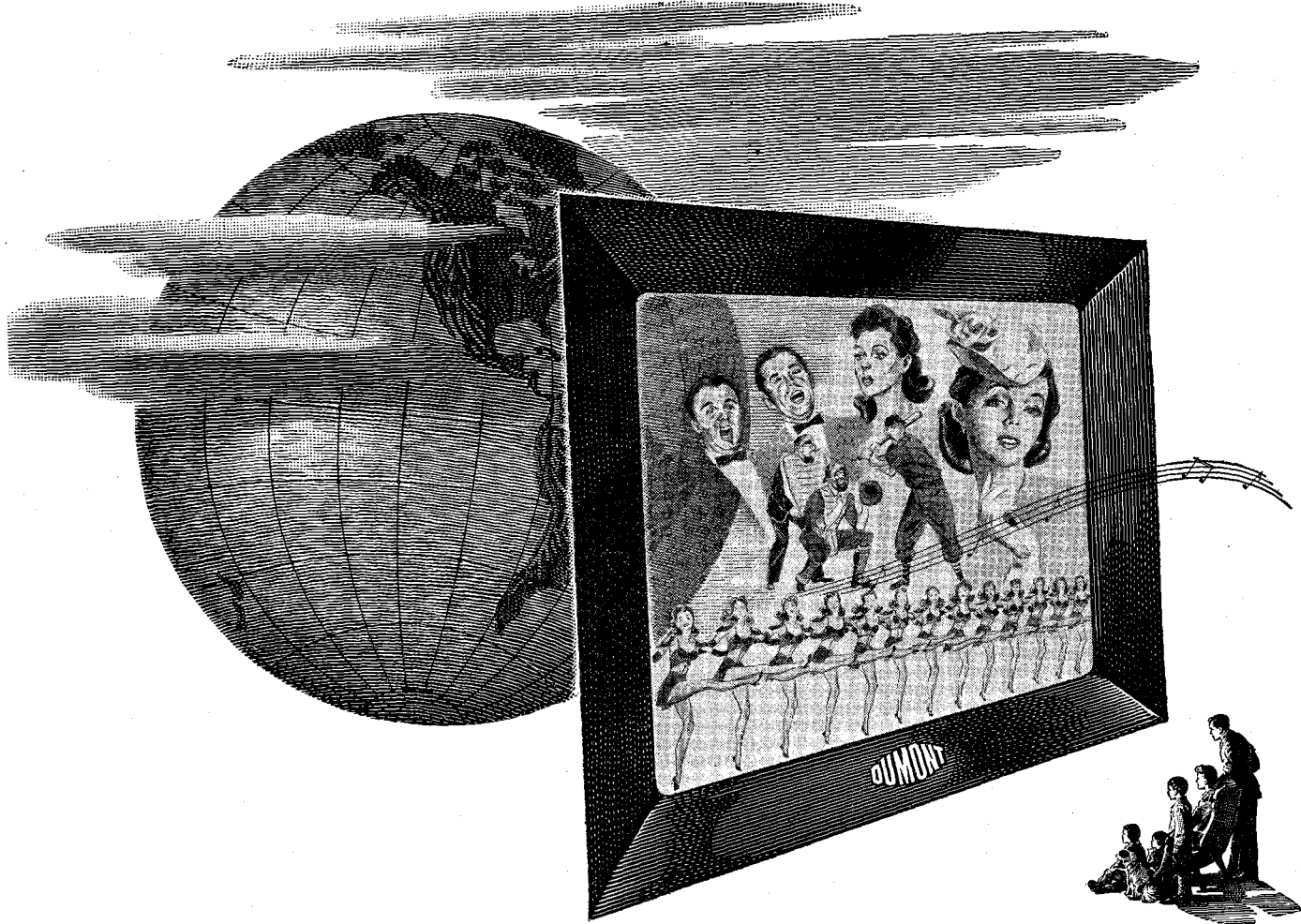
Part of this attitude has been due to certain peculiar and highly complicated domestic difficulties of some of López's appointees to high office. Also, as one of the slickest Latin American politicians, he may prefer to run affairs from behind the scenes rather than in a star role. But the net effect has been to risk a split in the Liberal Party, which has administered the government since 1930, and to open the possibility of a victory in the elections — either in 1946 or directly after López's resignation — by the Conservatives, who are openly anti-United States.

Further south, *Ecuador* is awaiting a presidential election in June in which, barring coups, a somewhat artificial coalition of eleven more or less liberal factions, called the Democratic Alliance, seems to have the best chance of winning. But the liberal factions in Ecuador have the same complaints as the Mexican leftists against the United States for shortages in goods and commodities and for high prices. In addition they charge that Washington has given undue support to the present unpopular President Carlos Arroyo del Río.

Argentina beckons

Peru is reasonably free from liberal disturbances and election troubles, but during the winter narrowly escaped an army officers' coup to oust the nominally pro-United States government and set up a corporative regime on the Argentinian model.

Deeper still in the southern continent, *Uruguay* resisted temporarily and uncertainly during March strong internal pressure to have the government recognize the corporative regime of General Edelmiro Farrell in Argentina, but *Paraguay* and *Chile* gave up the struggle and accorded recognition to the Farrellistas. President Higinio Morínigo of Paraguay, in fact, after a distinctly unpleasant session with a group of his rebellious pro-Argentine army officers, fired the members of his cabinet most friendly to the United States and thus Paraguay became tacitly a satellite of Buenos Aires.



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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

Chile, to be sure, did not demote herself that far. Ever since its recognition of the Farrell regime on March 3, the Chilean government has been explaining privately to the State Department in Washington that no harm was intended to inter-American collaboration or the United Nations by the step. But, with things as they stand today, in the inevitable conflict between Buenos Aires and Washington over the long-term aims of an inter-American policy, Chile could no more be depended on for collaboration than the other disaffected republics.

Who's on our side?

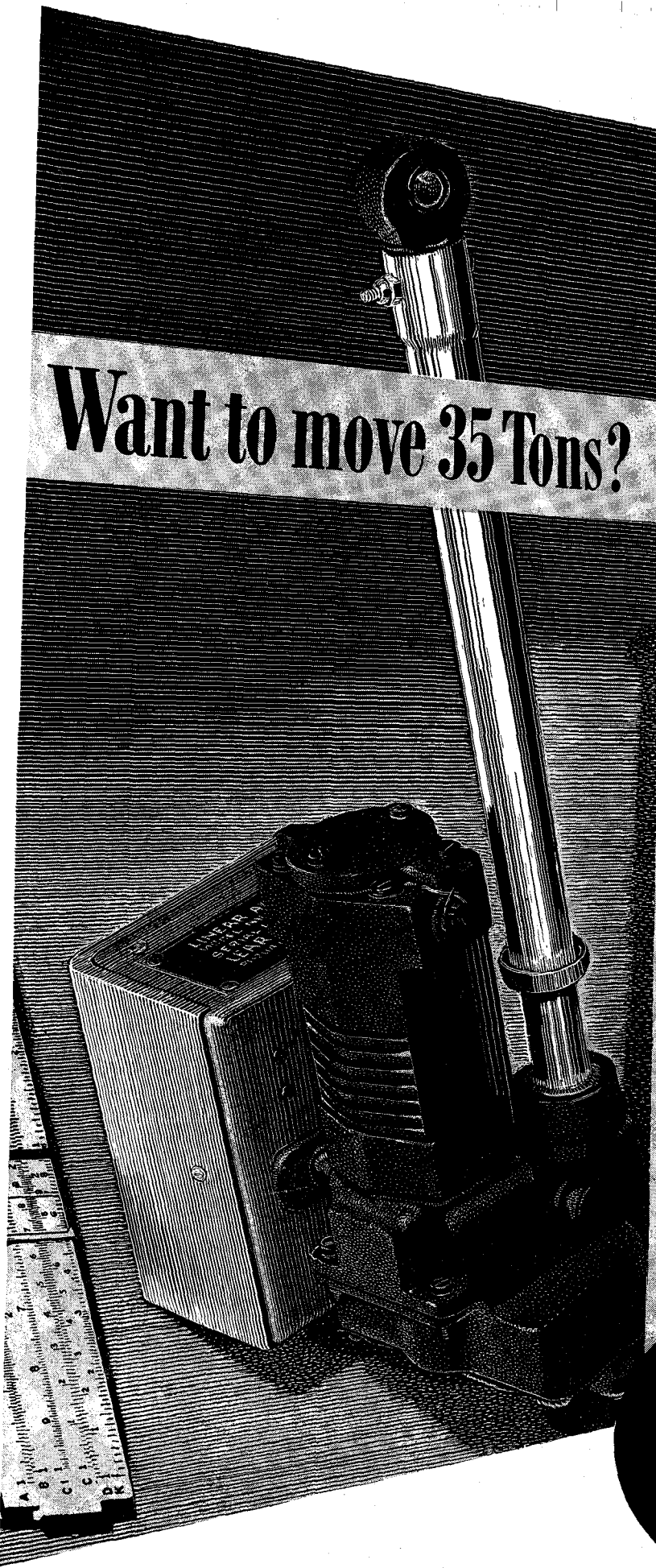
That leaves us, then, the nine Caribbean republics — of which five, *Guatemala*, *El Salvador*, *Honduras*, *Nicaragua*, and the *Dominican Republic*, are the starkest kind of dictatorships — and *Brazil*. They are fairly dependable for support toward a few long-range objectives. But El Salvador suffered a revolution early in April, and there are plenty of indications that Brazil collaborates quite as much on the strength of her South American power interests, which are opposed to Argentina's, as on the score of the kind of peace which a genuine common front of American republics might aim for.

Under these circumstances, it is hardly surprising that Argentina and Bolivia have appeared lately to feel cockier than ever about their position. *Argentina* signalized its contempt for United States opinion by virtually kicking the great central operating unit of the United Press for South America out of the republic, and by delivering to United States Ambassador Norman Armour, through the pro-Axis Minister of Interior, General Cesar Perlinger, one of the most insulting tongue-lashings to an important diplomat ever received by a major power in silence.

Bolivia proved her general cantankerousness by conducting a political purge which left José Antonio Arce, leader of the leftist revolutionary party, a prisoner on an island in Lake Titicaca and sent one of the fathers of the December revolution, Major Alberto Taborga, into exile in the jungles facing Brazil. Even without recognition by Washington, Bolivian totalitarianism was obviously strengthening itself.

Two factors are responsible for these progressive disintegrations: the failure of the United States to send even partially adequate supplies to suffering populations in Latin American countries as a legitimate necessity in our global war effort; and an insistence upon non-intervention, in our political contacts with the various republics, so rigid that its net effect has led us into appeasing our enemies while rebuffing our friends.

Half of our troubles in Latin America come, in other words, from not treating the "Good Neighbors" as an important factor in the war, or from slapping down, rather than cultivating, the progressive forces within the twenty republics who must be our allies, sooner or later, in the objectives we are fighting for.



Want to move 35 Tons?

We wouldn't tell you how fast America's fighting planes go. That's a military secret.

But we've all read it's well over 300 miles an hour.

We've read too how they hit 700 or 800 miles an hour in dives. And how paint was peeled by the air pressure.

Did you ever stop to think that the plane's flaps and controls have to work surely, smoothly and dependably against pressures like that?

It's done by such mechanisms as you see in the picture.

They are called Lear Actuators.

They are powerful. Some can push up to 75,000 pounds.

They are light. That's a "must" in aircraft.

They are small. They have to fit in available space.

A good many preconceived notions had to go by the board to meet all these requirements. For example, the little electric motor that runs them is full of revolutionary engineering refinements.

Every man and every minute we have now can't make all the motors and actuators that we would like to deliver for Uncle Sam's aircraft.

But the day is coming when they will have different jobs to do. New jobs on peacetime products—perhaps like steering ocean liners, or parking cars, or things we've never thought of.

That is one reason for this advertisement. We want to know who can use an actuator or a motor like these.

Another reason is, we want you to know that there is available the kind of thinking and engineering which have produced these and some 250 other Lear products.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

THE oil pipeline projected in Arabia is the result of American suspicion of British imperialism. Under cover of war the British have been improving their standing with the independent King ibn-Saud of Saudi Arabia. It seemed to the American companies in Saudi Arabia that their own concession was endangered by British activity. They appealed for aid to the State Department.

Since the last war we have always insisted upon the open door in the Middle East with respect to oil. Some months ago there was a prospect that, to get a foot in the door of Arabia, we might buy into the American properties as a government. But the countervailing arguments appeared decisive. There is no government elite in this country which could sit on management boards; we should probably be pressed to pay attention to labor and health standards in Arabia; Congress would be a constant inquisitor. Then the Navy proposed the pipeline. Theoretically, the government would have no responsibility beyond being a carrier for the oil. The notion of government partnership with the oil companies was then dropped.

Congress will hold a special investigation of the pipeline project at the same time that the Anglo-American oil conference meets in Washington. This leads us to scrutinize our own resources. In defense of the Arabian undertaking, Secretary Ickes speaks of our reserves as dangerously low. Wallace Pratt, of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, puts them at a hundred years. Others say they stretch into the dim future, with the prospect of oil from sources yet untried. But all agree that our supply must be conserved.

It will be the function of our Arabian concession, which is fabulously rich, to aid the British in Iraq

and Iran to supply the European market, now dependent on supplies from this continent. This is the economics of the Arabian concession.

But the Navy's interest is strategic. Strategy would be served not only by the conservation of our own resources, but also by the building up, in accordance with the Arabian agreement, of a billion-barrel reserve of the Arabian oil for storage in the Middle East. Certainly this argument will count in Congress. So will the views of the State Department, which, again by the new agreement, would keep a supervisory eye on the outlets of the American companies' sales, lest supplies be sent to any future enemy.

Oil and our allies

The British will come into the oil parley with divided minds. Clearly they view the pipeline as making our American oil in Arabia a competitor with their own oil in Iraq and Iran. They have a pipeline ending at the Mediterranean port of Haifa, and their plan is to quadruple its capacity, to meet peacetime needs. The Arabian pipeline, which also is planned to end at Haifa, would have about the same capacity as the enlarged British line.

If there were no pipeline, American oil in Arabia would have to go to Europe by tanker all the way around the Arabian peninsula. Counting Suez Canal tolls, that would make it cost twice as much as oil borne by pipeline. So the British are uneasy about the new competition. But on the political side they are relieved to see diplomatic America with a foothold in Middle Eastern politics. Diplomatically it makes their position much more secure — in Russian no less than in Moslem eyes.

The absence of Russia from the proposed conference is not promising. Some think Russia should have

been consulted prior to the announcement that the United States intended to be an oil power in the Middle East. Secretary Knox calls the pipeline the beginning of a genuine oil policy for the United States. Surely that depends upon the nature of the forthcoming agreement. An oil policy worthy of the Atlantic Charter would cover marketing and price and conservation over the entire planet, and it can hardly be arrived at by an exclusive bilateral agreement.

Cartels and foreign trade

The cartel is as much of a bugaboo as the trust. Indeed, a cartel is a trust across national frontiers. The Department of Justice, in spite of Thurman Arnold's translation to the Bench, is already taking vigorous action against American participation in existing international combines. No policy has yet been applied to foreign trade as a whole by the government. Yet there is a tendency in several branches of government, apart from the Justice Department, to press for an anti-cartel declaration as the governing principle of post-war foreign trade.

Business circles are perturbed by this possibility. They feel that no general policy should be crystallized. They believe that unforeseen situations are likely to arise — situations which cannot be controlled by a rigid policy. It might be necessary, so it is argued, to have cartels not only for oil, but for shipping, air transport, and the like, while maintaining intense competition in other foreign enterprises.

What is needed in foreign trade is neither rugged individualism nor cartelism, but a judicious combination of the two, with any cartel arrangements that may be necessary rigidly supervised by the government. The whole subject will be ventilated when the joint inquiry of Executive and Congress, which has been voted in Congress, begins on foreign trade policy.

It should be noted that the pipeline agreement was made by the Petroleum Reserve Corporation. This is an eight-months-old child of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The RFC is now so big that it ought to be called USA, Inc. There are fifty-seven other government corporations similar to the PRC. Some are necessary to the war effort. But most of them are not. They have just spawned from Congressional bodies or Executive agencies. They are free to borrow from either government or private sources, free to make use of receipts from business operations. For instance, the Nelson Rockefeller office no sooner got established than it set up a Delaware corporation to work on the health and sanitation of South American republics. It got its first money from the President's emergency fund, then from a direct appropriation by Congress.

A student calls these corporations the fifth arm of government. Truly they are a novelty in our system that needs to be watched — a novelty that already is spending 10 billions a year and holds a borrowing power of 33 billions. It is only when one of them makes a spectacular deal like the pipeline agreement that the public sits up and takes notice. Then there is some soul-searching. Is this, it is asked, going to develop into government by corporation? Ask some of those who have taken to government corporate life in a big way, and you get the response that these corporations are necessary as a method of bargaining with economic Russia. Must we transform our institutions in order to live in the same world as Soviet Russia? Congress itself is taking alarm because the innovation is threatening to destroy its control of the government's pursestrings.

Congress and the President

One Senator remarked the other day that Congress really doesn't know what powers it has delegated to the President, because of the vagueness of much of the legislation that was passed during the excitement after Pearl Harbor. Now it is searching for ways and means of recapturing its lost powers. One suggestion is that every statute granting extraordinary powers to the President should include a provision enabling Congress to set aside the Executive's regulations under the act by means of concurrent resolution. In other words, there should be a legislative veto.

But this cure would be worse than the disease. If Congress should attempt to set aside specific regulations of Executive agencies, the administration of the law might be seriously hampered. The proposal would probably be unconstitutional, anyway. A better use of the concurrent resolution (which, of course, does not invite a Presidential veto) is to terminate a grant of power to the President on a finding by both houses that the exercise of that power is no longer necessary to effectuate the purposes of the original act.

The proposal for a legislative veto is an example of the way Congress is striking back at the Executive. Generally the moves take the form of blind kicks or of riders attached to appropriation bills. For instance, the Senate has agreed to a ban on the use of Federal funds for agencies created by executive order and in existence more than a year, unless Congress has specifically appropriated money for them or specifically authorized expenditure of funds by them. That is a wholly salutary reform.

But, on the same day, the Senate sought to hamstring the TVA. It likewise called for Senatorial confirmation of employees earning \$4500 or more. The present reaction against "government by corporation" should not impede great government enterprises

"Auld fr-r-riends are best!"

The unvarying quality of Teacher's Highland Cream has been building friendships since 1830. For 114 years, gentlemen have said

"It's the flavour"



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WASHINGTON (continued)

which have already proved their value, as TVA has. Nor should it invite patronage grabs like the \$4500 amendment. Both "reforms" show anger over Executive encroachment.

Political censorship

Our foreign policy, or lack of it, looms as a big issue in the Presidential campaign. One aspect of this issue is the suppression of news. Governor Dewey has taken it up. There can be no doubt that New York's governor has found a vulnerable spot. Complaints persist on this vital subject of public information.

Military security is urged as the justification for both censorship and secrecy. But the excuse has been worked almost to death. Robert Sherrod in *Tarawa* comments that a whole generation may lose faith in the American press — the generation, that is, which is now making news in battle and then seeing how the newspapers handle it.

In the name of military censorship even political news is censorable. As Mr. Dewey said, the State Department has sought to restrain the British in their relations with the American correspondents on political news. War correspondents returning home say not only that our military censorship is the world's tightest, but that the blue pencil is put to work on political matter submitted to the War Department.

Here in Washington, where news used to be fairly accessible, an army of public relations men is now at work shielding the sources. The Administration barricaded the food conference at Hot Springs against contact with the journalistic world. Even Mr. Byron Price, the Chief Censor, has protested against a tendency on the part of officials to get stories submitted to them prior to publication. It is up to the American people, if they are jealous of their liberties, to see that the present habits don't get ingrained in their government.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is cautious about the end of the war with Germany, though more optimistic about the end of the war with Japan. About the peace there is more than a little gloom. The tendency in the Capital is to think in terms of power politics in which America must bestir herself in getting plenty of chips for the next game. There is a lack of sense of direction about the peace which is covered up by idle genuflections to ideals.

Moreover, the exigencies of campaign politics, which are more and more bemusing the Capital, take up time which would otherwise be spent on reconstruction planning. The feeling is strong that the fight will be between Dewey and the President, for Mr. Roosevelt is reputed to be keener to take up the cudgels against Dewey than against any other candidate, except perhaps Bricker.

ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Sir, I do dislike to scold,
But please don't send *Atlantic* rolled!
You've made it harder to unfold
And near impossible to hold;
The new way is worser than the old
A thousand times, if truth be told.
If all your readers had been polled
You'd know they do not want it scrolled.
Should flat-wise mailing cost more gold,
Pray sock us; but don't send it rolled.

CORNELIA COLTON MENGES
Powell, Ohio

● Readers must accept the rolled *Atlantic* as one more evidence of war economy. The magazine must be wrapped in a tough-fibered paper of which there is only a very limited supply. By rolling the magazine instead of sending it flat, we have been able to save half the length of each wrapper.

God Is Argentinian

Sir:

It was with a feeling of surprise and wonderment that I read the article "God Is Argentinian," by Ramon Lavallo, in the March issue of your magazine.

This article dredged a little deeper the channel for discussion of Argentina; however, it was written with such malice that I feel the *Atlantic* should find in the near future another article about Argentina that explains both sides more clearly.

CONSUELO R. TRONCOSO
Merrick, N. Y.

Sir:

From thirty years of life in Buenos Aires it seems to me that your readers owe you a debt of gratitude for having given them that remarkable article by Ramon Lavallo, which is so revealing and true to life.

BERTRAM A. SHUMAN
White Plains, N. Y.

Sir:

"After all, at the bottom of the Argentinian character lie dormant virtues inherited from Spain, and

there is a potential nobility of behavior which requires only free air to grow."

I am quoting this statement from the article entitled "God Is Argentinian." I certainly agree with the author, Ramon Lavallo, in this particular matter. I believe many of the statements made by him are completely true and I do not at all condone the present policy of the Argentine government. However, I think the insinuations made by Mr. Lavallo in this article are completely uncalled for.

I truly agree that reform is necessary in the Argentine, but I certainly do not approve of the method by which the author goes about making this clear to your readers. We may all criticize our own country at times, but I do not believe any man with pride and a sense of moral justice would criticize his own country in such a way as to make his people look ridiculous, even disgusting, in the eyes of another nation.

I realize that the author is expecting to become an American citizen, but he is still an Argentinian by birth and heritage. The criticisms he makes of his own people are serious and derogatory. But since nothing, not even citizenship papers, can alter the fact that he is Argentinian, we can assume that the same derogatory statements can be applied to Ramon Lavallo himself.

I have always respected and enjoyed the *Atlantic Monthly*. "God Is Argentinian" is not the type of article which I expect your editors to publish.

VERNA HILL IRWIN
Wellesley, Mass.

● It is a little difficult for me to understand Miss Irwin's criticism of Mr. Lavallo's article. She says she agrees that reform is necessary in the Argentine; she admits the truth of what he says about the present government; and then she condemns him for speaking out with such intensity. Like Thomas Mann, he has seen the country he loved corrupted by an evil administration, and I should say that his moral indignation deserves a good deal more credit than Miss Irwin allows. — THE EDITOR.

These are Americans, too

ENRIQUETA AND I

By Argentina
Díaz Lozano

THE colorful and delightful Prize-Winning autobiography in the Second Latin-American Literary Competition selected by Blair Niles, John Dos Passos, and Ernesto Montenegro, famous Chilean critic. Illustrated with ten full-page pen and ink drawings by Antonio Gattorno, winner of the 2nd International Watson Blair Prize for Water Colors at the Chicago Art Institute, 1936.

\$2.50



THE DOVE BRINGS PEACE

By Richard
Hagopian

A NEW writer of unusual talent tells the story of the daily lives of an Armenian family living in a New England town and the clash between two civilizations. Some of his work has appeared in the *Atlantic*. Illustrated with 17 lithographs by Manuel Tolegian. \$2.50



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Bedford Village

By HERVEY ALLEN

The great new novel in the series that began with *THE FOREST AND THE FORT*. \$2.50

FARRAR & RINEHART, N. Y.

The Church and the Missionary

Sir:

Thank you for giving to us the article, "Preaching in Obscurity," by the Reverend Dr. Walter R. Clyde, in the February *Atlantic*.

One solution for the problem is the "equalization of salaries" in a denomination, as he says. A pattern for so doing is found in the way the harbor pilots of New York have achieved equalization of salaries since 1895. They were in competition, struggling for ships and to be the first to get the big ships, for ships paid from \$50 to \$300 according to size. Now, with the same training, men take turns and all get a basic \$5000. The fees go into a common treasury.

We do something like this now for missionaries. They get the basic \$1800, \$500 extra for each child, and certain "expenses." They are all trained, like the harbor pilots, to a required standard. A similar plan for the ministry in any one denomination would help the rural areas and meet the needs of greater city parishes too.

Here is the challenge for a "dedicated order" of men to go to work after this war not with the profit motive but for the Kingdom, for the good of the people, and for their own "decent living" remuneration. A minimum wage has not worked well; and a self-imposed tax on men paid over \$2000 in our Conference to aid those who get less than \$1300 failed utterly.

REVEREND F. F. ADAMS
Adams, Mass.

Sir:

The Reverend Phillips Endecott Osgood, in his article "Should Foreign Missions Go?" in the January *Atlantic*, makes a mistake (probably on purpose) to include church missions with such institutions as Yale-in-China, St. Luke's Hospital in Tokyo, St. John's University.

In the first place, the church missionaries bring to their "less holy brethren" the Christianity of burning bushes, bodies floating through space, bead counting, and other paraphernalia not so very different from the rituals and superstitions of the victims being cured. I might mention in passing that, unfortunately, this is to a great extent the type of Christianity given to the folks back home.

In the second place, even if the missionaries were capable of bringing to the "foreigners" and "barbarians" (some of these non-Christian barbarians actually kill each other!) the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount, I don't think it should be attempted. It is an immoral practice to try to force your way of life (a sensible definition of religion, by the way) down someone else's throat. The Reverend Phillips Endecott Osgood would probably be the first to admit this if someone tried missionary practices on him.

ALAN C. STEWART
Schoharie, N. Y.

In reply, Dr. Osgood writes:—

It may be of small use to attempt to answer your assertions, so obviously biased. I would only ask you to look again at the opening sec-



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Home again, home again, jiggety-jig!"

"Marketing was certainly simpler in the car . . . *oops, there goes a potato!* . . . but it's a lot easier to park a bike—and cheaper, too . . . *hold on, Johnny, we're coming to a corner!*"

An American sense of humor has helped Mrs. Frazer make the best of food, gas and rubber rationing. It's rather fun balancing groceries in front and a small boy in back. It's *not* so much fun balancing coupon points against prices. But there's still a certain satisfaction in coming out even!

In the same cheerful, chin-up spirit, she has pitched into other wartime jobs. She's doing all her own cleaning

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tion of my article, in which I directly disclaim the kind of missionary policy you fulminate against as being representative of modern missions.

But when you will not include in missions their best modern exemplification, as in St. Luke's, Tokyo, and St. John's, Shanghai, I do not know how to meet your point. For by every obvious test such schools, hospitals, and social service centers are absolutely identified with the Christian churches, which are their support and basis. I just am unable to contend with one who excludes most of modern missionary work from his concept of missions and then makes accusations against missions which the excluded missionary work obviously refutes. As Josh Billings once said, "The wust trubble about so menny folks is that they know for sartin so menny things thet jest ain't so."

Your experience of Christianity must have been unfortunate here at home. I should be among the first to agree with you that the "fanatic fringe" which repels you repels me also, although I recognize the sincerity mixed with the strange ideas. But I know what almost all churches really are, and judge the cause by them rather than by the misrepresentative few. The Church does not force; it tries to demonstrate a way of living by the Golden Rule to the last notch. — PHILLIPS E. OSGOOD

Fame or Fashion

Sir:

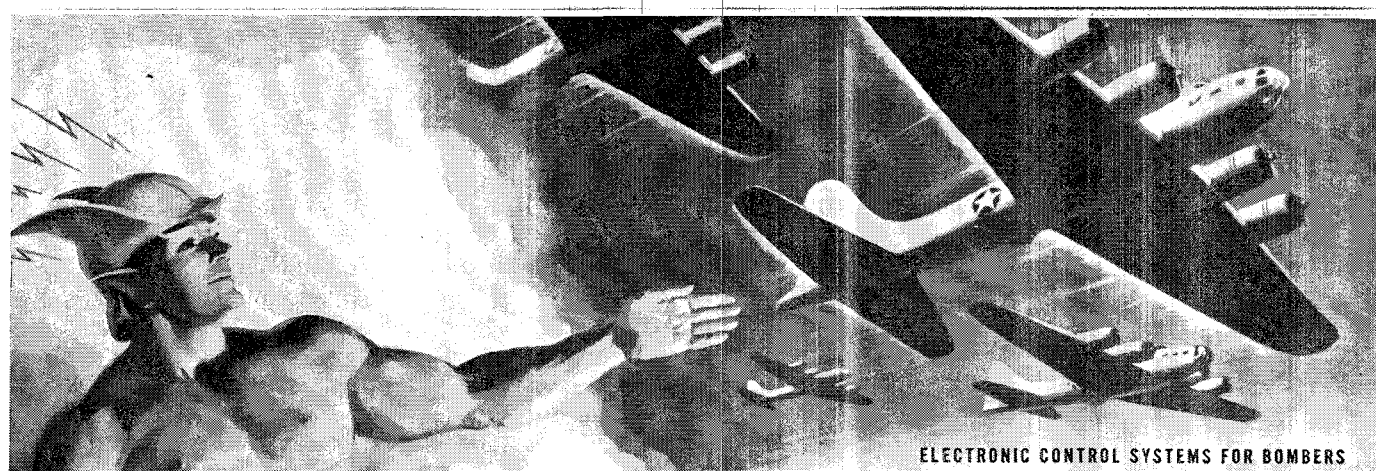
Referring to the article "Fame or Fashion," by Laurence Housman, which you published in your January number of the *Atlantic*, I should like to put before your American public that we Englishmen wandering about this planet never take the opinion of any of our excellent minor poets in regard to the greatest Englishman, Shakespeare. The trouble with the minor poet is that he never sees anyone but himself in the Mirror of Life. No, when we want to scale our minds to grasp the powers of the greater persons who have gone before us, we consult our calm-minded historians. Such a one as G. W. Trevelyan, in his *Social History of England*, meets the great question of Shakespeare when he states that it was not only that "the greatest of mankind" was born in the "Shakespearean Era," but that the fine order of the English mentality of that period was ready to appreciate his great art and breadth of mind; otherwise he would have been lost in oblivion.

PERCY W. DARBYSHIRE
Pebble Beach, Cal.

Sir:

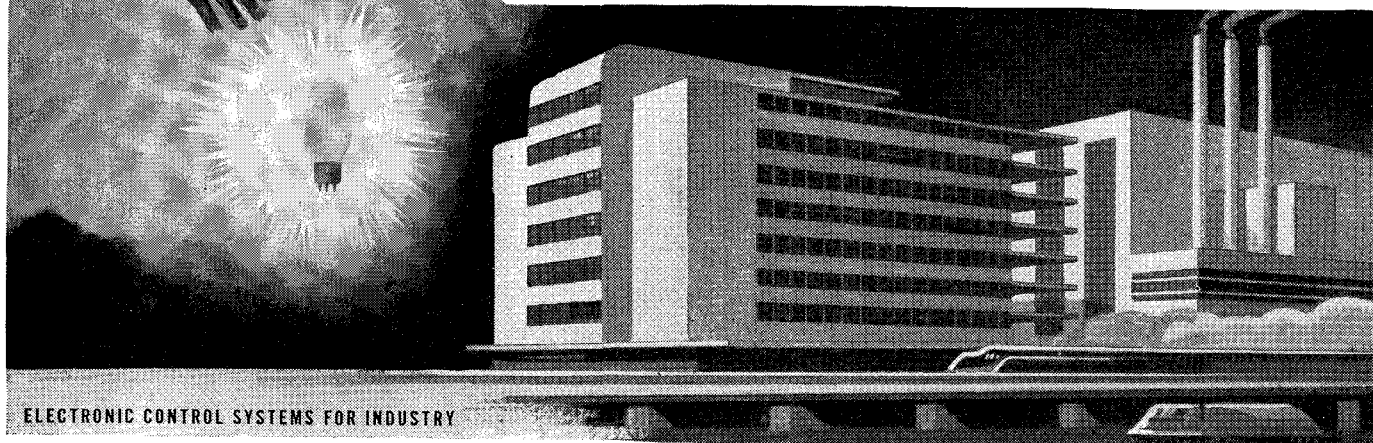
Having frequently made a fool of myself, I find an almost epicurean satisfaction in observing the follies of others. And an especially choice morsel is the formal or semi-formal essay in which the author starts off half-cocked and proceeds through pages and pages without ever realizing that he is talking through his hat. I am referring to Laurence Housman's "Fame or Fashion," an apt example of what one can let oneself in for if one doesn't define one's terms.

This essay begins with a questionable paragraph



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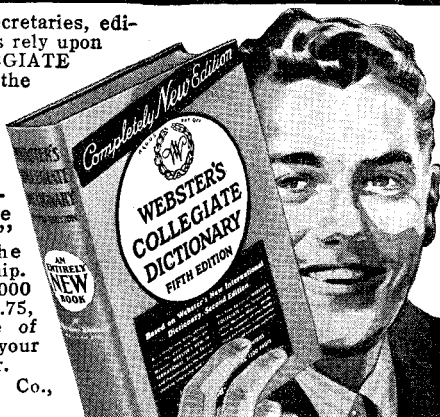
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stating that "fame and fashion have very little in common" and "what makes a writer fashionable is not what makes him famous." Mr. Housman does not state what he means by fame and fashion, and the ensuing paragraphs make this meaning of his increasingly difficult to ascertain. In the second part of his essay, he makes a further distinction between "fashionable" and "popularity in the larger sense"; then he attempts a partial, roundabout definition of fame by saying that it "cannot be conferred with certainty by one generation alone." Next, invoking a causal relationship which, according to his main thesis, does not exist at all, he declares that Pope's fame "is not now (and never will be) so great as fashion once made it." Having thus contradicted himself, Mr. Housman might then go on and analyze the whole of the literature of the world without ever making his point, whatever it is.

I suggest that Mr. Housman's essay is what Ogden and Richards would call "symbols without referents," an airy structure with no other moorings than the different spellings of "fame" and "fashion."

JUNIUS ADAMS
New York City

War Marriages

Sir:

I cannot believe that Dr. Randolph Ray is justified in his outlook on war marriages ("For Better for Worse," March *Atlantic*). I have been in the service only a few months and I have been married over eight years; so I do not speak in defense of my own marriage or on the basis of war experience.

Among my classmates at this Naval Training School are several who have married since going into the Armed Forces. Watching them and their brides, I have every reason to believe that their marriages are and will continue to be successful. True enough, they will be separated soon; some men and some women may fall by the wayside; some of us will be maimed or killed. But right now, though man and woman are together under most adverse conditions, homes are being made and experiences are being enjoyed which will help both to carry through lonely and bitter times.

Children, without which no home is complete, seem to Dr. Ray almost too great a liability for the war couple to undertake. We will leave out those children conceived in ignorance or as a means of evading service, and face the issue of whether the war couple, soon to be separated and with limited resources, should have children. If there is any seed more valuable to the nation than that of those who are willing to die for their country, please let us know.

Juvenile delinquency does not occur among infants. We have not been in this war long enough for Dr. Ray to be concerned justifiably about juvenile delinquency among the children of war marriages. These children just cannot be old enough. But we should know by now that we still need to make more arrangements in war manufacturing centers so that both parents, or the mother alone if the husband is in the service, can work and still have the children cared for properly. These facilities are needed near the large training centers, too, so that war wives can live near their husbands and work in industry at the same



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time. The fault and the needs are there; but the cure is not to stop having children. The remedy is to take action for better housing and proper child care and supervision.

Our situation is far different, praises be, from that of war-torn Europe, and we in this country should be able to take care of our own, and others too, so that we keep a steady supply of healthy and happy children growing up to build a far better world than Dr. Ray seems to believe possible. If we are not to fight for our homes, and our children and their future, then what are we fighting for?

LT. (j.g.) ALEXANDER SAUNDERS, U.S.N.R.
Cambridge, Mass.

I Personally —

Sir:

It is interesting to note that James Boyd in his suggestive article, "The South and the Fight," in the February *Atlantic* omits an important psychological factor in the war spirit: the disposition of societies that are unable to solve their problems at home to divert attention from them by aspiring to solve problems abroad.

This has wide connotations today, and not only for social groups, but also for individuals.

LEE W. LYNNE
Seattle, Wash.

Sir:

As a soldier about to enter combat training, I'd like to ask a few questions of Mr. Joseph Pogue about his article, "Must an Oil War Follow This War?" in the March *Atlantic*.

I certainly agree with Mr. Pogue in his contention that actual government participation in the oil industry is a dangerous and undesirable policy, and especially so, when it entails the power politics and international controversies sure to follow on the heels of the new pipeline from Kawait to the Mediterranean.

Mr. Pogue's alternative free private enterprise program is certainly in line with American ideals and traditions. But he stated that this was desirable for many reasons, one of them being to avoid "Yankee imperialism." I believe he refers to the charges (and righteous ones) flung at us from Latin American sources after Teddy Roosevelt. The fact that he failed to state was that private enterprise and capital had a free reign in those countries, and administrations favorable to them, even to the point of military intervention in their behalf. But this "free reign" was characterized by ruthless exploitation of the peoples concerned, and by actual sponsoring of regimes (the National City Bank and its Cuban regimes). Thus, the charges of "Yankee imperialism" grew out of the ruthless policies followed by American industry and capital.

What guarantee have we from Mr. Pogue and the American oil industry that his policy would not be characterized by exploitation of the Arabian and Kawait populaces, along with all other peoples in oil regions? Would he advocate armed intervention in behalf of these peoples?

PRIVATE JOHN E. DINEEN
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MAY, 1944

87th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

COMMON SENSE AND BAD BOYS

by JUDGE JOHN F. PERKINS

SOME years ago George Agassiz found the answer to the age-old conundrum, "What would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body?" "The answer," he said, "is perfectly clear. The result would be an inconceivable disturbance."

To most people, this would suggest the ultimate in general confusion, but after twelve years as a juvenile judge I am not sure it is. I believe the ultimate confusion already exists and that it is in the field of law enforcement. I believe there should be a systematic and critical re-examination of certain assumptions which are accepted as fundamental by "advanced" thinkers and have been built into a kind of patter — a social worker's pidgin English — which is used at conventions of social workers and probation officers, is taught in schools of social work, and constantly appears in articles in the magazines. From our experience at the Boston Juvenile Court we believe that these assumptions are not true: they are half-truths. We believe that the social philosophy which has been built on them is aggravating the evils it purports to remedy, and that not only does it demoralize the individuals to whom it is applied, but it also constitutes an insidious attack on our fundamental liberties.

In this article I shall discuss the assumption which is perhaps the most widely accepted. It may be called the Doctrine of Individual Treatment.

JOHN F. PERKINS has been Judge of the Boston Juvenile Court for the past twelve years.

This doctrine is the prevailing creed of social workers. It is also widely held by probation officers, it is accepted by many judges, and it has influenced the decisions of some of our highest courts. At the present time a powerful drive is being made to secure its adoption as the principle which shall govern the law enforcement of the whole country.

A model statute embodying the doctrine has been prepared by the American Law Institute, an organization of the highest standing, and one with great influence. This statute is called "The Youth Correction Authority Act." The proposal is that every state shall adopt it. Although as drawn the statute is limited to adolescents, to youths between juvenile court age and twenty-one, the Institute frankly says that this limitation is inserted from motives of expediency, to make the passage of the Act more acceptable to the legislatures, and that as soon as feasible an effort will be made to extend the application to all criminals.

A high-pressure organizer has been hired to "put the law across." Already California has passed it. In many other states, large sums of money have been raised and powerful groups have been organized to secure its adoption.

From our experience at the Boston Juvenile Court we believe the doctrine is fundamentally bad, that it is a poisonous concoction brewed from a false analogy to medicine and a misconception of the nature of teaching.

This is the doctrine of individual treatment: —

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1. Each offender should receive individual treatment based on his personal characteristics and not on his misconduct. His misconduct is merely a symptom of disorder, and has been caused by his personal qualities. Therefore, the measure to be used in determining what discipline to impose is his personal characteristics, not what he has done; and the discipline should be determined solely by its probable effectiveness in correcting his faults.

2. Because each person is an individual and different from anyone else, the discipline imposed on one person should not be influenced by the discipline imposed on another.

3. Correction should be the sole criterion of the discipline used. Nothing should be done to the offender which is not designed to correct his faults. Any discipline which does not contribute to this end is useless; for the sole purpose sought is the correction of the offender's evil tendencies and his return to society as a good citizen at the earliest possible moment. Any discipline which hampers the cure and makes it more difficult is worse than useless: it is definitely harmful. Punishment has proved ineffectual as a corrective and also as a deterrent. It is revenge, and it should be replaced by corrective treatment. However, punishment may be necessary for therapeutic purposes.

2

WHAT does this doctrine really mean? How far can it be applied? Is it possible to detach a person from the other people in the community, as the doctrine suggests, and, so to speak, to deal with him in a test tube? Can this be done without creating serious difficulties and complications which will more than offset any benefits which may accrue?

From the many experiences which raised these questions, I have selected a few in the hope that by describing them I can convey some idea of the difficulties and problems we have encountered.

Shortly after my appointment as Juvenile Judge, I had lunch with two distinguished penologists, both of whom held high positions in the state service. At this time I had heard only vaguely of the doctrine of individual treatment as applied to offenders and I was curious to find out about it.

"I understand that you don't believe in punishment," I said.

"No," one replied, "we believe in individual treatment."

To cover my ignorance, I asked, "Do you use it on the prison guards?"

To my amazement, both of my companions

struck the table with their hands and exclaimed in one voice: "Ah, there's the trouble! There's the trouble!"

"They present a major problem," one went on. "They are indifferent about carrying out orders; it is difficult to find any method of disciplining them; and if you fire one of them, you find a swarm of politicians round your head."

I was completely taken aback. Here were two high-minded people almost violent in their desire to punish the guards for failure to do their duty acceptably. They showed no interest whatever in their welfare. The guards must meet the conditions required by their job, "or else," and that was all there was to it. And the guards were still citizens in good standing. But for criminals the rule was different. For them the penalty for failure to meet the very moderate conditions required for citizenship should be adjusted for their benefit.

Many questions rushed into my mind. Suppose a guard lost his temper with a prisoner, struck and killed him, would he be considered a criminal at once, and be immediately entitled to individual treatment, specially designed to correct his weaknesses, or would he have to be tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison before he could qualify? Why should the rest of us have to take the consequences of our failures and criminals be exempted if the consequences of their acts are prejudicial to their interest?

One morning before court opened a psychiatric social worker came to see me. "I wish to speak to you about a case coming before you this morning," she said. "It is the case of a boy who is in our care. He was placed there by the — Court. The doctor feels that his conduct is due to a deep-seated emotional disturbance which needs careful treatment to remove. Excellent rapport has been established between the doctor and the boy, and the boy has been placed in a foster home which he likes very much. Dr. X thinks that if the present situation is disturbed, it is likely to upset the boy and to crystallize his emotional disturbance so that it may become impossible to remove."

"What did the boy do?" I asked.

"He stole a car, and was arrested on the Worcester Turnpike."

"What did he do before, at the time he was placed in your care?"

"He stole a car. Before that he stole two bicycles. His disturbance takes the form of wishing to go fast."

"How fast was he going this last time?"

"About seventy miles an hour."

"How fast the time before?"

"I believe it was about the same."

"And what you would like me to do is to disregard this incident entirely?"

"Oh," she said, "I suppose you will have to make a finding of delinquency, but we hope that nothing will be done to disturb his treatment or make him leave his present foster home."

"In other words you believe coming to court should be the only consequence of his stealing the car. How old is the boy?"

"Fourteen."

"I am sorry," I said, "but I can't do what you ask. You are asking me to leave a fourteen-year-old boy, who likes to steal cars and drive at seventy miles an hour, in a position where he can do it whenever the impulse seizes him. I can't permit it. It is my job to protect the community."

"But you may make it impossible ever to cure him," she exclaimed.

"Even so," said I, "the community comes first."

"But I thought the whole idea of the juvenile court was the good of the individual."

"Which individual?" I asked. "The individual who breaks the law in reckless disregard of other people's safety, or the individual who is behaving himself as he should and is entitled to protection? If this boy goes on, he is almost sure to kill somebody. There is nothing more dangerous than a fourteen-year-old boy who drives at seventy miles an hour on the road."

"But what can we do for the boy?" she said.

"If you can get someone to pay his tuition," I replied, "I'll let him go to the A. B. C. Republic. There is an excellent psychiatrist there. But I'll give him a suspended order to the Lyman School (one of the Massachusetts Training Schools), and if he breaks down again he'll have to go there."

She obtained the money needed and the boy went to the Republic. The first Sunday he stole a car, drove to a near-by city, abandoned the car, stole another, and came roaring down the Worcester Turnpike at seventy miles an hour. He was picked up and brought to court.

"Well, Henry," I said, "you have asked for it. Now you'll have to go to the Lyman School."

"I'll steal a car whenever I want to," he said defiantly, "and nobody can stop me."

I spoke to the Superintendent of the Lyman School: "Here is a boy who, according to the Clinic, is suffering from a deep emotional disturbance. That may well be true. But it is also true that each time he has done something he shouldn't, someone has stepped in between him and any unpleasant consequence of his act. Each time he has won out. It gives him a great kick. And just as long as he

can do what he wants and get away with it, he will have a sense of superiority and satisfaction and will not try to change his ways."

At the Lyman School, for a time, the boy was sullen and antagonistic, but finally the Superintendent managed to arouse his interest. Satisfaction came with legitimate achievement and he turned into a friendly, well-behaved boy.

3

SOCIAL workers, instructors in schools of social work, and other so-called "socially-minded" people frequently come to visit our court, and in talking shop with them I make a practice of asking if they believe that the court should make the individual welfare of each delinquent the sole criterion of what action it should take, and that any action which does not serve this purpose is bad. Almost universally they answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative.

When I ask whether society should not be protected, the usual answer is that the aim of society should be the good of the individual. The head of one large organization which is in contact with the courts all over the country varied this formula slightly. When I asked him if the community should not be taken into account, he smiled cheerfully and said, "What is best for the individual is best for the community."

So impressed was I by the widespread and complete acceptance of this idea that in speaking to a class in criminology at a women's college I took occasion to suggest that the idea of giving the individual the right of way over everything was too sweeping. In substance this is what I said:—

"In any task we undertake, success depends on meeting certain conditions. If one wishes to play in an orchestra, he must play in tune and in time. If he does not do so, he fails to meet the essential conditions, and he will be excluded from the orchestra. It does not make any difference whether his exclusion is beneficial or harmful to him. The measure is his ability to meet the essential conditions, to play correctly—not whether it is good or bad for him to be in the orchestra or kept out of it.

"If a locomotive engineer is habitually late and disrupts the schedule of trains, or if he gets drunk, runs through a red light, and has a train wreck, he will be discharged. You can't run a railroad properly if trains are constantly late, or if engineers get drunk and have train wrecks. And whether his discharge is harmful to him or not does not change the situation.

"Experience has shown that, in any group or

community, violence and stealing impair orderly development and progress. Most crimes consist of a form of one or the other. So it has been made a condition of living in the community as a citizen that everyone must abstain from violence and stealing. If a person cannot meet this condition, he forfeits his freedom. Why he cannot meet this condition is not the immediate question.

"The welfare of the community requires that this condition shall be enforced and that he shall be placed under control. And whether this is good or bad for him is not at the moment important. The fact that he cannot meet the condition is the controlling consideration. He may be deliberately wicked; he may be simply ignorant and untrained; he may be insane or feeble-minded. But in any case he must be put under control and kept under control until he establishes his ability and intention to meet the conditions which society imposes for the good of all. To do anything else would put the interests of one individual ahead of the interests of all the other individuals in the community.

"We seek a just society, a society which will provide conditions favorable for us to live together happily and to develop our best qualities, favorable for our children to realize their latent abilities and to apply them to fine purposes. We want a society favorable for the individual, but not every individual can have conditions especially suited to his needs.

"If a person gets a contagious disease when away from home, is he allowed to travel home on a train or is he put in the contagious ward of a hospital — even if this treatment is distressing to him? If a desperado gets loose or a riot occurs, are we not all liable to be sworn in as special officers and required to risk our lives? Are not firemen and policemen required to perform duties which often result in their injury and death? And how about several million of our finest boys, now fighting for the country and being wounded, maimed, and killed?

"In short, we all know that it is not any particular individual that counts. We are working for a system, for conditions as favorable for the development of the individual as we can make them. We want liberty, equality under the law, equality of opportunity. We want a government of laws and not of men. We want to be treated fairly under a merit system in which we shall be rewarded according to our accomplishment. It is our way of life which is sacred. It is the duty of every one of us to defend it, if need be with his life; every one of us, except — so runs the argument — the criminal, the person who attacks it and attempts to destroy it. Nothing must be done to him which might prejudice his chances of rehabilitation."

4

SOME years ago two boys were brought to court for committing a number of burglaries in the South End of Boston. They were given suspended orders to the Industrial School and sent to the Clinic for study. Before the report regarding them was received they were brought in again for fifteen more burglaries. I called up the Clinic. The report was just ready but had not been sent, and it was read to me. "Smith," it said, "should be sent to the Industrial School. Brown should be placed in a foster home."

"Why do you recommend that?" I asked. "There was no indication that either dominated the other."

"Oh, no," was the reply, "but Brown is better material than Smith."

"Why not send Smith to a foster home too," I said, "and treat both boys alike?"

"It's not worth while sending Smith to a foster home. He is poor material, a typical Industrial School boy."

"But I can't discriminate that way," I exclaimed. "How could I justify it to the boys? Both would think it utterly unfair. It would be just plain favoritism."

"We need not worry about that," was the answer. "The question is what is best for the individual boy."

I sent both boys to the Industrial School. Later I saw one of the doctors from the Clinic and spoke to him about this case.

"I don't see how the Clinic could have recommended such discrimination," I said.

"Oh," he answered, "that's just your legalistic point of view."

"Perhaps it is," I replied. "But we used to call your point of view favoritism when we were in school, and the boys did not like it."

"But people are different," he said. "No doctor treats all his patients the same way."

"This isn't doctoring," I answered. "This is imposing a discipline. A patient voluntarily accepts the doctor's decision. He puts himself in the doctor's hands. The doctor is his agent, acting for him. These boys did not accept voluntarily what was handed to them. Whether I had agreed with your recommendation and discriminated between them, or had treated them alike, as I did, they would have had a discipline imposed on them against their will. In either case they were being made to do something they did not want to do. You are using a false analogy."

"But what we are after is the result," said the doctor. "One boy was better than the other — had superior qualities. We ought to make the most of the material we have. The boys will forget about the discrimination."

"I don't see how you or I have the right to decide which boy is superior. That is assuming the attitude of a despot. How about equality under the law?"

"There you go with your legalistic point of view again," said he.

"I wonder," I answered. "After all, what you call the legalistic point of view is the product of immense experience. Suppose the umpire in a football game saw two opposing tackles slugging each other. Think what would happen if he said to one, 'You have an inferiority complex. That makes you aggressive, and if I put you out of the game, it would aggravate your sense of inferiority and make you more aggressive. So you may stay in.' And to the other, 'You have a sadistic tendency. I noted a distinct expression of gratification on your face when you poked Smith in the nose. This tendency must be nipped in the bud. You must leave the game!' Isn't that just what you are advocating?"

"You are being extravagant," was his reply.

I am still wondering. We are trying to get these boys to discipline themselves. We cannot give them self-control. They must get it by their own efforts. Correction is not doing something to a person like removing his appendix and permitting a process already established to resume its function. It calls for good teaching in the larger sense, and the purpose of teaching is to help — to help a person to see clearly what he should do and to encourage him to try his best to do it; to help him overcome his personal difficulties and realize his latent abilities; to help him develop an inner strength to face life with courage and hope, and to take it as it comes.

Of course, to give this help calls for intimate knowledge and sympathetic understanding of the most personal and individual character.

But what effect will unsupported discrimination have on the boys? Won't it make the favored one think that he is superior, something special, and that conditions should be arranged to suit him? Will this help?

Won't it make the other boy feel that he is regarded as intrinsically inferior? Will it not strike at his self-respect and create a bitter sense of humiliation and injustice? Will this help?

Will it help if we violate the law of cause and

effect and, without any basis which the boys can see or are willing to accept, impose a more severe punishment on one than on the other?

I realize that the word *punishment* will not be used. It will be called *treatment*. But the boys consider it punishment. It is something unpleasant imposed on them by force for what they have done. The only explanation for treating them differently which they can grasp is *favoritism* by authority. Instead of giving the boys the idea that they must meet the same test, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, that each must overcome his own weaknesses and make the grade, they will be taught that, regardless of what they do, they will be treated as authority sees fit.

Each day in reading the war news we are deeply stirred by stories of heroism — stories of boys acting with amazing effectiveness in the most desperate situations, bearing discomfort, pain, and illness with indomitable courage, determination, and cheer. And what stirs us is the spirit which animates these boys, the spirit of utter loyalty to their job and of complete disregard of self. It gives us a feeling of deepest reverence and humility, for we know — know beyond all questioning or argument — that this spirit is the central reality, the very core of life.

Shall we engender this spirit among our young people if we teach them that *they themselves* are the measure of life; that nothing should be done to them which does not favorably affect their personalities, and that what is done shall be determined by a public official? Will this make them devote themselves to noble purposes, or will it teach them that the favor of those in power is the true aim of life?

Stripped of all its elaborate wrappings, the doctrine of individual treatment may be expressed by one word — *injustice*. Its basic principle is arbitrary discrimination, discrimination unsupported by tangible evidence. Without reference to any standard of conduct, a public official will determine whether we are deserving or undeserving, as he sees fit. There is to be only one restriction. He is not allowed to be fair. He must base his decision on his estimate of our personal characteristics — and no two of us are alike. The word *merit* will become obsolete. All signs of a government of laws will disappear. We shall have a personal government. Equality under the law will go out the window, and with it all hope of equality of opportunity in the future.

» Under the spur of war the West Coast has developed an enormous industrial plant. With its new-found strength, will it challenge the old supremacy of the Eastern Seaboard?

WEST COAST VERSUS EAST

The Tug of Peace

by A. G. MEZERIK

1

WESTERN America has a post-war plan. Simply stated, it is to wage war against the financial monopoly now held by the East. The goal is industrial self-determination.

Recently Governor Arthur B. Langlie of the State of Washington said, "Our colonial status as shippers of fruit, timber, and other raw materials to the industrial East will be overcome by facilities set up within our states to produce for vast new markets across the Pacific." That statement is couched in polite language. Westerners feel anything but polite about the way they have been treated, and the opposite of acquiescent about putting up with it. They know that, by a variety of controls, the East has successfully kept them, along with the South, in the role of financial serfs all these years. Now they also know that they have the tools and the men with which to break that strangle hold.

It was by a freak that the aeroplane manufacturers set up shop in the West, and it was the war that gave Henry J. Kaiser, symbol and pacemaker of this Western industrial renaissance, his opportunity. The war has brought all the factors into focus. Immense plants now dot the West. Land transportation facilities have been completed and a new railroad route to Alaska surveyed. Ships have been built in West Coast ports in record numbers, and Western operators have learned to sail them in all the sea lanes. The war-accelerated expansion of aeroplane manufacturing has quickened the tempo of the development of air transportation, and greater air consciousness has brought with it the knowledge that the West, and not the East, sits at

the crossroads of the world in the coming pattern of air travel across the Pole. Add to these war creations the fact that the West has the necessary minerals, cheap power, and — as important as any other item — the skilled management for industrial expansion.

The West is playing for a new empire — not only to supply the needs of its own five and one-half million people with manufactured articles, but, by utilizing Alaska and in alliance with the undeveloped Canadian Northwest, to become self-sufficient for almost all its raw materials. Then boldly it expects to ship finished products through the Panama Canal to undersell the East in the South and Southwest, and finally to hit the jack pot — the domination of the world's greatest market, Asia. It will be a breath-taking fight that may change the pattern of our economy.

The most important necessity in forging the weapons in the fight for the West's industrial freedom is steel. Without this basic material nothing could be accomplished. For generations the East has controlled steel by an ingenious device called the Basing Point System. The East has owned all the steel manufacturing facilities and refused to provide capital for the building of new plants. With this control of the country's markets, it imposed on every pound of steel sold the amount of the freight from Pittsburgh or some other distant point, even though that steel was purchased by a buyer across the street from the plant in California where it was made. In the face of this tremendous load, the cost of manufacture of any fabricated product on the West Coast has obviously been prohibitive.

Now Henry Kaiser operates a steel plant at Fontana, California. True, it produces less than 700,000 ingot tons annually, which is only a fraction of the need; but true also, it is free of the Pittsburgh grip.

Western industrialists are mostly first-generation

A. G. MEZERIK calls himself "a specialist in headaches" — the kind of headaches management develops when new problems come faster than established methods can solve them. As a consultant for business, he has had the opportunity of studying many of the new plants in the West and Southwest, and with such knowledge he looks ahead to the regional rivalry to come.

capitalists. They have a pioneering spirit and they are risk takers. Having moved so far at Fontana, they eye the prospects. Puget Sound, the logical spot for the location of the West's steel industry, has harbors and lies comfortably close to the source of cheap power and raw materials. There is no obstacle to using neighboring Canadian deposits of iron ore, for iron ore is on the duty-free list. Coal, another essential, can be imported subject only to a very light duty. Coal deposits are plentiful too in our own Pacific Northwest; these can be brought in ships at low cost to the present Fontana mill, and at even lower costs to the prospective Puget Sound development.

2

EVEN while the steel industry is being nurtured and expanded for the conflict, war momentum has carried the West a long way toward its objective on other fronts. The West has become a great producer of the light metals, magnesium and aluminum. It is virtually alone in producing the new fused plywood, strong as metal and lighter, and therefore highly desirable for use in the manufacture of any vehicle used on land, on sea, or in the air. Aeroplane and ship construction at record levels has given the West the ranking "know-how" in the use of all these light materials, and there is no dependence on the East for any part of their fabrication. Aeroplane construction has brought with it a skill in creating insulation materials and walls capable of withstanding high pressures and extreme temperatures. These new techniques the West proposes to use, as soon as the war has ended, to make cooking ranges insulated against heat loss and thermostatically controlled, refrigerators, air-conditioning units, and prefabricated housing.

To the West the possibility of quick conversion to the manufacture of these articles is no dream of the wonderful world of the future. The aviation industry now employs two million people; most experts agree that with the end of the war this industry can utilize no more than two hundred thousand in aeroplane manufacture. The prospects for shipbuilding are no better, if as good. These stark facts mean that the program of the West for peacetime production must go into effect without lag.

Many hurdles remain. First comes the perfecting of the necessary collaboration with Canada on the governmental level. For this a joint American-Canadian planning body, called the North Pacific Planning Project, is now at work. Limited to the solution of economic problems, this can be classed as an offensive instrument. But bulwarks for de-

fense must also be established. The West fears that, once the war in Europe is over, the East will lose interest in the Pacific war and go right ahead with its own post-war adjustments — with the consequence that the East will obtain a huge head start in post-war business. As evidence of this Eastern tendency, they cite the growing clamor for immediate partial retooling, already heard east of the Mississippi.

The West feels it must take measures against this danger, and at its insistence a subcommittee of the Senate's Post-war Planning Committee has been appointed. Some months ago, the Western members of this committee started hearings at San Diego to register the demands and the fears of the West. These little-noticed developments in the West's necessarily increasing participation in government are skirmishes preparatory to the full-dress battle.

Henry Wallace, who is probably a Westerner even more than a globalist, has already sounded the battle cry on two other fronts: the inequitable rate structure of the railroads, and the restrictions caused by patent pools. There can be no doubt that, in at least these two of his post-war aims, he is at one with the Western industrialists.

Until the patent pools, now dominated by the East, are broken or enlarged to include the West, many of the projected undertakings must remain in the blueprint stage. Western industrialists have three paths of action open: (1) they can try for inclusion in the pools by buying their way in; (2) they can use their political and economic power to force antitrust prosecutions; (3) they can conduct frontal attacks against monopoly by going right ahead and taking their chances. With characteristic vigor, they are doing all three. The first two have shown little result as yet, but the third, evidenced in Kaiser's now famous institution of a prepayment medical plan right in the teeth of the professional monopoly of the American Medical Association, has scored a bull's-eye.

While far-reaching, the opening up of the patent pools would not be sufficient without success in revising rail-rate structures. For the West cannot, on today's rates, ship manufactured products east or south at anything comparable to the lower rates benefiting products originating in the East. Transport rates are naturally viewed in the West as most important, since the present system imposes a serious handicap to the national distribution of its products.

Distribution and merchandising, however, even without the rail-rate headache, are fraught with serious difficulty. Western manufacturers have

never sold any great variety of products either to other industries or to the general public. Come peace, they will find themselves in direct competition with great Eastern companies, already well established and favorably known. More important, the Easterners are highly skilled merchandisers who, with a weather eye on the future, have held their merchandising organizations together all through the war. The West starts from scratch.

Advertising and good will must be created; wholesalers, dealers, salesmen have to be organized — an epoch-making job and one for which the West has little experience. This is, in part, the reason why Henry Kaiser's executive offices are now in New York. It explains, too, the emergence of West Coast advertisers such as Joshua Hendy, Fleetwings, and the aeroplane companies, who seek, without anything to sell at present, to create an impression on the public which will last until their peacetime products are ready. Meanwhile, many Western industrialists are also surveying, with a view toward purchasing them, small companies which have built up, over a period of many years, consumer acceptance of their products and efficient distributing mechanisms, both of which can be expanded.

3

WESTERNERS know that the transition to nationwide marketing of consumer goods will take time. Therefore they plan their entry through the sale of equipment used by industry. Competition is keen, but the market is a narrow one, in which concentrated effort provides large money sales. Turbines, steam and Diesel engines, gasoline motors, and all other equipment necessary to supply power are in this class. Since these are vital to Western self-sufficiency, their manufacture and sale will provide the West with a double advantage.

Motive and generating equipment is also high in the list of industrial merchandise which Asia will need as soon as the war is over. Western industrialists all agree that the development of the Asiatic market cannot be left until a national merchandising organization is perfected. It is on Asia that the West pins its hopes for liberation from the domination of the East; consequently the plans for selling Asia are well advanced. When the Japanese have been pushed back to their island, the breezy Westerners will be ready and waiting with, they expect, their swords beaten into all manner of transportation and industrial equipment. The plans for world-wide industrialization laid down by practical businessmen challenge the imagination.

Kaiser proposes to send to China, India, and even South America all our present heavy and uneconomical freight and passenger railroad equipment. This he hopes to see replaced with modern freight and passenger cars built of the more efficient light metals already being plentifully produced on the West Coast. That plan would give large employment to millions of Americans, place all the existing equipment on the West Coast on a basis of full peacetime operation, keep all our ships moving, and provide an up-to-the-minute rail system for America. The standard of living in Asia would begin its spiral upward with the coming of rails and would, it can well be believed, continue with the installation of modern industrial plants, the second step in the plan.

To most laymen, the plan may seem visionary. But, impractical or not, the plan is symptomatic of what is cooking beyond the Rockies. The plans of the West have been big all during the war — yet they have been carried through. The West is not married to any orthodox economy.

Take the matter of getting paid for all the equipment which the West firmly has decided to make for and sell to the Orient. Asia hasn't the money to pay for it. But there is every possibility that she will have plenty of money if and when she is enabled to get out her own raw materials and to manufacture goods. Though the Western manufacturers are firm believers in free enterprise, they are not proposing the conventional private bond issue financing so well remembered from the reconstruction period after the last war.

The West wants a continuation of Lend-Lease. Wealthy Eastern fabricators do not. Post-war Lend-Lease is already a serious fight. It will get hotter. For the West must have that Asiatic market. Westerners know they will not be able to develop it with the help of Eastern financiers, and realistically they turn to government. Lend-Lease offers the quickest way of opening up the Asiatic market and getting the money for the products.

The same is true of subsidies. That may not sound right in the face of the fact that the agricultural interests of the West are leaders in the fight against subsidies for farm products. Wartime high prices for farmers, however, are not to be confused with the peacetime necessities of a new and burgeoning industry. Nearly everyone who has seen the huge Western aviation plants immediately visualizes the ease with which they could be converted into the building of prefabricated housing. Manufacturers see the very same glorious possibilities, and their eagerness is heightened by the insistence of many of our economists that our post-

war prosperity rests on the cornerstone of a huge housing program.

Here the industrialists become extremely practical; they know that mass housing must be subsidized, and they are already plugging for government aid. They want subsidies for the manufacture of products to be sold inside the country, but even more urgently they want continuation, even an increase, of shipping subsidies. For the immediate post-war future, it is essential that the West be not in any way dependent on Eastern-owned ships or on ships of foreign registry. Until streamlined, economically operated ships, another Western dream, can be realized, the West must look to government for subsidies.

4

LEND-LEASE and subsidies by no means complete the list of financial necessities for which the West must look to government. Consider the present ownership of the industries which form the backbone of the West's present production. These were comparatively small prior to the war. Today they are tremendous. They are, however, owned by the government and not by their Western operators.

In the aircraft industry, 93 per cent of all expansion since June, 1940, has been accomplished with government funds; in shipbuilding the total is even larger — 96 per cent; 90 per cent of all magnesium plants are government-owned. All the Western aluminum plants, with the exception of one operated by the Eastern-owned Aluminum Company of America, and another owned by the Reynolds Metals Company but financed by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, are government-owned. The plants are there all right, but even these few statistics point up the question of what will happen to them at the end of the war.

That depends on government's attitude. The West is working feverishly to see to it that there is no repetition of what happened after the last war when war-built facilities were, in most cases, abandoned or used by the Harding administration to repay political favors. For the West it is a matter of survival. Until this question of to whom and how the government will transfer the plants is settled, nothing else can matter much. Even if the government offered them for cash and comparatively cheap to their present operators, that would not solve the problem. For Western capital in the amounts required is nonexistent, and the great avenues to public subscription of stock and bond issues are controlled by Eastern banking interests,

which are understandably not enthusiastic about underwriting the Western fight to emerge from colonial status. A direct approach to the public for stock purchase, in amounts from twenty-five dollars up, requires organization and confidence in post-war prospects, neither of which the West has yet established. Any way you look at it, government must stay in the picture.

Yet every Western top-flight industrialist is opposed to government ownership or operation of these plants. These men see themselves as owner-capitalists in a private enterprise system and not as part of any movement for the managerial revolution. Executive after executive, in discussing post-war possibilities, will challenge you to point to any competitive business which the government operates or can operate successfully. Yet they know all too well that they will need government help to acquire the plants they are operating — not only to take over the plants and the machinery but to provide working capital.

Layoffs and shutdowns must take place on the day when war contracts are canceled, unless this question is answered quickly. The problem is dramatically pictured by the huge Consolidated Aircraft Corporation. Officials of this company state that its net working capital is equal to only two weeks of the present payroll. Kaiser posed it another way when he warned the Women's National Press Club that unless "something is done now" he will be able to retain only "a maximum of 5 per cent" of the employees at his plants.

The first relief demanded by the Western industrialist is on renegotiation, the little-understood government instrument to recapture excessive war profits. The Westerners say that the present method, which figures all excess profits on a tax base indicated by average earnings from 1936 to 1938, redounds almost entirely to the benefit of Eastern manufacturers. They specify the high earnings of the automobile industry in those years as a case in point. The Westerners, just getting under way at that time and in the midst of their lean years, want a surplus set up for peacetime. That would help a lot, they maintain, but it is far from enough. They want government help in obtaining private capital with which to buy and work the plants.

Here again Kaiser has been active. He proposes post-war V loans, by which the government would guarantee the stock and bond issues floated by the company or its bankers to the public. The West wants the government to guarantee at least 50 per cent of the total issue and, if possible, much more. In this way, the financial strength of the

government would be placed squarely behind the credit of the plant owner, and the greatest obstacle to immediate private financing would be removed.

5

SHOT through the entire fabric of the West's blueprint for its future is this pattern of help needed from government. From patent pool through financing and shipment of finished products to Asia, the helpful coöperation of government is essential. The tremendous war growth has occurred under a Democratic administration. If the Republican Party now comes to power, will it be inclined to extend subsidies, Lend-Lease, post-war V loans, and all the other aids required for the West to fight a victorious battle for self-determination? The answer may well depend on the most influential supporters of the Republican Party. These are certainly tied to the industrial-financial pattern of the East. Rationally, then, it would seem that the West could not, with all the attendant danger of breakage, put its eggs in the Republican Party basket.

The composite answer of Western industrialists to the direct question is far from explicit: "What is good for the West is good for the whole country." And while they say it, they keep on trying to get more of their needs translated into governmental action now. It may well be that they will support the Republican candidate. But if that happens, there will be some novel and interesting planks in the platform of the Grand Old Party.

Victory is in the Westerners' gun sights. Any one who observes the vitality, resourcefulness, and imagination of these frontiersmen of industry can see that victory coming. They know the troubles which await them, but they are working out the answers on all fronts, secure in the knowledge that behind their battle plan stand the prime natural resources of the country. They see their objective much too clearly to stop now. That's why, after a full-dress discussion of all these difficulties, they

smile, point to Asia on the map, and say, "That's our market. We're elected."

The South is more than a spectator in what happens here. Any one of the goals of the West could be cited as equally desirable by Southerners who have been smarting and protesting about the same set of conditions since the Civil War. They have not been benefited by the same set of fortuitous circumstances which now cheer the West, but they realize that the slogan for them must be, "As the West goes, so goes the South." They feel that the first Western ship coming around the Panama Canal and into a Gulf port with goods for them will bring them succor to be compared only to that of an army relieving a beleaguered town. For with that ship will come the first signs of surcease from serfdom imposed by inequitable freight rates and Eastern financial and industrial domination.

The East-West fight and its outcome have much more than academic interest for all the population of the United States. It is certainly not a private fight between two groups of regional industrialists. To a country avidly talking full employment, what happens on the West Coast is important. Right now, in the State of Washington, 45 per cent of the number of people employed in 1940 are either in the armed forces or in war industry. California and Oregon have totals nearly as large. Unless these Western plants remain at work, there will be nearly fifteen job seekers for every ten pre-war jobs. Even with the rest of the country in good shape, that ratio of unemployment, regionally, might well depress the nation's entire economy.

Considered from the global point of view, the project of industrializing Asia falls into line with the aims of those who, like Wendell Willkie, see the economy of the whole world as interdependent. Brought right down to national interest, the goods which the West proposes to make can help to supply the needs of everyone. That's the way the determined, vigorous industrialists of the West see it — and the sidelines are already filling up with folk, progressive and conservative, eager to watch the industrial battle of the century.

SANTAYANA IN EUROPE

by DANIEL CORY

I

AFTER fourteen years of close association with George Santayana, I find myself separated from him by the exigencies of war. At the moment of writing, he is living in a private nursing home in Rome, while I have returned to the place of my birth, New York. Naturally I have been unable to keep in touch with him by letter and inform him of the many anxious inquiries made by his friends in this country. Under the circumstances, I have felt a kind of persistent inner compulsion to solidify in words, while the materials of memory are fresh and plastic, my recollections of him.

The Santayana that I know is the older Santayana: he was sixty-three when I first met him. His life may be divided conveniently into two parts, the line being drawn when he gave up teaching at Harvard in 1912 and left America for good. To the first half belong the poet, the interpreter of poetry and religion, and the author of *The Life of Reason*. Let us call this Santayana I. I can speak from direct memory only of Santayana II — the elderly gentleman who turned novelist for a season and gave us *The Last Puritan*, the metaphysician laboring for years on his profound *Realms of Being*, the autobiographer now completing his *Persons and Places*.

In 1926, when I was twenty-one years old, I left New York to live in London, and I intended to continue my studies abroad as long as I — or rather my grandmother — could afford it. My interests were divided equally between poetry and philosophy, and in the writings of Santayana I had discovered a wonderful marriage of the aesthetic and intellectual sides of the mind that moved me deeply. So after a year in England I decided to write an essay on his work. For six weeks I shut myself up in a room on the top floor of a boardinghouse in South Kensington. When finally my essay was com-

pleted I determined to send it to Santayana himself and ask him to tell me frankly what he thought of it. His English publishers in London supplied me with his address, and the rest I left to fate. A week of anxiety ensued, and then one morning a letter post-marked *Roma* and addressed in a large, clear handwriting arrived. To put it tritely, my fondest expectations were surpassed by the flattering comments he made on my paper, which was subsequently published in the *Journal of Philosophical Studies*.

In replying to Santayana I expressed my desire to meet him. I mentioned that Rome would be a long and expensive trip for me, and that if he intended to come to Paris in the near future, I could manage that much better. He answered in due course and suggested that if I cared to take the sea voyage from Tilbury to Naples, he would be pleased to defray the expenses of the trip. As I look back over the last twenty years of my life, I ask myself if I have ever been quite so happy, so filled with suppressed excitement, as on that morning in early April, 1927, when I boarded one of the Orient liners at Tilbury and sailed for Italy.

In Rome, I booked in at a small hotel-pension in the Via Quattro Fontane. Santayana's large but rather old-fashioned hotel was just down the street in the Piazza Barberini. (He had already lived there for about twelve years when I first met him.) I remember I was a bit nervous about seeing him, and loitered for a long time in the broad sun-splashed piazza.

At last I sent my name upstairs and was soon in the lift on the way to his apartment. I had never seen a photograph of Santayana, and only knew vaguely that he must be over sixty years old. But I had imagined him as rather thin and very remote.

I was wrong down to the last detail. The man who arose from his desk to greet me was portly and genial. A contagious smile, large brown flashing eyes (extremely Spanish), and an ample waistline

A New Yorker who has lived and studied for many years abroad, DANIEL CORY was for more than a decade the friend and amanuensis of George Santayana.

(which I always associate with affability) reassured me at once. Something youthful about his manner and conversation bridged the gulf of years that might have stood between us. I forgot completely that I was with a much older man; and for his part, Santayana was surprised when I told him that I was only twenty-two.

I remember vaguely that he seemed rather impatient that afternoon when I spoke about his poetry or his earlier books on aesthetics and religion. He said something to the effect that "aesthetics is only a part of psychology," and reminded me that Matthew Arnold was "in the air" when he wrote his *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*. Perhaps he dreaded that I would ply him with carefully planned technical questions, as so many young students and professors did at their first and only meetings. If he failed that afternoon to measure up to a very immature ideal of the "great philosopher" that I expected to meet in Rome, it is because I misunderstood a certain lightness of word and manner that is characteristic of Santayana in conversation. There was certainly nothing "difficult" about him, and this was all to the good as far as I was concerned.

2

I HAD a standing invitation to luncheon, and afterwards we would either go for a stroll in the Pincio or take a *carrozza* to some place of interest in Rome — if it was too distant for walking. Museums and picture galleries were excluded, however, for it tired and bored Santayana to mingle with the groups of wide-eyed tourists shepherded by shouting guides. And of course he had seen and studied everything as a younger man. Sometimes we would visit a remote church to see, for example, a lovely window of stained glass; or drive to a position on one of the surrounding hills that afforded a wonderful view of the campagna and the city below us. I could not have had a more sympathetic guide: Santayana knew Rome like a native, and we did things in a very leisurely manner.

From my own point of view, our luncheons together were great events — and I am speaking materially as well as spiritually. At first he took me to very fashionable restaurants: the subterranean Ulpia, the elevated sunlit Castello dei Cesari, or the Café della Rosa in the glorious Villa Borghese. But later on we frequented a popular Italian restaurant in the heart of the city.

Food always made an enormous difference to Santayana: it was striking the way it would fortify him almost immediately. All the fatigue of a long

morning of writing, and the weight of age, seemed to disappear like magic as soon as the bread had been broken and the wine poured. I tried not to tire him: I never planned any special question to ask him and after luncheon I let the discussion grow out of what George Meredith has called a "post-digestive calm."

One afternoon, however, I inadvertently ruffled the more sensitive side of Santayana's nature. We were gazing at St. Peter's from some high point of vantage, and Santayana, after pointing out the private railroad that ran through the spacious grounds of the Vatican, began explaining some detail of ecclesiastical administration to me. For some obscure reason (I am a low Presbyterian) I suddenly blurted out as I nodded towards the glittering dome of the cathedral, "All this has nothing to do with the simple Master who walked by the Sea of Galilee. I wonder indeed what He would think if He returned to the world today and saw this power organization at work."

Santayana was not only astonished but angry at my remark. I think he considered it a crude and impertinent expression of a provincial kind of Protestant prejudice. He controlled himself by saying nothing and we walked along in total silence. I realized I had been a bit flippant, and I apologized for my hasty observation.

He forgave me immediately, and I remember fairly accurately what he then said, because it made a strong impression on me.

"I'm a little surprised at your attitude," he began, "because I hoped that you were more sympathetic to a great tradition like the Catholic Church. Even if its early history is bloody, — full of political intrigue and other imperfections, — is it not perhaps wiser to accept such a tradition in toto than to pick flaws in it like the Protestants? If unfortunately — like myself — you cannot hold the official doctrine, it is better to regard the whole thing as an expression of the human spirit than to attempt to get back to a few hypothetical sayings and actions of its alleged Founder, and then base your whole religion and theology on such a flimsy foundation.

"The trouble with Catholicism," Santayana went on, "is not that it is too ornamental or symbolic, — the usual Protestant criticism, — but that it is too human — too good to be true. I simply cannot believe that nature at large can conform so closely to the heart's desire."

We were having tea one afternoon in a café near the Esedra — that "crescent of modern white buildings" the visitor first sees as he leaves the railway station. I had then been in Rome for about six

weeks, and as my funds were getting low, I said something to the effect that I must return to London shortly and arrange things for my trip back to America. Santayana was silent for a moment and then remarked that it would be a pity not to see Paris. I answered that I planned to stop there for a few days before crossing the Channel to England.

Suddenly he turned to me and said in a very frank, almost boyish way: "How would you like to help me with the preparation of *The Realm of Matter*? I could do with a secretary for a year or so, and you're just the person."

I was so startled and excited by his question that I nearly strangled on an undissolved lump of sugar in my teacup, but I managed to answer quite calmly, "Why, I think it's a splendid idea."

The conditions subsequently agreed upon could not have been happier from my point of view. In the first place, Santayana was to turn over the manuscript of *The Realm of Matter* to me (I shall have more to say concerning the nature of my secretarial duties shortly); secondly, I could live wherever I wished in Europe and he would arrange to have me visit him from time to time when it proved convenient; and lastly, he promised to support me *until* his book was ready for publication. This time limit to our arrangement was emphasized by Santayana, as he did not wish to mislead me in regard to my eventual future. But he said that the work on *The Realm of Matter* "would occupy us" for about two years.

A few days later I left for Paris. I did not take *The Realm of Matter* with me, as Santayana said he would bring it himself to Paris at the end of the month. And in the meantime he advised me to brush up on my French so that I would feel more at home.

3

WHEN Santayana arrived a little later, I was surprised to learn — in view of his customary detachment — that for several summers he had been in the habit of residing with an old American friend, Mr. C. A. Strong, in an apartment on the Avenue de l'Observatoire near the Luxembourg. As I had heard nothing previously about this arrangement, I can only surmise that the two old gentlemen had exchanged letters before deciding whether or not I should be a possible nuisance in Paris. But Mr. Strong must have been impressed by what Santayana wrote him, for I was soon invited over to the Left Bank for discussion. I discovered that their apartment had become a kind of summer headquarters for visiting American professors, and one

afternoon Henri Bergson had come over from Passy for tea. As it is impossible to move in the orbit of Santayana without taking into account the existence of the less famous philosophical body of Mr. Strong, I shall say something more about him.

Santayana and Strong (I shall now drop the *Mr.* — as he himself shortly urged me to) had been friends since college days, and judging by early photographs that I have seen of them, they must have been two very good-looking young men when they shared a Harvard fellowship together in Germany over fifty years ago. But Strong had become exclusively and passionately interested in a set of philosophical puzzles that have been dignified by the rather ominous title of *epistemology*: a discipline that may be defined roughly as an attempt to explain how we know what we know without studying philosophy. This was Strong's self-appointed life-work, and having toiled unceasingly over his puzzles for four decades, his honest soul had become embittered by a strange lack of public attention. Fortunately, I had read one of his books, *The Origin of Consciousness*, and he was delighted to find someone who appreciated his labors.

I listened with great interest to everything Strong said, for although I was Santayana's avowed disciple (a source of unavoidable irritation to Strong), all problems in philosophy were fresh and fascinating to me. But with Santayana it was different. His mind was made up: his official doctrine had been made public. And Strong's inability or refusal to recognize this obvious fact amazed me. In my innocence I failed to realize that nothing could be more calamitous to a man of Strong's nature (and there are other philosophers like him) than to have any question finally *settled*. Not only would an ultimate solution of anything entail the horrible possibility that some day there might be a scarcity of bones to growl over, but it is somehow repugnant to the Protestant conscience itself, which demands either a subjective Devil or an epistemological problem to wrestle with forever and ever.

Strong was a lonely man for all his wealth, and the fact that he had become a cripple, and had to use a wheelchair to get about in, had not helped matters. Unlike Santayana, he depended upon other people to keep his spirits up. He was miserable unless there was some fellow philosopher at hand for him to whet his thoughts on. And for years Santayana had served this purpose admirably. Although on all the major issues in philosophy they were in substantial agreement, when it came to some special minute bone of contention, there was often a violent tempes in a teapot. For Strong had worked very hard over his puzzles, and it dismayed him to find his old

and distinguished friend reluctant to accept his pet solutions.

But behind all these superficial disagreements were the brute facts that Santayana was a Castilian, a Catholic by family ties and sentiment, and a *littérateur* as well as a metaphysician; while Strong was an American, a Puritan by instinct, with an admiration for the scientific side of philosophy.

4

MY PENSION was only a few minutes from the Champs Élysées and there I came to work on the huge manuscript of *The Realm of Matter*, written in Santayana's own hand. He explained what he wanted me to do. He had composed two or three drafts of nearly every chapter of the book, and he asked me to study these alternative accounts of the same topics, mark out the passages or paragraphs I liked best, and then try to reconstruct, as it were, the ideal chapters to compose the final version of his book.

I was duly impressed and somewhat alarmed at the nature of my task, but Santayana was sympathetic and genial, and I knew of course that he would have the last word about everything. As a matter of fact, he was rather fed up with philosophy just then, and welcomed an opportunity to shift some of the burden of revising a difficult book onto another person. Although I was unaware of it at the time, he was already beginning to sketch out the chapters of *The Last Puritan* — a novel which had been revolving in his mind for many years.

I might as well anticipate the course of events and confess at once that on the whole I failed to help Santayana as much as he expected me to — at least, this is true of my work on *The Realm of Matter*. The painful discovery that I was not an indispensable collaborator did not dawn on my mind immediately. I would study each chapter leisurely, and then write out a list of "suggestions" on a separate page. And though a number of my incidental hints were accepted gratefully, I fear that those ambitious reconstructions were silently rejected.

Apart from philosophy, I think it was a relief for Santayana to get away from the apartment and have a different kind of friend in Paris. I showed him my poems (our interest in poetry was another tie between us that Strong did not share); he helped me with my French, using *Le Temps* as a kind of daily textbook. And sometimes we went to a matinee at the Odéon or Théâtre-Français. In the evening we would often meet at some café-restaurant — say the Angleterre on the Boulevard des Italiens.

After a Pernod (sometimes two) he would order dinner to be served outdoors in the cool of the evening. Philosophy was forgotten as we watched the gay cosmopolitan throng or commented on the casual news of the day. That is to say, *technical* discussion was banned, but I felt that I was realizing a certain philosophy of life that I had never found in America. Around nine-thirty Santayana would say good-night. He liked to stroll alone by the Seine for about a half an hour before taking his favorite foot-bridge across the river on his way to the apartment near the Luxembourg.

It actually took more than two years to trim *The Realm of Matter* down to fighting — or rather, publishing — weight; but by the summer of 1929, my meager share in the preparation of the book was finished. And late that June, Santayana and Strong had gone to Glion-sur-Montreux in Switzerland instead of Paris, for the latter had decided to spend the summer at his clinic, and had persuaded Santayana to go to a near-by hotel so that he could drive with him in the afternoons — and discuss epistemology.

5

I HAD just decided to leave Venice and prepare for my return to America, when I received a letter from Santayana. He asked me to come to Switzerland for the rest of the summer, saying that he and Strong wanted to see me. Naturally I was delighted at the idea of seeing Switzerland for the first time, but I wondered if this visit was intended as a gracious farewell gesture.

When I arrived at Montreux the following night, it was so dark that I could see nothing of my new surroundings, but the air — especially after Venice — was like a glass of cool champagne. The hotel bus was at the station to meet me, and I remember that Santayana had waited up to greet me. He was in a very jolly mood, and I think the mountains must have done him good. After the usual exchange of polite inquiries, he came to the point of my visit.

"If you still don't want to return to America," he said, "I think that Strong has something of interest to tell you. He is now writing a book on the origin of the mind, and it might be a good idea for you to live in Florence this winter and assist him in any way you can. But Strong will tell you the rest himself."

Relieved by these unexpected good tidings, I slept well that night. It must have been around nine-thirty in the morning when I was awakened by Santayana's knocking at my door. We had arranged to have breakfast downstairs together at half past

eight, and I imagine he had got tired of waiting for me.

"But haven't you seen yet the view from your balcony?" he asked me in surprise.

We remained for several minutes admiring the magnificent panorama, and Santayana pointed out and identified for me the distant towns and mountain ranges. Although he is nearsighted himself and thinks in words rather than visual images (he once told me that when he dreams it is always of people talking rather than of how people look), he can appreciate large masses of color.

I led a very luxurious life at Glion for the rest of the summer. Santayana and I had all our meals together in the spacious dining room, and several times a week we would go driving with Strong after luncheon. Santayana worked hard as usual in the mornings, and most of our conversation took place at mealtime. The dining room was a bit too noisy and glaring for him, but on Saturday evenings, before the weekly hotel dance, he would rise to the occasion and order champagne as well as our customary wine.

Santayana had visited Strong many times at his villa in Fiesole, and he had duly warned me of the Anglo-American aesthetic accent that haunted the somber cypresses on the hills above Florence. It is true that Bernard Berenson lived a few miles away at Settignano, and that the Sitwell family was equally distant; but the famous Villa Medici — where Lady Sybil and Percy Lubbock held court — was situated within a stone's throw of Strong's winter philosophical headquarters.

All in all, I passed a difficult winter with Strong. Apart from his fanatical desire to convert other people to his own epistemological point of view (which itself was constantly undergoing modifications, so that you never knew exactly where you were in an argument with him), I suffered intensely from colitis. It was the psychological climate that affected me as much as the dampness of a cold Tuscany winter. I had no friends or external distractions to relieve the monotony. Strong and I would talk philosophy by the hour, and it would be ungracious in me not to confess that these endless conversations sharpened my own ideas and helped to define, by way of contrast, Santayana's own position in theory of knowledge. I did all I could to help Strong with his book — *Essays on the Natural Origin of the Mind* — and it was generous of him to acknowledge my assistance in the preface. Whenever I write an article on epistemology nowadays, I realize anew that those long hours at Fiesole were not misspent, and I am still haunted by the spectacle of Strong shaking his finger at me and saying,

"Cory! That is not the *right* word for what you really mean."

Finally, when the spring came and turned Florence into a paradise again, Santayana invited me to Rome for a long visit. He had gathered that I was not happy at Fiesole, and so had arranged with Strong to look after me until the following autumn.

6

IT WAS during the spring of 1930 in Florence that I began jotting down my impressions of Santayana in a diary and forming, I believe, a more adequate conception of the man himself and his way of life. I lived at his hotel and so had a good opportunity of observing him "at home."

His economy of life was reflected in his personal habits. To begin with, he dressed extremely simply. He had two black suits, a winter and a spring overcoat, and three pairs of shoes (I am excluding an old pair of evening pumps that Santayana had purchased in Boston over forty years ago and still wore occasionally). If you add to this a black felt hat, half a dozen white shirts, and two black ties, you have almost his entire wardrobe.

The economy of life was manifested in the simple and long-established routine of his day. He would arise at seven in the morning, slip on an old dressing gown, a pair of socks and slippers, and then breakfast in the sitting room at precisely seven-thirty. This meal consisted of tea and toast and a soft-boiled egg. At eight o'clock he would go to his desk, wrap an old rug around his legs to keep him warm, and after glancing at his correspondence, start working in earnest. He would write steadily until half past eleven. Then he would have his bath, shave, and dress for the day. I usually turned up about noon, and read his London *Morning Post* in the sitting room until he had completed his toilet.

If the weather was fair, and it generally is in Rome in spring, we would walk to a near-by restaurant for luncheon. And here Santayana would "let himself go" to a certain extent: I mean there was nothing especially abstemious exemplified in his choice of food. He would often order a dish that struck me as being rather rich, such as a spicy Indian curry or an elaborate cake for dessert. And he drank two or three glasses of wine — a *mezzo-litro* — with his food. (It astonished me the way he poured left-over wine on his cake when the dessert was served.)

After luncheon he would go for a walk in the Pincio. He preferred as a rule to be alone in the afternoon, now that there were no new sights for us

to see in Rome. I frequently spied him in the park reading his newspaper, or strolling in the shade of some tree-arched avenue — and the Pincio is full of lovely promenades.

He would return to his hotel about four-thirty, put on his slippers and dressing gown, and either read a book or attend to his correspondence — but would do no more serious writing. Around six o'clock I would drop in for a chat. I say chat, but some of my most personal conversations with Santayana occurred during this brief half hour or so before dinner was served in his sitting room. I never dined with him: I had my dinner downstairs in the hotel restaurant.

To complete this bare description of a typical day in the life of my friend, it only remains to add that he read until about ten o'clock before retiring. In my mind's eye I can see him walk over to the large front window that opened on the Piazza Barberini, and gaze for a few moments up the lighted Via Tritone before drawing the curtains for the night. Santayana liked that view from his top-story window: it was gay and yet sufficiently distant to be undisturbing.

He lived spiritually as well as physically above the traffic of this world. I remember how it impressed me when I discovered that Santayana would never read any notices or criticisms of his work — unless some old friend happened to send him a clipping. He detested the solicitations of literary agencies. Middleton Murry has wisely said that Santayana's detachment is a condition of clear thinking, but other less friendly critics have put it down to a dread of contamination — or perhaps ultimate snobbery. Whatever way you look at it, the fact remains that he lived above the popular movements in the intellectual world.

Santayana is said to be reluctant to meet people, and it is rumored that he has dropped many casual acquaintances who have mistaken themselves for friends. It cannot be denied that he has manifested a certain dread of interruption, for that is what the imputation of being unsocial boils down to in his case. His dread of interruption is grounded on a practical consideration. Santayana was over sixty when I first met him. There were still a number of books he wanted to write while the candles were burning brightly. And he had to protect the daily routine that had been devised expressly for this purpose.

There were a few people who came from time to time for luncheon, students or professors for the most part. And sometimes I helped Santayana in a very practical way, for after luncheon he would excuse himself, but suggest that I should go in his

stead for a walk with the disappointed student or professor. I became callous to the stony silence or rather forced conversation that usually resulted from this expedient. Of course there were a few older friends of long standing that Santayana welcomed in a different spirit every five years or so — old Harvard friends like Lawrence Smith Butler or Horace Kallen. And the late Lady Russell ("Elizabeth") used to write him when she was to be in Rome.

7

SOMETIME in June, 1932, after I had at last returned to London, I received a long letter from Santayana. He said that he required my material assistance again (*The Last Puritan* was really beginning to take shape), and offered to support me indefinitely. I had been making a little money doing book reviews and occasional articles for English literary periodicals, but it was a relief to know there would be something more regular to depend on.

In his letter Santayana also wrote me that, despite his long absence from the classroom and lecture hall, he had consented to deliver two final public addresses — one in Holland and one in England. He first went to The Hague in August for the commemoration of the tercentenary of the birth of Spinoza, and read a remarkable paper on "Ultimate Religion." Then, early in September, he crossed the Channel for the first time since World War I and came to London. I had engaged rooms for him just off St. James's Street in the quarter he knew so well. His object in coming to London had been to fulfill a long-delayed promise made to the Royal Society of Literature when they had honored him with their gold medal some years before. I understand it is customary to be present and read a paper when you receive the gold medal, but Santayana had been in Rome at the time and was excused on the promise that he would deliver an address at some future date. So he had decided to kill two birds on one round trip in 1932, and follow up his Spinoza lecture by giving one on "John Locke and the Frontiers of Common Sense" in London.

One of the first things Santayana did in London was to buy a gray hat, an umbrella, and a raincoat, in the Burlington Arcade. Although I assured him that many people in England wore black felt hats, he insisted that he would look less conspicuous in a gray one. We had luncheon every day at Hatchett's — that charming old restaurant in Piccadilly that Santayana had frequented before the turn of the century. Then we would go for a long walk around the Serpentine in Hyde Park.

I enjoyed very much being with Santayana in London, but he was not happy there himself. He thought the place had changed tremendously and had become very bustling and commercialized. He asked me not to tell any of his old friends that he had returned to England. If they should discover his presence by some accident, well, that was fate and he would accept the consequences. I think Santayana felt his age more in England than anywhere else. He had been there as a younger man and all during the First World War, and he regarded England as a segment of his past, a green and distant episode in his life, that could not now be revived or added to with any spiritual profit. His heart was in Rome and he told me frankly that he was "longing to go back there." But there was first this business of his lecture to be attended to.

Although his address on Locke was well received (the applause was loud and sustained at the end), Santayana himself was far from pleased with his performance. To begin with, he had been rather exasperated by the distinguished old windbag who introduced him. A more distressing feature from Santayana's point of view, however, was the inexcusable fact that there was no light over or even near his rostrum, and he had to hold his manuscript at an angle to catch the flickering daylight from a distant window.

But despite this handicap, the fatuous chairman, and the fact that he had been out of practice for so long, he did very well. His voice was low and deliberate and eloquent; and his perfect accent, so free of anything adventitious or local, with nothing of Oxford or Boston in it, surprised his audience. They had not expected a "foreigner" to speak so well. Personally, I have never heard anyone speak a purer English than Santayana: it is impossible to place him geographically by his pronunciation. I can well believe that his lectures were a daily delight to his pupils at Harvard.

The day after his lecture, Santayana left for Dover. He remained there for a few days until the Channel was reported to be calm (he has always dreaded and suffered from seasickness), and then left for Rome without halting in Paris. But during his brief stop in Dover he had found time to revisit Canterbury and to revive some old impressions.

8

IT HAD not been Santayana's intention to publish *The Last Puritan* during his lifetime. But when his publishers got wind of the fact that the manuscript was nearly ready by the summer of 1934, they natu-

rally clamored for the right to publish it as soon as possible. Santayana could not make up his mind what to do. He never for a moment entertained the idea that the book might become a howling success; his only concern was to keep it on as high a level as possible, so that his friends would not think that he had made a mistake in turning novelist for a season. I remember his saying to me: "I don't care a hang what the general public think of the book, as long as my friends — both personal and in the spirit — don't feel that I was foolish to attempt such a thing at all."

In other words, Santayana hoped that *The Last Puritan* would not disappoint that small, discriminating audience for which it was written. But before telling his publishers definitely that he would comply with their wishes, he wrote me a letter in August — I was summering in Sussex, England — and said he would be happier if I read the manuscript and told him frankly just what I thought of it. "It will help me to make up my mind about publishing it now," he wrote, "if I know the reaction of a normal, representative human being to my novel."

When I received the manuscript sometime in the autumn, I read through *The Last Puritan* quickly in order to get a general impression before setting to work on it in detail. And it was obvious to me at once that here was an opportunity to be of help. In the first place, I spotted immediately a good many phrases or expressions that impressed me as being old-fashioned and stilted. For example, Santayana, wishing to state that Oliver was going for a swim, would describe his proposed action as an "aquatic exercise." I suggested that a "dip" or "plunge" would probably do the business as well as his own way of putting it.

On a somewhat larger scale of criticism, I later came to feel that one or two themes had been sufficiently developed in certain chapters, and that they tended to lose their original force by being reintroduced and emphasized in other directions. So I sent the manuscript back to Rome with all my suggestions carefully typed out. In about a fortnight I heard from Santayana, and he wrote that he was studying my "commentaries" with interest, but preferred to defer the question of revising his book until I arrived in Rome on my annual spring visit.

It was always with the keenest pleasure that I looked forward to returning to Italy and visiting Santayana, and this time I was more excited than usual, for I was eager to hear from his own lips what he thought of my "commentaries." Although I arrived in Rome rather late on a March evening, I went straight to his rooms. Fortunately, he was

still up, and he must have felt my eagerness to talk about *The Last Puritan*, for he put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Cory, I don't want to discuss the novel this evening. But I will tell you that I have decided to accept nearly all your suggestions."

I was immensely flattered and relieved. And to this day I feel that it was magnanimous of Santayana to admit openly that I could help him to such an extent. Of course he knew that my suggestions were not those of a carping critic, but perfectly spontaneous. And that, I believe, is why he sometimes accepted them. I told him candidly that I expected his novel would have a "quiet success," but that I doubted very much if its appeal would be popular or lasting. He fully agreed with me.

Sometime early in April, Strong turned up in Rome. Because he had little to do and was extremely curious about *The Last Puritan*, Santayana gave him the first part of his book to read. But instead of being amused by the characters depicted against their New England background, Strong solemnly explained that some of Santayana's old friends and relations in Boston might be "hurt and offended" by the "hasty caricature" of their psychological traits and social setting. As I have never considered Santayana an indiscreet person, I urged him to disregard these admonitions.

So, despite Strong's solemn strictures, the manuscript of *The Last Puritan* was duly revised and sent off to Constable in London. It first came out in England in the autumn of 1935 and was well received. As usual, the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* made a new book by Santayana the subject of their leading book reviews. But it was hardly an outstanding literary event. One did not feel that a reading of *The Last Puritan* was an intellectual duty to be performed at all costs; it was simply a matter of interest that a well-known philosopher could write a charming, if somewhat involved, novel.

The enormous success of *The Last Puritan* was a phenomenon that could have occurred only in America, with its peculiar mass psychology. Granting that the novel had been accepted by the Book-of-the-Month Club and was enthusiastically and fully reviewed, and that Santayana has a considerable reputation in America outside of the purely literary and philosophical circles, I fail to see how the general interest and appeal of *The Last Puritan*, as a novel, could have been sufficient to make it the top fiction best-seller for many weeks. Perhaps I am entirely mistaken. Perhaps in the character of Oliver many a sober reader has found a ghost of his own soul-searchings, or in that of Mario a vicarious

satisfaction of a secret desire to be perfectly at home in the world of nature and society.

As for Santayana himself, his reaction to the reception of his novel was typical. When I visited him in 1936, the excitement over the book had somewhat abated in the United States, although it was still selling well.

"How does it feel to be a famous novelist?" I asked him.

"I don't like it at all," Santayana replied with a smile. "In the first place, it's the last thing in the world that Oliver would have desired; in the second place, I don't need the money; and lastly, I'm bothered to death with letters from the most remote quarters — 'fan mail,' I believe they call it. Just look at that huge parcel over there!"

Santayana was really pleased with the success of his novel, but I think that he turned to the writing of *The Realm of Truth* with a sense of relief a few months later. He was eager to forget the furore over *The Last Puritan*.

9

SANTAYANA was by now over seventy, and although he would still walk two or three miles a day after luncheon, the desire to get back to his rooms and put on his slippers was increasing. When Santayana was well rested, in the morning, or just after dinner, the sparkle of his conversation was as bright and entertaining as ever; but he had become extremely careful to reserve his best hours for writing. And he showed a marked disinclination to discuss philosophical questions during his "off hours." For this reason, the intermittent visits of Strong to Rome used to worry him more and more.

Despite the fact that they would both formally agree beforehand *not* to discuss philosophy, and Santayana would gladly live up to his part of the contract, it was literally impossible for Strong (because of his ruling passion) to avoid "turning on epistemology" — as one might the radiator or the radio. And this would inevitably lead to bitterness and dismay. The bitterness was Strong's, because he was unable to convince Santayana of the soundness of his "latest view" on some minute issue, or to persuade his old friend to reconsider the advisability of revising the entire *Realms of Being*. The dismay was Santayana's, because he could think of no way, short of a complete rupture of relations, of postponing these unhappy meetings.

If it had not been for certain admirable qualities in Strong, the situation might have been more difficult. But he bore his material disabilities with high

courage; his search for the Truth, if narrow and tinged by fanaticism, was unflagging, and he was a most learned person. For example, he read Greek and Latin easily, and knew and spoke fluently both French and German. And his retentive memory was extraordinary. I was amazed at his knowledge of historical events and dates, and at the ease with which he traced some out-of-the-way quotation to its remote source.

As an illustration of Strong's moral character when a matter of principle was at stake, I shall never forget his firm attitude when, in May, 1937, Hitler visited Mussolini in Italy. On the day when the two dictators were due to drive through the streets of Florence, all hotels and private residences were ordered to hang out their flags in honor of the occasion. But Strong resolutely refused to do so. Although the authorities several times telephoned his villa and demanded angrily that he comply with the order issued, and his servants literally begged him to, he turned a deaf ear to every request. Strong told me quietly that he would rather be fined or go to prison than show any respect for Hitler's visit. And when one remembers his age and physical condition, I think he showed remarkable courage. Unfortunately, not all of his compatriots in Italy were so exemplary in their behavior.

10

THE clouds were gathering over Europe, and the sense of something ominous, dark and inescapable, was growing on all sides. I felt it especially in Paris. Even the casual visitor knew that the old holiday spirit had gone and had given place to a kind of fatal indifference born of internal division — a spiritual incapacity to alter the course of events. People shrugged their shoulders, spoke of the Maginot Line, and ordered some more wine.

Santayana was just finishing one of the most abstract and technical of his books — *The Realm of Truth*. I had been with him for a while in Paris in the summer (I forget what prompted him to return there instead of to the mountains), and of course we had discussed the international situation as well as Truth. Santayana was convinced that there was not going to be any war.

"This is the war now," he said to me. "I mean this diplomatic feeling out of each other — these veiled threats and important questions of prestige. But I don't think any blows will be struck on a large scale."

Santayana remained indoors most of the day, working over his manuscript. For this reason he

missed to a certain extent the general tension in Paris. For it was not unusual to come across a heated argument in a café, or to see fists suddenly raised on the boulevards between members of the *Front Populaire* and the various right-wing parties such as the *Croix de Feu*. It was only in the evenings, when I talked with Santayana, that I managed to forget the impact of the external world.

As usual he was relieved that another book was nearly ready for the publishers. And the period of gestation had been rather trying in the case of *The Realm of Truth*. Santayana has an intuitive rather than an analytical mind, and the fine drawing of implicit conclusions from premises does not come easily to him.

I shall never forget those months in Europe before the war finally broke out. In the spring of 1939, Strong had become apprehensive over remaining in Italy, and had moved suddenly to Vevey in Switzerland to await developments. As Strong was by now very feeble, and certain to be less comfortable in a hotel than in his own home, Santayana urged me to forgo my customary visit to Rome, and go instead to Vevey to keep our friend company.

Switzerland was an ideal center from which to experience the feverish pulse beats of a nerve-racked Europe: I found the Swiss newspapers in close touch with everything and their editorials admirably objective. Both Strong and I were uneasy about Santayana in Italy, and finally we persuaded him to consider the idea of coming to Switzerland for the summer. Of course Strong was not motivated solely by his desire to have Santayana reach a haven of safety: he wanted one more chance to discuss philosophy with him before it was too late. But when Santayana finally wrote me that he had made up his mind to come to Switzerland, it was Lugano rather than Vevey that he chose for his place of residence. As I have his letters from April, 1939, until Pearl Harbor, let me quote him directly: —

ROME, June 3, 1939

DEAR CORY,

I have decided to go to Lugano and make myself as comfortable as possible, having a sitting room (but I shall go down to meals) and living all day in pyjamas, as I am too old for basking on beaches. There is bathing at Lugano, which you might like if you come to see me. I now seek warmth (if there are no flies and mosquitoes) and besides have an eye to a place that might suit me the year round, and Lugano might be the spot. Also it is Catholic and Italian fundamentally, so that it will be more human than Vevey or Cortina.

I hope you will be tempted to look me up, but you must do just what you feel like doing. They will tell you what is the best way of getting around, but the northern all-Swiss route by the St. Gothard would be,

I should think, very picturesque and would avoid customs and changes of money. I may eventually thread that path myself and go to Glion, if I find Lugano unbearably hot or otherwise objectionable.

I am glad you see your way clear in Dewey [Santayana had sent me Dewey's *Logic* after embellishing it with his fascinating margin-notes], and hope you will tell me later what he really means.

Yours affectionately,
G.S.

That Santayana never succeeded in reaching Lugano was due to an unfortunate complication he had not foreseen. As a rule visas were not necessary for foreigners in crossing the Swiss frontiers, and Santayana had assumed that his Spanish passport was perfectly in order. To his dismay when he arrived at Chiasso he was refused permission to enter Switzerland. After traveling all the way back to Milan, he learned from the Swiss consulate there that he could procure only a temporary visa, good for two weeks, if he wished to go to Switzerland. Apparently a considerable number of destitute Spanish communists had been filtering into the country, and some new regulation had just been passed to prevent any further financial embarrassment to the Swiss government.

Santayana did not argue long with the Swiss consulate at Milan. A few days later I heard from him that he had decided to return to his old mountain retreat at Cortina d'Ampezzo, and I answered that I would visit him there in August.

Santayana had always found Cortina d'Ampezzo a good spot for working in the summer, and two months of high altitude helped to increase his resistance to those severe bronchial attacks that often troubled him during the winter. The Ampezzo valley lies in the heart of the majestic but hellish Dolomites, and the town of Cortina — "The Little Court" — is decidedly more Austrian than Italian. The simple mountain folk were extremely courteous, and if it had not been for the rich Italian visitors and the intermittent appearance of the same cheap German tourists coming up from Venice to gulp the air for a few hours and find everything *wunderbar*, one might have forgotten for a while the awful shape of things to come.

I think I was the only English-speaking person in Cortina that summer, and it was most disconcerting to be constantly slapped on the back and "heiled" in the village stores or cafés. But if you did not look Italian it was assumed that you must be German.

Of course Santayana was by now fully aware of the immediate danger of war, but after his unhappy

experience at the Swiss frontier, he had virtually decided to stick it out in Italy, come what may. Above all he was determined to finish *The Realm of Spirit* — the last volume of his philosophical tetralogy — as quickly as possible.

"I have been occupied with the *Realms of Being* for sixteen years," he told me, "and I should like to complete my task this winter. As long as I can get my money from the United States, I am prepared to put up with the inevitable hardships that are part and parcel of every great war. You must remember that I was in England all through the last one."

Santayana gave me several chapters of his unfinished manuscript to read in Cortina. And from the first I felt that *The Realm of Spirit* was to be his most personal philosophical book. This may seem like a paradox when we discover that its theme (I almost said message) is an examination of the spiritual possibility of conquering the engrossments of the *personal* self in a precarious competitive world. But if the single desire of certain men at certain periods of history has always been to transcend the limitations of the self and live — as we put it in religious phraseology — "in the Presence of God," it would be true to say that this desire, this pure flame, was the most characteristic, the most personal thing about them.

There is something so timeless, so above a mere planetary disturbance, about Santayana's philosophy that it is difficult for most of us today to attain the composure necessary for a just appreciation of his work. We are more concerned with saving our skins than with the inner education of the spiritual life. And if the material conditions of democracy are preserved, it will not be necessary for us to practice an intellectual domination of fatality in a concentration camp. In the meantime, when the flame of the spirit is pure,

It suffices that its light should fall on things steadfast and true, worthy to be discerned and returned to and treasured; so that though spirit be everywhere halting in achievement, it may be always perfect in allegiance.

I remained with Santayana in Cortina until the end of August, but he then urged me to return to England immediately. He knew that practically all my personal belongings were in London and that Italy might not be very congenial for an American if hostilities broke out. I can see him now as he came down the steps of the hotel to bid me good-bye.

"All being well," he said, "we shall meet again sometime next year. *Bon voyage*."

I have not seen my friend since that day.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM ALABAMA

Lister Hill

by DAVID L. COHN

1

IF YOU want to relapse into obscurity, become a United States Senator. This is the finding of a recent survey of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Denver. Only one out of three Americans — about 33 per cent — can name both his United States Senators. Another 22 per cent can name one Senator correctly, *but 43 per cent won't attempt to name either Senator*. It was also found that twice as many men as women can name both Senators correctly. These almost incredible findings are a shocking reflection on our entire system of education, and they cause one to wonder how democracy can work effectively if the citizens do not know even the names of the men they elect to public office.

A limited number of Senators, however, are well known not only to their constituencies but also to the nation. Some of them are able men. But others achieve sectional or national notoriety because they are buffoons, noisy demagogues, hustling headline hunters, or renters of hillbilly bands.

If, in addition, these men have some command of picturesque speech and are given to mannerisms such as wearing red galluses or dunking cornbread in pot likker at public luncheons, they are certain to become the subject of frequent newspaper copy and appearances in newsreels. We confuse conspicuousness with distinction, and love a clown even if he is one of the ninety-six men who to a large extent preside over the destinies of the nation. But public servants who suffer the crippling handicap of modesty and good manners may languish for years in comparative obscurity, however important their contributions to the nation's welfare.

A Southern Democrat, born in Mississippi and educated at the University of Virginia and at Yale, DAVID L. COHN is a frequent and versatile contributor. The *Atlantic* has published his short stories (see his first book, *God Shakes Creation*), his articles on Isolation and on How the South Feels, and — most Southern of all — his savory papers on such Southern belles as Natchez, Dallas, and New Orleans.

The results of all this are unfortunate. For the constant publicity given to buffoons and demagogues may make us unmindful of the fact that there are able and devoted men in high public office, and so breed in us an attitude of cynicism toward representative government. The situation indeed is such that it might almost be reduced to a natural law: namely, that our publicity tends to drive superior men from the public notice while elevating inferior men.

Without indulging in odious comparison, how many Americans know anything about Senator Thomas of Utah? Formerly a Mormon missionary in Japan, he speaks its language, is familiar with its history, and has broadcast overseas in Japanese. He is the Senate's own authority on Japan and as such is able to render his country distinguished services. Consider Senator Maybank of South Carolina. His colleague, "Cotton Ed" Smith, has been re-elected to the Senate for thirty years largely on a platform of white supremacy, but Maybank was recently elected to the Senate from the same state although he ran against a formidable opponent who stood upon this issue. How many of us know anything about these men?

This paper is an effort to retrieve from comparative anonymity another Southerner who is an able public servant. He is Senator Lister Hill of Alabama, and the thesis we have been considering is pointed up by his first Senate battle. There he found himself a member of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, serving under a chairman who was none other than the nationally notorious Senator ("Our Bob") Reynolds of North Carolina. The chairman had shortly before returned from Europe to tell the country that it was nonsensical to be worried about a European war. He, Bob Reynolds, had visited leading European figures on both sides and could state emphatically that there would be no war. But even if it should come, he added, it was

none of our concern. You could do business with Hitler.

Hill violently disagreed with "Our Bob." During his fourteen years in the House he had served constantly on the Military Affairs Committee, first as a member and then as its chairman. He had advocated and fought for an adequate American military establishment during those years between the wars when we let our armed services sink until they were little more than a corporal's guard. He had been a co-worker with General Billy Mitchell, whose vision into the air wars of the future brought him before a court-martial. Hill had long elaborated upon the third dimension of the air and had insisted, without success, that air power should be given a place of cardinal importance in our military services. He is, moreover, in the tradition of the days when Southern Senators were not only gentlemen but also scholars. Conversant with European affairs, he was convinced that war was imminent, and he argued that we should immediately rearm on a large scale.

Contemptuous of Reynolds's views, Hill threw himself into the struggle to arm the defenseless United States politically and militarily. He advocated speedy passage of the Lend-Lease Act; pointed out the dangers of Western Hemisphere invasion or infiltration by the Axis; urged the establishment of convoys to protect our commerce, and the repeal of the Neutrality Act, which operated to aid our enemies and strangle our friends. Knowledgeable in military affairs by reason of long years of study, he understood the country's needs and provided much of the Senate majority leadership looking toward the mobilization, the training, transportation, and fighting of our armed forces.

In 1942 he became one of the prime movers in proposing that there should be created a combined Chiefs of Staffs board. Only in this way, Hill contended, could the United Nations achieve the indispensable unity of command and strategy. The high commands of the United Nations are separated by great distances. They have diverse points of view and different traditions. Their countries often have conflicting national interests, and inevitable jealousies arise.

During the First World War the Allies had no such overall body, and indeed had no unity of command until Foch was appointed generalissimo late in the war. For this failure they paid a tragic price. Today we take the Combined Chiefs of Staffs for granted. Yet this board is without precedent and, considering national pride and national jealousies, it might have seemed impossible. Nonetheless it operates smoothly, enabling Great Britain and the

United States to move almost as one in their complex, world-wide operations, while other United Nations collaborate with it.

2

SENATOR HILL, having done what he could to prepare the country for war, has long been attempting to prepare it for an effective peace. One day, on the Senate floor, he suggested to Senator Ball of Minnesota that, since Ball had been a newspaperman, he ought to draw up a resolution incorporating the plans for peace that they had been discussing with other Senators of like mind. Ball soon produced a document which became known as the B2H2 resolution because it was jointly advocated by Senators Ball, Burton, Hatch, and Hill.

The resolution did not pass the Senate in its original form, but the version finally adopted embodies its general sense and principles. The Senate resolves that "the United States . . . join with free and sovereign nations in the establishment and maintenance of an international authority with power to prevent aggression and to preserve the peace of the world." Moreover, "that the Senate recognizes the necessity of . . . a general international organization, based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving states, . . . for the maintenance of international peace and security. . . ."

This is certainly no earth-shaking document. Yet, considering the long history of Senatorial sabotage of treaties, it marks a long step forward. No other body is so decisive as the Senate in determining our post-war policy. Nevertheless, Secretary Hay's gloomy comment is still pertinent: "A treaty entering the Senate is like a bull going into the arena: no one can know just how or where the final blow will fall, but one thing is certain — it will never leave the arena alive."

In this light the resolution is of high importance and perhaps points the future. It is a creation of the Senate itself — not of the Executive, of whom the Senate, in its treaty-making function, is deeply jealous. Its sponsorship by two Republicans and two Democrats is nonpartisan. It does not come after the war, but during the war when victory is still distant. And it was passed by an overwhelming majority. The resolution, it is true, may be variously interpreted and does not commit the Senate to any definite course of action. But its passage does indicate that the Senate may one day express the desires of the majority of the American people to erect an international organization that will everywhere keep the peace. Whatever its ultimate

effects, the immediate effects of the resolution were large.

This move by the Senate kept the President from appearing empty-handed at the Teheran and Cairo conferences. The world is aware, since the disastrous days of Wilson, that although the American President may make promises and initiate treaties, these treaties cannot come into being except when approved by a two-thirds vote of the Senate. Consequently the Senate resolution, although not binding upon it, is at least indicative of that body's future intentions. And this radical break with the past greatly strengthened the President's hand in his historical conferences with Churchill and Stalin.

3

IT is a long distance from Montgomery, Alabama, where Lister Hill was born in 1894, to Teheran in 1943. He is the son of Dr. Luther Leonidas Hill of Montgomery, an eminent surgeon who performed the first successful suture of the heart in the United States, and of Lilly Lyons, who was a member of one of Alabama's well-known families. Dr. Hill had studied in London under Lord Joseph Lister and named his son for that scientist.

The son, however, did not follow in his father's footsteps. He entered the University of Alabama at the age of sixteen and graduated within four years with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Laws and a Phi Beta Kappa key. Here an experience in his senior year caused him to determine to enter politics.

As one of a number of students drafting a constitution for student government at the University, Hill became a contestant in a struggle as to whether coeds should have equal rights with men. He led the fight for the ladies with such success that coeds were given equal rights with men, and he was elected first president of the student body. Thereupon Dr. George Denny, president of the University, who had watched the struggle, advised Hill to enter politics when he left the campus.

Even then, however, Hill was under the illusion that an officeholder ought to be at least as well educated as his constituents, — an illusion which has brought many a lesser man to grief, — and on leaving Alabama he entered the Columbia University Law School. This was at a time (1916) when Eastern universities were likely to regard degrees from Southern universities as on a par with membership in the Beavers; but Hill was such a brilliant student that he was awarded a law degree after one year. Then he headed for Montgomery to become a lawyer.

The next year (1917) was a crowded one for him. First he was elected, at the ripe age of twenty-two, to the presidency of the Montgomery Board of Education, the youngest school board president in the nation. Before the year closed he was a lieutenant in France. He was finally mustered out in 1919. Again he went home, practiced law for four years, and in 1923 was elected to the House. He was re-elected seven times without opposition before being sent to the Senate in 1938.

During his third term he married Henrietta Fontaine McCormick of Eufaula, Alabama, who, he says smilingly, found him irresistible when she heard him make a Mother's Day address. They have two children and live simply in a small house that is not, by definition of Washington society editors, in a fashionable section of the city. It is, however, a book-cluttered home filled with friends who find there gracious manners, Southern cooking, and the satisfying talk which the Hills, as enlightened provincials, inspire.

Lister Hill is a slender, gentle, simple man who, far from resembling the professional Southern politician with a noble Roman visage, looks like a puckish professor of English still exuberant despite years of reading freshman themes. He is extremely energetic, and his Alabama constituents say that if "you write Hill he will wire you, and if you wire him he will telephone you."

As a political campaigner he goes to every corner of his state, making dozens of speeches at fish fries and old-fashioned political rallies. And since Southern audiences and Southern orators are long-enduring, he sometimes talks for two hours. Hill is a highly articulate man who likes to talk whether on or off the platform. Once when he was camping in Alabama this propensity betrayed his calling. "Mister," said the guide, "you're shore funny. You cain't cook worth nothing. You cain't even build a hot fire. You cain't row a boat right. It looks like you ought to be a politician because you shore can talk."

Aside from fishing and hunting, Hill likes to take long walks in the woods with his retriever spaniel and attend the theater whenever he can. He is an addict of five-cent candy bars, Walt Whitman, anything having to do with military affairs, *The Federalist*, English poetry, Thomas Jefferson, and he believes that North and South could be brought to a better understanding if the North would omit sugar from cornbread.

4

LISTER HILL is neither a dazzling political theoretician nor a political genius of the pragmatic school.

He finds his place simply because he is intelligent, hard-working, possessed of a passion for the public service and a fear that America may fail to rise to greatness after the war. Thus he believes it his duty to be a Senator of the United States as well as a Senator from Alabama. This concept has often proved fatal to its holder, as reflected in the cynical political aphorism, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole nation if he loses his state?" Hill, however, sticks to his faith, despite certain powerful groups that are quite content for him to be a Senator of the United States so long as he does not encroach upon their private preserves at home.

His position can be made clear only by some understanding of his state. Alabama, rich in minerals and metals, has long been an absentee-ruled feudalism. In the all-important field of electric power, for example, it was dominated by the Alabama Power Company — a corporation largely controlled by non-Alabamians. Yet, against its bitter opposition, Hill was the House champion of the TVA. Perhaps his most brilliant victory there came in 1935, when he piloted through the House the many amendments to the TVA bill which made possible that great experiment in the regeneration of a huge area of eroded land and eroded people.

Then there is Birmingham — of which the local adage has it that "hard times come here first and stay longest." It is the state's largest city and stands over it like a colossus. At the 1930 census it was one of ninety-four American cities with a population over 100,000. But, says George Leighton, in his *Five Cities*: —

. . . Birmingham stood at the very bottom in per capita public expenditures; it was eighth from the bottom in the amount spent on education, sixth from the bottom in appropriations for public health. It had one of the highest homicide rates in the country. . . . Its venereal disease rate was similarly high. . . . It numbered more illiterates among its inhabitants than any other city in the country with a population between two and three hundred thousand. Among those cities Birmingham had in 1935 . . . the lowest spendable income; its housing condition was about as bad. . . .

Birmingham is more than a city. It is the name that stands for a vast area of coal mines, iron furnaces, steel mills, and ore belts — the great iron and coal producing center of the South, second only to Pittsburgh in output. Nowhere else in the United States do enormous deposits of iron, coal, and limestone — the ingredients for steelmaking — lie so close together. Why, then, has this potentially rich city so long been a municipal shambles?

Is it that, as Leighton suggests, it is dominated by "the great absentee landlord, the United States

Steel Corporation. . . . What is man, that they at 71 Broadway are mindful of him?" Is it that Eastern bankers have made Birmingham subordinate to Pittsburgh, so that when times are bad it is shut down while Pittsburgh goes ahead, and is permitted to operate fully only when times are so good that there is enough business for both steel cities? Is it that low wages, on the one hand, and the draining off of profits, on the other, have kept it poor and made it a loan shark's paradise? Is it that absentee domination for years fixed the price of Birmingham steel at Pittsburgh with an added five dollars a ton — the famous "Pittsburgh plus" — although costs are lower in Birmingham than they are in Pittsburgh? Could it be that Birmingham has been kept down so that investments in other steel areas could be kept up?

These are considerations that trouble the mind of Lister Hill as Senator from Alabama. It is true that Birmingham is now one of America's great boom cities; that there are jobs for all at high wages. But in the post-war period, if there is not enough business to go around, will Birmingham be shut down while Pittsburgh takes most of the available orders? Hill is not content that the principal city of his state should be subject to the arbitrary dictates of absentee owners. He can understand how, in terms of human greed, Southerners might exploit other Southerners, but he is puzzled by their apparent eagerness to permit themselves to be exploited by absentee owners. Then, despite the inevitable political risks, he is presumptuous enough to believe that the rights of labor are not less than those of capital, and he is dead set against monopoly.

In 1940, foreseeing the immense need for aluminum, Hill urged the Reynolds Metals Company to produce this essential metal. At that time, says the Truman Committee, "this was an industry dominated by a single producer" — the Aluminum Company of America. To get cheap electric power from the TVA, the project had to have the approval of the Office of Emergency Management. This government agency, however, strenuously objected, and it was only after a prolonged struggle that its approval was obtained. Reynolds then obtained a loan from the RFC, at 4 per cent interest, secured by a first mortgage on its plants. Yet, notes the Truman Committee, the RFC loaned \$25,000,000 to the Aluminum Company of Canada, controlled by the Aluminum Company of America, at 2 per cent interest without collateral.

Out of gratitude to Hill for his efforts, Reynolds named its townsite at Muscle Shoals Listerhill, and is now annually producing 100,000,000 pounds of aluminum there. Whether because of improved

facilities of production or competition, or both, the fact is that during the First World War when there was one producer the price of virgin aluminum advanced from eighteen to thirty cents a pound, whereas in this war, with two producers, the price has been reduced from twenty to fifteen cents a pound. Consequently the country now has a greater production of this metal, vital in war and essential in peace, than it had ever had before — and is getting it at a lower price.

Hill has twice been elected Democratic Whip of the Senate — a place second only to that of Majority Leader Barkley, in whose absence Hill is the Acting Leader. An unassuming, soft-spoken man who rarely lifts his voice above conversational level, Hill is hard to visualize as a political leader of the sometimes turbulent Senate. Yet his Democratic colleagues have seen fit to make him Whip rather

than some of his associates who are more like steamboats blowing for a landing.

It is characteristic of Hill that he has never formulated a political credo, and it would be difficult to fit him into any political category other than that of Democrat and democrat. On the evidence of his actions, however, he would seem to be a liberal in the best sense of that much abused word. Hill's liberalism consists of believing deeply in the importance of the individual, the freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, constitutional government, the scientific spirit of inquiry, a rational outlook, and the improbability of men through social reform. Consequently he is much nearer to the great eighteenth-century Southerners, who were at once revolutionaries and builders, than he is to many contemporaries of his region. And as such he is a refreshing figure in our national life.

ECHOES OF EARTH

by JAMES BOYD

*The sky and sea speak loud,
But the earth speaks clear.
Put an ear to the ground.
Listen. You will hear.*

On this tall hill, between the sea and sky,
Black winds of war blow death; sharp spray is
flying;
The iron mouths of clouds flash fire from high
On valleys where the sons of man are dying.

The lines of surf burst into ghostly bloom;
The dark sea groans; I crouch against the ground;
Here in the grass, the hurrying winds of doom
Pass close above me in a dome of sound.

Under my heart, now, I can feel a beating,
A pulse, not mine; profounder than my own,
As though earth had a heart which kept repeating,
In time with mine, a tale it must make known.

There are no words to that deep murmuring,
But, as a shell holds echoes of the sea,

Earth echoes bygone steps; their tramp and
swing
March in the pulse that marches now with me:

Steps, where Manhattan meets the waterside,
Of deerhide moccasin and wooden shoe,
The varnished British boot, and then the tide
Of trudgers through the gateway to the new,

Wave after wave of trudgers from despair,
Lemmings of night, migrating to the dawn,
From the first felons cropped of ear and hair
To the last Polish women tramping on

Behind an eight-piece band, a starry flag,
Marching around the block, a small fierce stream,
Dark, heavy, resolute for this good land,
The newest, soberest children of the dream.

*The sky and sea speak loud,
But the earth speaks clear.
Put an ear to the ground.
Listen. Can you hear?*

I hear the red-topped boots of Mackinaw,
The calks and peaveys that laid low a span
Of solid forest from the State of Maine
To Minnesota where the plains began.

I hear the creak of wagons as they head
West toward the buffaloes' deep surf-like sound;
I hear the Indian ponies' barefoot tread,
And then the sweating squadron's heavy pound.

Where snow peaks reach the running light of
morning
The travois poles drag through the meadow grass;
The mountain sheep stamps his tattoo of warning
Against the trapper's pack mules as they pass.

The rumble still creeps up across the plains
Of trail herds driving from the Rio Grande
And, cutting like a knife that leaves dark stains,
The bright plow rustles as it breaks the land.

*The sky and sea speak loud,
But the earth speaks clear.
Put an ear to the ground.
Listen. Can you hear?*

On keys the nesting turtle plows the sand,
On hills the foxhound sniffs the bright red clay,
And all between a slow sound shakes the land,
Soft as a panther, strong as Judgment Day,

The sound of broad black feet, unfree, unshod,
That leave a print of suffering on earth's face,
The drag and clink of shackles down the road,
The lonesome road to freedom for a race:

Lonesome and endless, flecked by prides and shames,
By lights and shades thought never shall untangle,
Silver in moonlight, crimson in the flames
That rage from Sumpter to the Bloody Angle.

*The sky and sea speak loud,
But the earth speaks clear.
Put an ear to the ground.
Listen. Can you hear?*

The widow's heels tap on the Captain's Walk,
The scholars' heels tap on the schoolroom floors,
In trim seaports where shipwrights rig and calk
And merchants bring old beauty to new shores.

The captains' anchors bite the holding ground
Of roadsteads where Sierras stand up bold
And crews jump ship in every cove and sound
To build quick splendor out of blood and gold.

The nuggets rattle on the polished bars
And cities rise and blossom in the sun
And men imagine in the very stars
Sure promises that now their peace is won,

Sure promises of safety and of ease,
On which they lean and think all risks are past
Until their feathery eucalyptus trees
Begin to tremble in this present blast.

*The sky and sea speak loud,
But the earth speaks clear.
Put an ear to the ground.
Listen. Can you hear?*

One moment more I crouch and bow my head
To earth, unshaken by the charged clouds' thunder,
To earth whose pulse is beating to the tread
Of all my forebears who lie silent under.

I touch the ground in sign that I have heard.
Old earth, I need no more from you to me;
My heart is marching to your steady word;
I stand up now to face the sky and sea.

I do not know the ending to this day
Or how much of our hope is lost or won,
But trust that at the end I, too, can say
To the unborn who follow:

*Daughter. . . . Son,
The sky and sea speak loud,
But the earth speaks clear.
Put an ear to the ground.
Listen. You will hear.*



QUITTER

by MARIANNE ROANE

1

THE other night I met Josephine Tielman again. I hadn't seen her since I left town to look for a secretarial job in Chicago, and I hadn't thought of her for so long, you could have said I'd forgotten about her.

Perhaps I wouldn't have recognized Josephine by day, she had changed so. But her voice hadn't changed, and I recognized that in the dark. I was waiting for the Detroit train out by the baggage room because the bright lights inside the depot hurt my eyes. Light never bothered me all the years I used to paint, when I would stare into the neon glare for hours, but lately my eyes have been getting sensitive, although I don't do any close work like painting or drawing now.

The train was late, but I didn't mind. It was good to walk up and down outside, just breathing and not thinking. I leaned against the iron railing and looked at the brick wall of the baggage room when I got tired of moving. They had switched on some lights there, and a neon sign from a café across the street mixed in too. I leaned there several minutes before I remembered that red neon on red brick is one of the darndest, most beautiful jobs there is to do in water color. I hadn't thought of that for years.

When the train came in, there was a rush for the doors, and while I was running along I heard this hoarse, quick voice in the dark, and it was Jo. It was hard to say, "Jo, isn't that you?" and touch the arm of this tall, good-looking woman in a gray coat. But she turned right away and said, "Why, Kid, what you doing here? Come on, let's sit together."

She swung her big suitcase up on the step, wouldn't let me help her. She still had that movement of the shoulders, like a fighter ready for anything, elbows loose and shoulders forward. It was still there, only

softer now. She was going to hoist my suitcase in the rack, but I said, "See here, Grandma, you let me do this."

Grandma — that's what I used to call her. Not that she looked so old, but she acted so old. Maybe she had to. She and her brother took care of themselves and their father and their house. Jo knew things about real estate that most kids don't know — like how long you can go without paying taxes and still not lose your property, and when it pays and doesn't pay to keep up a mortgage. When I found out that she was only seventeen that year, she still didn't seem any younger. Something was the matter with her teeth then that made her wear her face in a lopsided way. Now a big hat left her face free and it wasn't lopsided any more. It was an expensive hat too, I could see that.

"How you making out in Detroit?" I said. "I heard you had a job in some big store. You still with them?"

"Yep," she said, in that businesslike way. "I'm an accountant at Kingman's." She looked me over. "You need a job? Get you one any time you want. Thirty-five bucks a week to start with."

I said, "Thanks," and laughed because she couldn't know how much I was making already and because it tickled me the way she was handing out jobs. A few years back, getting a job was the hardest thing we knew. Jo never had any money then, but she was never small about it. If all she had was a quarter she'd say, "Come on, I'll treat you to a coke." None of us had any money then, and it seemed as if we were fighting the whole world all the time. Funny how we had the nerve to paint.

"Done any work lately?" I said, thinking about painting. I wouldn't have wanted her to ask me that. It's been three years since I've carried my sketchbook.

"I work all the time," she said. "That's just the trouble. Last year I figured out this new system of

With this story MARIANNE ROANE won a Hopwood Award in 1943. We expect to see more of her work in the *Atlantic*.

accounting for the first floor, and when it worked they took it for the whole store. Now all of Kingman's stores use it. Ten of them. Don't think that isn't a lot of work."

"How come?" I said. "What do you know about accounting?"

"Oh, I had a little in high school and I just figured this out. There's nothing to it, just common sense."

"I see. Just common sense, but they needed you to figure it out?"

She was pleased, I could see that. She looked good, with her hair all done up in shiny loops. A permanent like that cost enough to keep her alive a month three years ago.

"You do look as though you were doing pretty well," I said.

"The job's O.K.," she said. "They give me a lot of responsibility, and Mr. Monkton wants to make me head of the department because the head is going to quit. I like it O.K. You were going to say something?"

"No," I said. "Go on. Tell me some more about it." Maybe she didn't want to talk about painting with all the people sitting around. She seemed embarrassed about something.

"See, I been with this outfit three years now," she said. "They're good to me. I like it, and they let me do it my own way. I've got five people working for me, see, and when anything comes up, Mr. Monkton says, 'I'll trust your judgment.' That makes you feel good. Kid, I've had four raises in three years. Every time I quit they give me a raise. I've quit so often it isn't funny. Then they give me a raise and I stay."

"Do you quit to get a raise?" I said, not meaning it, but she jumped on me.

"No!" she said, real loud. "I don't quit to get a raise. That isn't why. I don't quit for the money."

"Why do you quit all the time then," I said, "if it isn't for the money? Don't you like the place?"

"I like it O.K. It isn't that; it's a good job. But the trouble is, I don't get time for anything else any more. Not anything. I never have time to paint any more — What's funny about that?"

2

I HADN'T meant to smile as if it was funny. I felt sorry for her, and I couldn't understand it, Jo not painting. Anybody else might quit, but not Jo.

Because she was the one that nothing could stop. No matter where we would decide to paint or how far it was, she'd be there. And she would think up

new places to go all the time. "Runyon's is open till two every night. Let's go to the end of town where the big trucks stop for coffee."

Weather didn't make any difference to her. If it rained too hard she'd borrow a truck to haul us and our easels around. I remember one night she had her paints all set up when it started to pour. I didn't get anything done because I quit and sat on somebody's porch till the worst was over. The rain came down so hard it smashed the dabs of oil paint a brush leaves on canvas — flattened them right out and carried the color down the picture a little way. When Jo's picture was done it wasn't good because with the lightning she hadn't been able to gauge the color right, but as a drawing the tree was wonderful. It rose and fell and rose the way elms do right on and up through the rain.

"Don't you try to paint any more at all?" I said. "There must be a lot of swell things to paint in Detroit at night." She didn't answer. Maybe she remembered the time we used to meet every night in Three Rivers — the darkness just beginning to pour into the streets, and the street lamps trying to pin it back. Water was what I always thought of — water rising to the treetops till it filled the sky with darkness and sank the whole world on the bottom of the night. A middle-sized American town at night is a wonderful thing and we knew it.

We were crazy about the neon lights and the show windows, the people in the street and the empty alleys. I never saw an alley just like the next one. I thought once I'd do nothing but alleys the rest of my life, and just number them the way musicians do their stuff, alley No. 33, alley No. 34, and people might say, "No. 79 is the best one she ever did."

"I heard old man Brownley that was in the United Electric building died lately," I said.

"Is that so?" Jo said, but she didn't sound very interested.

Looking for sketches at night, we got to know some janitors and night watchmen pretty well. They'd let us into their buildings and up on some of the big ones. We'd sketch the machines in the service rooms, and the parking lots from ten stories up, and Jo made drawings of the charwomen.

A good head janitor is as crazy about his skyscraper as a sailor is about his ship. Brownley used to just rave about his. "Now here," he'd say, "out this window you'd like it, but that's the best around six o'clock. You come earlier next time and I'll show you. And the basements. You haven't seen the basements yet." There was a swimming pool in his building too, but after '29 they couldn't afford to keep it repaired and the painted fish were peel-

ing off the walls. A live lake inside a building is a queer thing, but a dry lake is awful. It gave me the creeps.

Whenever there was a fair or a circus, we'd go. But the gas stations and drugstores were circus enough with the little lights flickering on and off over the people and the big light in the sky shifting screens all the time till late at night it would finish with plain dark blue.

We tried to get all that. Jo had a hard, slow way of working. She wasn't even quite sure of perspective, and sometimes streets that should have lain flat went right up into the sky in her pictures. One night we were down by the police station again, sketching the backs of cheap rooming houses. Some of the people didn't draw their shades, and you could see dirt-brown wallpaper and bone-brown chairs behind sooty curtains. All the different fire escapes and the shades, some lighted, some dark, some pulled all the way down and some up, and some halfway down — all that made a nice cheerful pattern and that's all I saw.

But Jo's perspective was wrong and on her board the buildings were shoved together so that they looked as if they had grown into each other. She didn't give them enough depth to hold real bricks and first I thought she was all wrong. But then I saw her picture was the real thing because it had those shacks just growing like weeds, reaching out to blacken the sky and getting shakier all the time till they would have to fall and break everything under them.

Jo's sketchbook was always full of the kind of people who sleep in places like that. She'd see them in the stores or on the street — fat women and funny little girls, big girls dressed for a date, a man and a woman coming home from the grocery with bundles. She didn't always draw them right away, but she'd go home and think about them, whittle on them with hard little strokes of her pencil, carve their faces out of her memory. There was a lot she had to say about people, except that she couldn't put it in words.

Now she didn't even look at them. She just sat and looked straight ahead.

Sometimes I'd leaf through her notebook and say, "Why, Jo, where did you see that man? What you want to draw him for?" And she'd get real excited. "Why, Kid, he was coming down Main Street, that little old man, driving his wagon in all the cars. Just this little old man, all alone, driving his wagon and his horse. I been thinking about him all day."

She never smudged to make a light shadow when she wasn't sure of a shape. If she was wrong, she

stuck by it till it came true. Her wrong, hard way of drawing was right. Her people were right. Sometimes it hurt you to look at them, but there was no getting around them. They were there to stay.

3

SHE was that way herself, and that was why it made me feel so queer to think she had quit.

"Jo," I said, "I can't get over it. You didn't quit for good!"

She gave me a hard look.

"Jo, you simply got to find some time to sketch."

"Do you?" she said. "Do you ever get any time for it?"

I laughed. She had me there.

"Look, Kid," she said, "I know I ought to get back to it. But if I quit now and go to art school I'll be just where I started, and you know how that was. Clothes — I could give up clothes. And a good place to live. But when you don't have a job you don't have any place to live and nothing to eat. If it got too tough I could get a job again any time in a factory, but how would that get me ahead? I'd only be throwing out a good job for a tough one and still not get to paint. And you need time to do a good picture. Plenty of time to think about it. You can't do it the last ten minutes at night the way you can curl up your hair.

"Now look. Last year I made up my mind I was going to art school at night and get something done, no matter what. Worked all day and went to school three times a week. Well, I couldn't stand it. Got sick and almost lost my job. It can't be done. Don't kid yourself."

"No," I said. "I guess not. It wouldn't be right to throw up a good job. For all you know, it wouldn't make good painters of us anyway. I just thought — It just seems as though maybe there was something —"

"Sure," she said, "sure, sure." But she didn't even look at me.

The train began to scream and sigh, slowing down for the station. I got up and grabbed my bag. Jo moved into my place by the window and smiled good-bye.

"O.K., Kid," she said.

I said, "So long," and went down the aisle, trying not to fall when the train shucked to a stop.

Outside, it was a warm, easy night, but I felt tired all over. All we'd talked about was Jo. She hadn't asked about me. But maybe she didn't have to. As I thought it over, it seemed we'd said a lot about me too.

AMERICANS IN ITALY

The Light Touch

by CORPORAL MACON REED, JR.

A MONASTIC GARDEN, ITALY. — I am sitting on a crumbling big stone and mortar bench on the promontory of a small mountaintop. Behind me is the mellowing masonry of a monastery not yet old, with little vineyards about, and white-gowned monks walking their meditative paths, and a musical bell chiming each quarter hour. The little hilltop is crowned with a circlet of fine sturdy trees, evergreens somewhat like holly, black-green of foliage. To the right is sea, broken by black-green islet hills and many coves. Our hill drops away almost sheer for a thousand feet to a quiet plain studded with white or gray villas and villages.

I am too tired to write like Ruskin (that's the only reason, too!). Our unit moved out day before yesterday and we have worked hard two days getting established. What an odd, grotesque intrusion, to come here with our noise and enginery! Our holes and ditches are dug, tents up and stuff all placed.

This letter was just commencing when Uncle Pop came and took me places. Uncle Pop — Fra Gaycondo — is my favorite monk. He has drawbacks. He mutters a lot in his beard indistinctly and can't remember from one minute to the next that I don't *capisce italiano* spoke rapid. He is short, sixty-six, on the merry side, with nice innocent brown eyes. He paddles about the garden a lot with a pair of pruning scissors in a little tin scabbard.

After church, which I attended at nine this morning, I had explained to him that we were going to dig some foxholes in the side of the hill, just in case Jerry tried to come over. We scrabbled out a couple of puny orifices. Now there was something Uncle Pop wanted to show me that required a flashlight. I borrowed one. We went into a sort of cellar through monastic stone arches, and started down a flight of stone steps.

The stairs were very narrow, very dark, very steep, and a long flight. As we dropped and dropped, the steps became shiny wet. The air was dank. The walls, now cut in solid rock, were clammy wet to the touch. Another flight, and another. The world was a long way off. And what on earth went on?

At last we reached a great cavern or chamber and I understood. It was an ancient rock mine. All the stone for the monastery had been taken thence. An ideal raid shelter indeed. Some Italian officers must have thought so, too, for they had built a couple of medium-size houses there for a headquarters.

A tunnel led out to the hillside and back up to the monastery. I made Uncle Pop take me through the little church, beginning at the place where the bell rope hangs. There were great light murals on the ceiling panels, and richer, darker paintings on the walls. There was black marble and veined gray and white marble and veined red marble. Exquisitely slim and rounded pillars with white plinths worked and carved until they were frothy as lace. Uncle Pop had some trouble remembering which saint was which picture, so he added not much to the little I was able to make of everything. But be ye assured that this is distinctly an upper-case monastery. There are just a handful of the boys and all white-bearded. Their eyes and faces are really tranquil and beautiful.

The dining room has a balcony open to the most superb view. Glenn toured the circlet today and finished with this one: "Boys, we've got scenery up here that just never quits."

Back to Uncle Pop's own quarters: three airy stone cells, one for his garden tools, one for I don't know what, and the other for sleeping. He gave me two apples, a handful of nuts, and a glass of wine. Said he hoped little by little to make a good Catholic of me. He examined the flashlight with the naïve

CORPORAL MACON REED, JR., who before the war made his living by writing, is now serving in the Army Air Corps in Italy.

and obvious yearning of a child and wanted to know how much one cost. I didn't tell him so, but I'll get him one or bust.

He asked me if our radio ever talked Italian. I said I'd try to get an Italian program for him, but haven't been able to yet. I gather the monks are not supposed to have radios or to listen, but concluded as long as we had one blaring all over the lot they might as well bend an ear. I think they make up a lot of useless errands to our area when the music is on. They are ever so childlike.

Conversationally, I asked him what was the difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. I understood enough to know that he did not know, although he knew all about Catholicism. One after another, and over again, they ask me, in genuine puzzlement, "Why aren't you Catholic?" Quite a question when asked just that way. I tried to explain that in America it is quite natural not to be Catholic, and that most people indeed are not. "Well, why not?"

There was some talk of ships, and I said American, English, French, Greek, Italian, and other ships were all in the war against the Germans. "Why?" From this, and all in all, I take it they are completely out of the world.

ITALY. — There is an ancient and curious and tiny village hidden in the trees hardly a stone's throw from us. There's a tavern in the town where for several evenings some of our boys have sat them down. It is a dimly candlelit country store kind of joint with usually three or four local yokels, a few English, and a few of our boys, both white and colored. The first time I went I was astounded to see also a portly, expensively dressed, and not bad-looking middle-aged lady, with a gorgeous miss of about eighteen or nineteen in a stunning semi-evening dress; and from another direction came an accented voice speaking cultivated English. It turns out this voice is a young Polish woman married to an Italian. The other two are wife and daughter of a very wealthy retired American bootlegger.

Four English boys come to the tavern every night and sing, quite nicely. Our boys are harmless, but noisy as all get-out, and all the women except Casimira, the Polish gal, get scared. She says, "I like it when they make noise. It means they are enjoying." A dozen or so townsfolk come every night for the little international show.

Last night Stud just had to have a rabbit supper, so I arranged with Mama. Mama is a fat and forty *bandita* who cooks a mean rabbit. We took Pat and Billy and Glenn and "Bareback" Ryder.

It was practically dark as we ate. There's no juice, and candles have about given out. And Mama *will* split each rabbit head in two and put the pieces in with the rest. We fished into the platter with great trepidation each time. There is somehow something about a one-eyed stare from half a cooked rabbit head.

Then on to the dance, where Stud falls madly in love with a girl, Maria Theresa. Would I tell her that he loved her more than any girl he'd ever seen? I did.

"Tell him he has already tried to get engaged to two other girls in the village."

"Tell her I just went around to their houses with friends of mine."

"Tell him I like serious boys. He is a light boy and I have rejected many proposals from light boys, many."

"Tell her I want to marry her and take her to America."

"Tell him to come to my house for dinner tomorrow."

"Tell her I won't. I'm willing to take her to my house as my wife without any preliminaries. She should be willing to marry me without all that going to see her family stuff."

He was *vino* earnest, I expressionless. I fancied there was a bit of twinkle in her far from stupid blue eyes. Ensued an interlude while he danced with another and Maria Theresa tried to act as though she was mighty pleased to be dancing with your wonderful husband. Then: —

"Tell her I want to marry her immediately."

"Ask him when."

"Tell her tomorrow."

"Ask him what time."

"Ask her about licenses and things."

This was pretty complicated and ended in an agreement to get together with priest and interpreter at ten this morning to explore possibilities. I reminded Stud he is not Catholic.

"Tell her and see if it makes any difference."

"Tell him then I can't marry him."

Stud rises in drooping dejection. "I'm going back to camp." But she called him, and they came back to the agreement to see the priest today. Said Stud: "Hell, I'll turn Catholic. I ain't nothing but miscellaneous now."

In bed later: "Reed, you think I'm kidding. I'm serious. I'm gonna marry her."

But thus far no wedding bells.

The other night there was an air raid. It was the usual bright and noisy affair. It caught me on the road toward the village. I took shelter in a fine archway and watched. I suppose, all told, I've

watched a dozen, but have yet to see anything hit on either end, and only once have I seen a plane in the lights. Well out in the open in a little flat place, I saw a tall figure by a truck. I moved over to join him, and when I got close, there in the rockets' red glare, stark against a mad sky bursting and blazing like all hell gone berserk, was love's old sweet story: a tall soldier holding a girl close enough to be doing a fair job of getting her under the safety of his own helmet with him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said I. (Well, what would *you* have said?)

After it was over I hailed him: "Soldier, you've

got the best technique I ever saw for taking an air raid." An English voice, offhand and cheerful, replied, "Better to have someone with you in a raid, isn't it? You carry on better; because if there's someone with you, you wouldn't want her to see you had the wind up, would you?" I hadn't thought of it just that way.

Come to think of it a little more differently, I'd like to go through a nice loud raid with you. Standing close, we could spit defiance at the impotent rage of the powers of darkness and know their utmost could not touch us. And I feel sure we could squeeze two under one helmet. What do you think?



CHANUTE AND POINTS WEST

by CORPORAL GILBERT E. FULLER, JR.

1

CHANUTE FIELD is flat and full of barracks and coal dust. The landscape beyond the barbed-wire-topped fence is tempting to the limited extent a flat landscape can be. Rather sexy when the weather is warm — rich and soft and half-liquid with a Watteau sort of haze, and trees like piled-up clouds 'way out at the very edge; an underwater kind of scenery.

Our barracks and class are now a seething discontent. I may have praised the food here in a previous letter. I guess it's still as good as ever, but much of the time we don't get it. The cause of all this is our new system: breakfast at 5.10; school at 6.00, and steadily from then on (with two ten-minute breaks) until 12.27. Then we assemble outside, wait for four other classes to march off, and proceed ourselves in formation to the mess hall — about a mile away. This gets us there at 12.45, creating an interesting situation, because the mess hall is scheduled to close at 12.45.

Some of the boys took it rather hard when, just as they had reached the head of the chow line, the dishes were snatched from before their eyes and returned to the kitchen. It was a Bastille-like scene. An angry but silent (we wanted to give them no ex-

cuse for kicking us out) rabble waiting, with terrible determination, for food. A harassed mess hall force, anxious to clean up and start work on the next meal, refusing to give us any. A low murmur, amid the clash of trays and dishes being washed, in a room now empty of all save the two opposed forces. Finally a thin and trepidant lieutenant appeared: ham, slices of white bread, and half pints of milk were thrown at us fearfully. We seasoned them with muttered curses and left, big with vengeance, each man sworn to carry the matter personally to the C.O.

Yesterday as we left mess hall after lunch, a sound-truck, manned by a stentorian master sergeant, was saying something indistinguishable about "— violinist — concert — 3.30 p.m." I paid little attention at the time, but when we reached the barracks, a couple of fellows filed in to ask my roommate, Boyle (corporal, acting barracks' chief), if they could skip calisthenics and attend. Someone else chimed in, pointing out that someone in the orderly room had said it would be all right. Boyle, an obstinate Irish legalist at heart, said no, he had received no orders to that effect, and they would have to be marked "absent without excuse" from calisthenics (this means you are restricted on the next free day).

A Harvard graduate, class of 1934, and father of a young son he has never seen, CORPORAL GILBERT E. FULLER, JR., of the Army Air Force, is now in his thirty-second year.

One of them, dampened, muttered that it was Spalding and retreated. I said, "I'm going!" and trotted over to the orderly room, where I was referred to Lieutenant Hutchins, in charge of calisthenics. (Calisthenics, I should mention, are one of the crosses we bear, usually consisting of a long three-mile-an-hour trudge from one end of the field to the other and back.)

"I want to hear the concert, sir," I said, purposeful and military.

He pondered. "I'm supposed to send some men," he said slowly. Pause. "What barracks are you from?"

"487."

"That will be all right then — but the whole barracks will have to go."

I visualized some of them. "I'm not sure *all* of them will want to go."

"Yes — I see. Well, have Boyle bring the barracks over here at 2.30. All those who want to go will fall out and march to the theater with a non-com, and the rest will go back to calisthenics. I don't want any men getting off calisthenics by pretending they're going to the concert and then not going," he added sternly.

I made myself look as much as possible like a music lover, while he looked at me searchingly. Then he wrote out a note for me to give Boyle. I trotted back to where they were all lined up, and gave Boyle the note. There was a slight holdup while I convinced Boyle it wasn't a forgery. Then I explained the deal — calisthenics or concert — amid scenes of vociferous approval. The barracks, music lovers at least as much by circumstance as by nature, agreed unanimously that Spalding was the lesser of two evils, and off we went as a single man.

It took me minutes to start breathing properly again after hearing his first note. So easy to forget that a mere sound can be so beautiful.

School has been rearranged so that we have classes six hours straight — a bit of a strain toward the end, but one gets used to it. First meteorology; next, instruments.

We started out with a Mr. X as instructor, a former minister, with a dominant nose and aggressive schoolteacher humor. As senior civilian instructor he was merciless to his colleagues: "Hamm (a thin little man), do what you can to balance this instrument where it can be more readily seen by the students in the back row." The instrument totters wildly as Hamm braces against it a spindly shoulder. Raising his voice, "Can all of you — except of course the man on the extreme left, who seems to be snoring — see it clearly?" Confused murmurs of

"No" from the rear of the room. "I might point out that when in position at the station the instrument will be rigidly supported by a steel tube, for which Hamm, despite his many other admirable qualities (sickly smile from Hamm, now sweating profusely), makes a rather inadequate substitute."

That gives you the idea. It was not very pleasant, really, but I found something a little ingratiating, almost, in his passionate display of ascendancy. He *enjoyed* so much parading his academic humor, even before an almost totally unresponsive audience. All went well through the simple mechanical instruments. But electricity got him. He deserved it, of course, but I was sorry for him.

The poor man is as incapable of understanding any machine with an electric circuit in it as I am. He spent ten days on the first one — eight days more than the schedule allowed him. Turning ashen before our eyes, battling it doggedly as if it were an incarnate harpy, hating it, dreading it — a petty nightmare drama, he arguing incoherently with the quadruple register. It was Man destroyed by the Machine, while the class slept torpidly. On the eleventh day an efficient staff sergeant took over. Mr. X carefully avoids the class in instrument period, wandering like a ghost in the background of the classes. Hamm is in triumph, a malicious smile lighting his wizened face every time X's back is turned.

Much of our time is devoted to plotting and learning codes. It's slow progress. Then, recently, teletyping. This has a wayward fascination — the damn thing buzzes away so busily, and gives an effect of restrained and terrible power; merely press the wrong combination of buttons and the thing goes clanking on its malevolent way.

A rather unusual incident took place recently. One teletype class had just ended, the other was beginning. The instructor and new class walked in. One man was still typing away doggedly, a relic of the last group. The instructor spoke to him sharply, pointing out that the period was ended. For answer, the man stood up slowly, picked up the teletype machine, a thousand dollars' worth of it, lifted it high, and dashed it to the ground at the instructor's feet. "I don't like teletypes," he said, quietly but dangerously.

The instructor hustled off nervously to find a sergeant. His appetite whetted, the man seized a distributing machine, which spattered on the floor beside its companion. He was then firmly led away to the weather office, repeating thickly, "I don't like teletypes." We believe he has been institutionalized — nothing has been heard from him since.

So you can see that weather observing has its subtle dangers.

We graduated today. It was a quiet, unimpressive ceremony in the middle of a hangar, with active airplane schooling going on in one corner. Everybody assembled loosely and a brisk sergeant called us into line — about eight hundred of us — alphabetically. Occasionally the mechanics would disrupt this by wheeling a plane through one of the groups. Eventually they had us straightened out — fourteen lines about sixty deep. Then a captain made a speech — one of those fight talks in a faint, halting monotone — and the sergeant told us to clear out of the hangar *fast*, as soon as we got our diplomas. Then they right-faced us, and each line filed out past a lieutenant — salute, shake hands, receive diploma; next, salute, shake hands, receive diploma; next. All this going in fourteen lines — like a scene in a hall with mirrors on each side. My diploma had “with distinction” on it.

2

TO START at the end, we are now in India, our second stop, having already put in at one sizable city. I believe I can say that. This is a wide place, and the same wind that sifts through our mosquito netting once teased Alexander. Having settled down in reasonable comfort with a sigh of relief and a scattering of dysentery, we are rediscovering what land is like, and dust, and the sight of planes, and fresh water and sea.

Smithy (Harvard and Harvard Law), a nice, stocky little guy with a strong pipe and an excellent sense of humor, and I are just back from our first excursion in three weeks. Very venturesome, even if it involved no more than a trip from our area to the center of the post, since it was the first time we have been out of sight of our own barracks. Itinerary: purchases, including long socks, shorts, and a tropical shirt (very British) and a pair of Indian sandals of a deep, rich, satisfying red — that look like magnificent leather unless you get close. Then two hours of waiting, followed by a huge dinner at the post Chinese restaurant, consisting chiefly of an inordinate quantity of fried prawns. Then a movie, *Sherlock Holmes in Washington* — rather silly but not unpleasant.

We walked back, cutting across country guided by the constellation of Cassiopeia, which I recognized. I carried an apple pie which disintegrated into separate molecules; Smithy, a bundle containing his and my sandals. Finding them a little burdensome, he

persuaded another fellow walking along with us to carry my pair. It was too dark to recognize him, but he was walking along in the same direction; it was unfortunate that we lost him a few minutes later in some underbrush. Problem: one of four hundred men in my area, unknown to and by me, now has my slippers.

Health pretty good, except a touch of dysentery. This is inconvenient because of the paper problem. Every book in camp has lost its flyleaves — some are missing the entire last chapter.

Day before yesterday I, for the first time in my life, went hunting. It was rather a farce. We left camp about 1.00 P.M. with three rounds apiece; ammunition is hard to come by around here — the only source is planes, so that mine consisted of two incendiaries and one tracer. My two companions were rather more experienced — one named Loomis, a former part-time guide, the other a Kentuckian of the true Daniel Boone stripe, Sam Worley.

We sauntered off a mile or so to a village where nobody speaks English, past a ruined fort with monkeys clambering all over the walls, — very *Jungle Book*, — to hire a tonga. A tonga is a rickety two-wheeled vehicle attached to an undersized and emaciated pony. Forty minutes of bargaining is par. This is complicated, since neither we nor the driver can count in the other's language, so the fingers get a workout. This, of course, doesn't rule out expostulation — it merely gives it free rein. The trick is to speak with passion but keep smiling.

Occasionally I toss in something extraneous, like “To be or not to be” or “Ode to a Grecian Urn” in clipped, decisive accents. It doesn't make much difference: they never lose money.

Finally we got a guide. We didn't want him, but he brushed that aside, hired us a tonga, and led us firmly off to what I imagine is the most game-empty section of country within twenty miles. We split up — Worley on one flank, I on the other, Loomis and the guide in the center. The guide walked too loudly for stealth and too fast for the temperature — a steady five miles an hour through head-high grass and brush.

I did everything I could remember from Ernest Thompson Seton, skirting down wind of every likely spot — but no deer, no rabbits. All I saw was countless doves, a buzzard, and an Indian woman laundering by the river. Toward evening I tried an incendiary on one dove, the tracer on another. No luck. I wasn't sorry. The others trudged back when it was nearly night. Loomis was almost staggering, the guide unbreathed, the same fixed rapt look in his eye. They had walked on four miles

farther than we and ferried across the river. Nobody had hit anything. I felt even better.

We rode back through a village bright with the Festival of Lamps — a white glow through the dust. Then a hundred tiny yellow flames struck across each plaster building front, with white-clad crowds swirling, looking cleaner than in the unkind day; glimpses of a horse, a cow, a goat, through the doorways into half-lit open courtyards (only the livestock live in the houses — the people live, eat, sleep on the street). And then on into the dry, warm night, and stars, and the glow of another village over the horse's bouncing rump.

I went in town last night alone. Just as well I was, too — so few people share my tastes. This time I did a few errands, then set out with jutting jaw, determined to get some genuine Indian curry. Not as easy as it sounds — there seems to be a conspiracy to keep Americans away from Indian dishes. All the approved places specialize in steaks and ice cream. By dint of persistent questioning I finally got an address and was told to ask for "Burriani." It was quite fascinating — nothing but Indians there, none of them speaking English, including the waiters and manager. I said "Burriani" repeatedly, using my foreign accent, and eventually the hottest curry I ever tasted was set in front of me.

Two small Hindu boys were waiting for me outside — small for their years (about fourteen) but infinitely worldly-wise. Hindu boys are, first, panders, and second, remarkably skillful and pertinacious beggars. I stood them off on both counts, then weakened and decided to give them some ice cream. I suppose this was mostly nostalgia. In a city of secret alleys, soft and furtive, with a dancing circle of hierophants two streets away howling in quarter notes round a festival Maypole, it seemed a little bit of America to hand out ice cream to a couple of boys. They ate it gratefully enough, then cross-questioned me as to how much I had paid, and named three places where I would pay one-quarter as much.

Then they gave me a quick lowdown on the city, its morals, the taxi drivers, Society, and the soldiers — so scandalous that it will not bear repetition — while leading me back to my bus, and finished by inviting me to go bicycling with them next day, pointing out as a special inducement that since one of them was small I need hire only one bicycle for

the two of them. The smaller one claimed to have received that day a 25-rupee tip from a drunken sergeant for a particularly discreditable piece of negotiation, so offered to pay for half the gin on the outing, provided I would supply all the cigarettes. It would have been an interesting trip, but as it turned out, I had to leave next day.

I seem to have a gift for spending Christmases out of the bosom of my family. This Christmas night, after supper, beer was issued — six cans each. Of course there were other unofficial acquisitions, mainly a peculiarly poisonous sort of gin.

There was a present-handing-out ceremony, well-wishing but a little futile, as almost no packages had arrived. This hole was somewhat filled in by liberally exchanging empty toothpaste tubes wrapped in enormous boxes.

But it still had a rather strange flavor. In the first place, we had two Santas — or rather, two beards and pillows. This was because Santa No. 1, who had been doing well by the bottle, was despaired of at the last minute and an understudy was procured. But No. 1 made it. Second, not only the English tea planters but their wives also were invited — cordial, but an error in judgment. After the presents had been given out, the C.O. apparently decided that a more earnest note should be struck.

"I think we should all," he began, "try to remember that — Well, we all know we're here for a purpose, a serious purpose. These Japs are a lot tougher than —"

"— the Japs," in a clear, bright, drunken voice from behind him called Santa No. 1.

"I think we should remember there are ladies present," said the C.O. sternly, and went on. "I was talking to Major — the other day when a plane came in with a coast artillery officer who was at —. He told me that the Japs —"

"I could lick those — — with one hand behind my back." It was more a mutter this time, but still clear.

"This is not — There are ladies present, and you — Sergeant, take that man out!"

There was an eager silence.

"Under the circumstances," continued the C.O., "I have decided that it — I am not going to say what I was planning to say." He tried to sound aggrieved, but I think he was really rather pleased and relieved not to make a speech.

WHAT IS GERMAN?

by THOMAS MANN

I

I HAVE had the experience in America, when speaking on democracy and my belief in it, of having a high-brow journalist report that I had expressed "middle-class ideas." Such a person holds a false and reactionary concept of the banal, a misconception with which I became all too well acquainted in Europe. I am thinking of Paris at a time when I was discussing Briand, and his liberal European struggle to maintain the peace, with members of the "bourgeoisie" who were already strongly infected with fascism. "But, my dear friend," they would say, "*que voulez-vous avec votre Briand* — why bother about Briand? That is the utmost banality, *d'une trivialité insupportable*." What the high-brow journalist was characterizing as "middle-class ideas" is actually nothing else than the liberal tradition. It is the complex of ideas of freedom and progress, of humanitarianism, of civilization; in short, the claim of reason to dominate the dynamics of nature, of instinct, of blood, of the unconscious — the primitive spontaneity of life.

It is a terrible spectacle when irrationalism becomes popular. One feels that disaster is imminent, a disaster such as the one-sided overvaluation of reason could never bring about. The overvaluation of reason can be comical in its optimistic pedantry and can be made to look ridiculous by the deeper powers of life. But it does not evoke catastrophe. That is brought about only by the enthronement of anti-reason. At a certain period when fascism took over politically in Germany and Italy, when nationalism became the focus and universal expression of all these tendencies, I was convinced that nothing but war and general destruction could be the final outcome of the irrationalistic orgy, and that in short order. What seemed necessary was the memory of other values, of the idea of democracy, of humanity,

On this the tenth anniversary of the Burning of the Books, it seems appropriate to invite THOMAS MANN, Germany's most distinguished author, to examine for us the temperament of the German people. His essay has been prepared from the address which he originally delivered at the Library of Congress.

of peace, and of human freedom and dignity. It was this side of human nature that needed our help.

There is not the slightest danger that reason will ever gain complete ascendancy, that there will ever be too much reason on earth. There is no danger that people will some day become emotionless angels — which, to be sure, would be very dull. But that they should become beasts — which as a matter of fact would be a little too interesting — that, as we have seen, can readily happen. This tendency is much stronger in human beings than the anemic, angelic tendency, and it is only necessary, through general glorification of instincts, to set free the evil ones, which are always ready to appropriate such a glorification to themselves, in order to bring the bestial tendencies into triumphant ascendancy. It is easy and self-indulgent to throw oneself on the side of nature against the mind — that is, on the side which in any case is always the stronger. Simple generosity and a slight sense of humane responsibility should decide us to protect and nourish the poor little flame of mind and reason upon earth, that it may shine and warm us a little better.

Freedom and justice have long ceased to be banal. They are vital; and to think of them as boring simply means an acceptance of the fascistic pseudo-revolutionary fraud that violence and mass deception are the last word and most up-to-date. The really new thing in the world, which the living spirit is called upon to serve, is something totally different: namely, a social democracy and a humanism which, instead of being caught in a cowardly relativism, have the courage once more to distinguish between good and evil.

That is what the European peoples have done. They have refused to submit to evil, to Hitler's New Order, to slavery. And I should like to say a word in honor of this now deeply depressed part of the earth. It may well be that we Europeans shall only play the part of Graeculi in the Roman world of power that

will arise out of this war, whose capitals will be Washington, London, and Moscow; but this diminutive role should not decrease our justifiable pride in our old homeland. How much easier, how much less arduous, would it have been for the European peoples if they had accepted Hitler's infamous New Order; if they had reconciled themselves to slavery; if they had "collaborated" with Nazi Germany. They have not done so, not a single one of them. Years of the most brutal terrorism, of martyrdom and executions, have not succeeded in breaking their will to resist.

On the contrary, the resistance has only grown stronger. The most outrageous of all the Nazi lies is that of a united Europe defending its holiest possessions against the invasion of foreigners. The foreigners against whom these holiest possessions must be defended are they, the Nazis, and no one else. Only a corrupt upper crust, a treasonous gang for whom nothing is holy but money and advantage, is collaborating with them. The people have refused collaboration; and as the victory of the Allies is more clearly outlined, the more confident does the opposition to oppression become.

Seven million people have been deported to enforced labor; almost a million have been executed and murdered; ten thousand more are imprisoned in the hell of the concentration camp. Notwithstanding, the uneven, the heroic battle continues. All honor to the peoples of Europe. They are fighting our battle. They are our allies and they deserve to be treated as our allies. Slowly, very slowly, is freedom drawing near; yet their tenacity is indomitable. They deserve our confidence; they should be allowed to have their way, to clean out the powers who have betrayed them and led them into misery. They deserve to be spoken to in a frank and friendly way so that their belief may not be shaken that the liberators are really coming as liberators and not to submit them to the power of the old, decayed, and despised order.

2

But in speaking of Europe, I cannot omit my own country and its relationship to the world. How could it possibly have got into the condition in which we find it today? What is the common responsibility of the German people for the misdeeds of the Nazis? These are painful and complicated matters which one can scarcely communicate in words to those who in these times live among their own people, in complete harmony with them, in unshakable faith in the cause of this people, and who are permitted to fight enthusiastically for that

cause. This perfectly natural good fortune is denied to us *émigrés*. We also battle. But it is our destiny to carry on this battle against our own land and its aims, of whose corruptness we are convinced; against the land whose speech is the spiritual material in which we work; against the land in whose culture we are rooted, whose traditions we carry on, and whose landscape and atmosphere should be our natural shelter.

You will say to me: "We are all fighting for the same cause, the cause of humanity. There is no distinction between you and us." Certainly, but it is your good fortune to be able to identify yourselves with the cause of your people, of your fighting forces, of your government; and when you see the symbol of American sovereignty, the Stars and Stripes, you look upon this emblem with a feeling of home, with sympathy and confidence, with calm pride and heartfelt hopes, while we —

You can scarcely conceive the feelings with which we look upon the present national emblem of Germany, the swastika. We do not look upon it: we look away. We would rather look at the ground or at the sky, for the sight of the symbol under which our people are fighting for their existence, or rather delude themselves that they are fighting for that existence, makes us physically sick. Nowadays I have this experience only in the cinema; but when I lived in Zürich I was often in the neighborhood of the house of the German representative, with the ominous flag upon it, and I confess that I always made a wide detour as one would about a cave of horrors, an outpost of murderous barbarism extending into the realm of a friendly civilization under whose protection I lived.

Germany — a great name, a word which carries with it hundreds of homely and respected, pleasant and proud, associations. And now it is a name of terror and of deadly wilderness, into which even our dreams do not dare to transport us. Whenever I read that some unhappy person has been "taken to Germany," as recently the party leaders from Milan who signed the anti-Fascist manifesto, or as Romain Rolland, who is said to have died in a German concentration camp, cold shudders run up and down my back. To be "taken to Germany," that is the worst.

What an abnormal, morbid condition — abnormal and morbid for anyone, but especially for the artist, the bearer of a spiritual tradition, when his own country becomes the most hostile, the most sinister foreign land! And I am thinking not only of us out here in exile: I am thinking also of those people who are still there, the German masses, and of the cruel compulsion which destiny has forced upon

the German spirit. Believe me, for many there the fatherland has become as strange as it has for us; an "inner emigration" of millions is there awaiting the end just as we are.

And there can be only one end. The people in Germany, in spite of their strangled isolation, are well aware of it, and they long for it, in spite of their natural patriotism, in spite of their national conscience. The unescapable propaganda has deeply impressed on their consciousness the pretended permanently destructive results of German defeat, so that in one part of their being they cannot avoid fearing that defeat more than anything else in the world. And yet there is one thing which many of them fear more than a German defeat: that is a German victory; some only occasionally, at moments which they themselves regard as criminal, but others with complete clarity and permanently, although with pangs of conscience too.

Imagine that you were forced, with all your wishes and hopes, to oppose an American victory as a great misfortune for the entire world; if you can imagine that, you can place yourself in the position of these people. This attitude has become the destiny of uncounted Germans, and I can't help feeling that this destiny is of a particular and uncommonly tragic nature.

These people have been deluded and seduced into crimes that cry to high heaven. They have begun to atone for them and they will atone even more severely. It cannot be otherwise; common morality or, if you wish, divine justice demands it. But we out here, who saw disaster coming; we who, ahead of our compatriots intoxicated by a fraudulent revolution, ahead of all the rest of the world, were convinced that the Nazi rule could never bring anything except war, destruction, and catastrophe — we see no great difference between what these scoundrels have done to us and what they have done to our people at home.

We hate the corrupters and we long for the day that will rid the world of them. But with very few exceptions we are far from being victims of a wretched emigrant-hatred against our own land and we do not desire the destruction of our people. We cannot deny their responsibility, for somehow man is responsible for his being and doing; but we are inclined to speak of a historic curse, a dark destiny and aberration, rather than of crime and guilt.

3

THE case of Germany is such a confusing and complicated one because in it good and evil, the

beautiful and the detestable, are combined and blended in a singular way. For example, the great artistic personality of Richard Wagner has often been mentioned in connection with the phenomenon of National Socialism, and Hitler's preference for Wagner's art has been pointed out — a preference against which one would like to protect Wagner, but which, nevertheless, is not without significance and instructive meaning.

The Wagnerian art revolution, though on an incomparably higher plane, was a phenomenon related to the National Socialist revolution. It cannot be denied that a work such as the *Ring of the Nibelung* is fundamentally directed against the whole modern culture and civilization in the form in which they have been dominant since the Renaissance, and that this work, in its mixture of primitiveness and futurity, addresses itself to a non-existent world of a classless folk.

The resistance, the indignation, which it aroused were not directed primarily against the revolutionary aspects of its form, which broke with the laws of operatic art. The opposition arose from a totally different source: the German disciple of Goethe, who knew his *Faust* by heart, gave utterance to an angry and contemptuous protest, a well-founded protest, which came from the cultivated world of German classicism, with which the *Ring* was a total break. The cultivated German burgher laughed at the Wagalawaia and all the barbarous alliterative nonsense. The extraordinary, one can say the planetary, success which eventually this art met in the modern world, the world of the international bourgeoisie, thanks to certain sensual, nervous, and intellectual stimuli, was a paradox. For we must not forget that it was meant for a totally different public from the capitalistic burgher world: namely, for the romantic *Volk* — which is also the ideal of National Socialism.

The Wagnerian revolution was an archaic one in which reactionary and futuristic elements were mingled in a most peculiar way. Wagner is always interested in the Ur-epic, the original and utmost simplicity, the pre-conventional and pre-social; only this seems to him a theme suitable for art. His work is the German contribution to the monumental art of the nineteenth century, which took the form in other nations, primarily, of great social-poetical novels — Dickens, Thackeray, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Balzac, Zola. These monumental works that reveal a similar tendency toward moral grandeur were, *par excellence*, the European nineteenth century, the literary world of social critique.

The German manifestation of this greatness knows nothing of society and does not want to

know it. For the social is not musical and is altogether not suitable for artistic productions. The only suitable themes for art are the mythical and purely human ones, the unhistorical, timeless Ur-poetry of nature and of the heart; and out of these depths the German spirit creates perhaps the greatest and most beautiful thing that the century has to offer. The non-social Ur-poetry is in fact Germany's own special myth, its typical and fundamental national nature, which differentiates it from the other European national minds and types. The complicated question: "What is German?" receives perhaps its best answer in the formulation of this difference.

The German mentality is essentially indifferent to social and political questions. This sphere is utterly foreign to it. This is not to be understood merely negatively, but we can actually speak of a vacuum, of a lack, of a deficiency; and it is probably true that in times when the social problem is dominant, when the idea of social and economic equality, of a juster economic order, is felt by every alert consciousness as the most vital and urgent problem, this deficiency, which is often so fruitful, leads to disharmony with the general will of the world. Faced with immediate problems, it attempts solutions that are evasive and carry the imprint of a mythical substitute for the genuinely social. It is not difficult to recognize in so-called National Socialism a mythical substitute of this sort. Translated from political terminology into the psychological, National Socialism means: "I do not want the social at all. I want the folk fairy-tale." But in the political realm, the fairy-tale becomes a murderous lie.

It is horrible and humiliating to behold the civilized world obliged to fight to the death against the politically distorted lie of an aggressive folk fairy-tale which in its earlier spiritual purity had given the world so much that was beautiful. In former times, it was innocent and idealistic, but this idealism began to be ashamed of itself and became jealous of the world and of reality. "Germany is Hamlet," it used to be said. "*Tatenarm und gedankenreich* — Lacking in deeds and rich in thought," Hölderlin called it; but it preferred to be rich in deeds, even in misdeeds, and poor in thought. "*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles* — that means the end of German philosophy," Nietzsche asserted.

This jealousy of the world and of reality was nothing but jealousy of political action. And because this attitude was so foreign to the German mind, politics were understood as a realm of absolute cynicism and Machiavellianism. The Germans were encouraged in this interpretation by the appearance of Bismarck, who, though not without a

certain affinity to the type of the artist, was a man of violence who openly despised the ideological. German liberals, who existed in spite of everything, considered him atavistic and reactionary. And yet, because of his "realism," he was admired as a political genius, although he was by no means so brutal as the Germans understood him to be, for Bismarck had a keen appreciation of the importance of moral imponderables. But, to his German fellow citizens, every moral embellishment and justification of power politics seemed pure hypocrisy, and never would a post-Bismarckian German have been able to say, as Cardinal Manning did: "Politics is a part of morals."

Ultimately, hypocrisy is a compliment to virtue: it implies the recognition of moral standards in principle. There is a difference whether the Ten Commandments are not kept, as is the case the world over, or whether they are dropped officially and solemnly. The German, when he wants to be political, thinks that all morality and humanity must be thrown overboard. A Frenchman said: "When a German wishes to be graceful, he jumps out of the window." He does the same thing when he wants to be political. He thinks that for this purpose he must dehumanize himself. We do well to see in National Socialism an example of this jumping out of the window, an exaggerated overcompensation of the German lack of political talent.

Does this prove that the German character is fundamentally related to National Socialism and that this German nature is inherently unchangeable? There may be some truth in this view, but one must not forget how many humane and, in the best sense, democratic tendencies were active in German life — tendencies which it has had in common with the great world of Occidental Christian civilization and which were always opposed to nationalistic barbarism.

We must remember that the Hitler party came to absolute power only by intrigue and terror, by a *coup d'état*. At the beginning of the present war, there were more than two hundred thousand people in German concentration camps, to say nothing of the many tens of thousands of victims of this system who were tortured to death in Nazi camps and Gestapo cellars.

It is often said that German youth has been hopelessly corrupted by National Socialism, but events that took place in the University of Munich, which created such a stir in America, prove that now, at last, after the experiences of years, German youth is ready to put its head on the executioner's block out of conviction that National Socialism is a shameful aberration and that Hitler is the corrupter of

Germany and of Europe. For the sake of justice these things must be put into the other side of the scales.

Not that Germany and the German people should be relieved of guilt and of responsibility. Looked at from a moral, pedagogical point of view, after the appalling pride, the inexcusable superiority intoxication in which the country has lived for many years, its fall at first cannot be too deep; and, after all that has happened, it does not become us emigrants to advise the victors as to how Germany should be treated.

That the common future should not be too heavily burdened by the decisions of the victors is the hope of liberal America. Neither Germany nor the German people should be sterilized or destroyed. What should be destroyed is that fatal power combination, the world-threatening association of the Junkers, the army generals, and heavy industry. The German people should be helped to shatter forever the domination of these groups; to put through the already overdue agrarian reform — in short, to bring about the real, the honest, the purifying revolution which alone can rehabilitate Germany in the eyes of the world, of history, and in its own eyes, and open for her a path into the future, into the new world of unity and coöperation for which we hope the German spirit is by no means historically unprepared and unfit.

We should be psychologists enough to recognize that this monstrous German attempt at world domination, which we now see ending catastrophically, is nothing but a distorted and unfortunate expression of that universalism innate in the German character which formerly had a much higher, purer, and nobler form and which won the sympathy and admiration of the world for this important people. Power politics corrupted this universalism and turned it into evil, for whenever universalism becomes power politics, then humanity must arise and defend its liberty. Let us trust that German universalism will again find the way to its old place of honor, that it will forever renounce the wanton ambition of world conquest, and that it will again prove itself as world sympathy, understanding, and open-mindedness, to the spiritual enrichment of the world. How closely connected are liberty and peace, and how closely connected the liberty of Germany and the peace of the world!

Wisdom in the treatment of a defeated Germany is desirable if only because of a feeling of shared guilt. The world democracies, which in 1918 were in possession of unlimited power, failed to prevent the calamity in which we are living today. The pacification of the world through reforms and satis-

faction of the human need for justice, which now preoccupy the whole world, could have been realized at that time. This would have prevented the rise of the dictators and the whole dynamic explosive philosophy of hate; but fascism, of which National Socialism is a peculiar variation, is not a specialty of Germany. It is a sickness of the times, which is everywhere at home and from which no country is free. Never could the regimes of violence and fraud in Italy and Germany have maintained themselves even for a month had they not met with a very general and disgraceful sympathy from the economically leading classes and, therefore, from the governments of the democratic countries.

4

I CERTAINLY should flunk an examination in Marxism. But although I know that fascism has its ideological side and must be understood as a fatal, calamitous reaction against the rationalistic humanism of the nineteenth century, I must admit that I also visualize it as a political-economic movement, a counter-revolution *pur sang*. As such it is an attempt of all the old social and economic reactionaries to suppress the peoples and their aspirations for happiness, to prevent all social progress by attaching to it the frightening name of Bolshevism. In the eyes of conservative Western capitalists, fascism was frankly a bulwark against Bolshevism and against everything that they wished to assail under this name — especially after the German purges of June, 1934, in which everything that was socialistic in National Socialism was destroyed and the old power combination of Junkers, army, and industry was saved.

This bloody act was cleverly aimed to gain international support of the Nazi regime. For it demonstrated to the West that a change of power had taken place in Germany, but not a revolution that threatened the existing economic system. It indicated that fascism meant "order" in the established sense of the word. There was a little disgust with the atrocities committed, but no inclination to make the regime internally impossible by diplomatic isolation, a result which at that time could have been easily achieved. Here was the curious phenomenon of a so-called "revolution," which had the support throughout the world of every reactionary, of every *comité des forges*, of all enemies of freedom and of social progress, as well as of the aristocracy, of any "Faubourg Saint-Germain," of society people, of the nobility, of royalist generals, and of that part of the Catholic Church which sees

in Christianity, above all things, hierarchy, humility, and devout adherence to the existing order.

Field Marshal Göring is the personification — the very voluminous personification — of this power complex of the Junkers, the military, and industry, a grotesque mixture of the *miles gloriosus*, bedecked with medals, and the big businessman. He has been the master of the German European industrial monopoly since the subjection of Europe, which came into being by undermining the moral resistance of the democratic powers and with the aid of a very general susceptibility to the fascist bacillus. Whatever “collaboration” exists is the collaboration of the rich, of the business-as-usual people all over Europe. These prosper; they make profits, buy in the black market, carouse at Monte Carlo, while the people starve and become the sacrifice of Germany’s planned conspiracy to weaken and to ruin them morally and physically.

I repeat: in the eyes of Western conservative capitalism, fascism was simply the bulwark against Bolshevism and against everything which the word implied. Every abomination which fascism perpetrated internally was accepted without the realization that its external correlate was war. Perhaps there was no objection even to that. In France, for example, war and defeat were the means of overthrowing the Republic and of bringing about the “national” or fascist revolution. The fascist regimes were braced by the foreign powers, for in the wildest chaos, in disregard of justice and destruction of culture, they professed to see order, beauty, and security — security not for the people but from the people, security against all social progress.

With a semblance of justice the dictators could shout: “What do these people mean? Why are they suddenly making war on us? Were they not openly or secretly our protectors and abettors? They placed us in the saddle and secured us in it, by financing us, praising us, flattering us; they offered us on a platter the external successes with which we annihilated our internal opposition. Surely they don’t mean it. They have no intention of destroying fascism. Secretly, they wish to preserve it. They are fighting half-heartedly with indistinct aims; the indecision of their wills is our protection. To be sure, they are slowly getting the upper hand on the battlefield. But if only we continue the war as long as possible, the inner differences between the Allies will come to an open break and we shall profit by it. We shall play the East against the West and avoid an unconditional surrender.”

They are mistaken and their hopes will be crushed. Certainly there are differences of ideology and world policy between Russia and her allies; but

this war is, among other things, a means of conciliating these differences — a conciliation between socialism and democracy upon which rests the hope of the world. They are united in the battle against human degradation, which is what the conquest of the world by fascism would mean. They are united in the battle for freedom and justice. But a war for freedom and justice can only be waged with the people and for the people, and we sincerely hope that the same thing will not happen that happened after the wars with Napoleon. Those wars were called “wars of freedom” as long as they lasted and the people, with their desire for freedom, were needed to do the fighting; but afterwards they were interpreted as “wars of liberation” only from foreign oppression, so that the people might be robbed of the internal revolutionary fruits of victory.

At that time, in the year 1813, the princes and the governments were not fighting so much against Napoleon as against the revolution, whose sword-bearer the Emperor was, but the people were given to understand that they were fighting for freedom, and I wonder whether you do not feel, as I do, the abomination of this deceit.

A short remark about the idea of democracy. Democracy is of course primarily a claim, a demand of the majority for justice and equal rights. It is a justified demand from below. But in my eyes it is even more beautiful if it is good will, generosity, and love coming from the top down. I do not consider it very democratic if little Mr. Smith or Jones slaps Beethoven on the back and shouts: “How are you, old man!” That is not democracy, but tactlessness and a lack of feeling for differences. But when Beethoven sings: “Be embraced, ye millions, this kiss to all the world” — that is democracy. For he could say: “I am a great genius and something quite special, but the people are a mob; I am much too proud and particular to embrace them.” Instead he calls them all his brothers and children of one Father in Heaven, who is also his own. That is democracy in its highest form, far removed from demagogy and a flattering wooing of the masses.

I have always subscribed to this kind of democracy; but that is exactly the reason why I feel deeply that there is nothing more abominable than deception of the masses and betrayal of the people. My unhappiest years were those when, in the name of a false peace, of appeasement, the people were sold out to fascism. The sacrifice of Czechoslovakia at the Munich Conference was the most horrible and humiliating political experience of my life, and not only I felt so, but all decent people throughout the world.

5

IN March, 1932, a year before I left Germany, I delivered a lecture in honor of Goethe's centenary at the Prussian Academy of Arts in Berlin — a speech which closed with the words: "The credit which history today still grants to a free republic, to a democratic society, this rather short-term credit, rests upon the still maintained faith that what its power-lusting enemies pretend to be able to do — namely, to lead the state and its economy over into a new world — democracy can do also." This warning, which at that time was meant for the citizens of the German Republic, could today be directed toward the citizens of the entire Occidental world.

If democracy has not the courage in this war and afterward to rely upon the popular forces, to see in it a real war of the people and strive toward a new, a freer, and a juster world, the world of social democracy; if, unmindful of its own revolutionary traditions, it allies itself with the powers of the old order, a has-been order, to avoid at any price what it calls anarchy, to subdue every revolutionary tendency; then the faith of the European people who have been oppressed by fascism will be exhausted — and all of them, Germany first, will turn toward the power of the East in whose socialism the idea of individual freedom no longer has any place.

I do not visualize as an ideal for humanity a socialism in which the idea of equality completely outweighs that of freedom. So I hardly can be regarded as a champion of communism. Nevertheless, I cannot help feeling that the panic fear of the Western world of the term "communism," this fear by which the fascists have so long maintained themselves, is somewhat superstitious and childish and one of the greatest follies of our epoch. Communism is today the bogeyman of the bourgeoisie, exactly as social democracy was in Germany in 1880. Under Bismarck socialism was the sum of all sans-culottish destruction and dissolution, of chaotic anarchy. I can still hear our school principal shout at some naughty boys who had defaced tables and benches with their pocketknives: "You have behaved like social democrats!" Today he would say "like communists!" for the social democrat has in the meantime become a thoroughly respectable person whom nobody fears.

Please understand me correctly. Communism is a sharply circumscribed political economic program founded on the dictatorship of one class, the proletariat, born of the historical materialism of the nineteenth century; in this form it is the product of a particular period and has been subjected to the

changes of time. But as a vision it is much older and contains at the same time elements that belong only to a future world. It is older because already the religious movements of the late Middle Ages had an eschatological communistic character; even then the earth, water, air, wild game, fishes, and birds were to be common property, the lords were to work for their daily bread, and all burdens and taxes were to be done away with.

In this sense, communism is older than Marx and the nineteenth century. But it belongs to the future inasmuch as the world that will be when we are gone, whose outlines are beginning to emerge and in which our children and grandchildren will live, can scarcely be imagined without certain communistic traits — that is, without the fundamental idea of common rights of ownership and enjoyment of earthly goods; without a progressive equalization of class differences; without the right to work and the duty to work for all.

A country of America's courageous progressiveness, which has never denied its origin in the pioneer spirit, gives us premonitions of this coming world in its equalitarianism and in its feeling that work disgraces nobody. The common possession of opportunities for enjoyment and education are largely achieved. The whole world smokes the same cigarettes, eats the same ice cream, sees the same movies, hears the same music on the radio; even the difference in clothing is disappearing more and more, and the college student who earns his way through college, which would have been very much beneath his class dignity in Europe, is here a commonplace.

Why do I mention this? Because I am persuaded *we must not be afraid*, we must not fear word-spooks like "communism." For our fear is the source of courage to our enemies. Social changes are like developments in music. To the layman's ears new music is wild, lawless cacophony, the dissolution of all restraint, the end of all things. It is rejected until the ear can catch up and becomes accustomed to the new. Today it is scarcely believable that Mozart at first seemed turgid and harmonically extravagant, that Verdi in comparison with Donizetti was terribly difficult, Beethoven unendurably bizarre, Wagner crazily futuristic, Mahler an incomprehensible noise. In all these instances, the human ear caught up slowly, for people need music, and they learn to feel as music whatever the musician produces, not deliberately, not recklessly, but because he *must*, because the Zeitgeist and historical developments prescribe it.

The education of the ear corresponds to the education of an organ which can be called the social conscience. What transformations and modifications

have taken place since the days when eels were fed the flesh of living slaves, and again since the beginning of the industrial epoch! Private property is undoubtedly something fundamentally human. But even within our own lifetime, how changed is the concept of property rights! It has become weakened and limited, if not undermined, through inheritance laws and taxation which in some cases approach confiscation.

Individual freedom, which is closely related to property rights, was forced to adjust itself to the collective demand and, through the course of years, made this change almost imperceptibly. The idea of freedom, once revolutionary itself, realized in the sovereignty of national states, is experiencing certain modifications; that is, a new equilibrium is being sought between the two fundamental ideas of modern democracy, freedom and equality. The one is slowly modified by the other. The sovereignty of national states is being called upon to make sacrifices in favor of the common good.

Common good — community — there you have the root of the frightening word by means of which Hitler made his conquests. I haven't the slightest doubt that the world and everyday life are moving, willy-nilly, toward a social structure for which the epithet "communistic" is a relatively adequate term: a communal form of life, of mutual dependence and responsibility, of common rights to the enjoyment of earthly goods, as a result of the ever closer relationship of the world, its contraction, its intimacy resulting from technical progress; a world wherein each and every one has a right to live and the administration of which is everyone's concern.

Do not imagine that what I am saying means that I am in favor only of the new and the untried. By that I should become unfaithful to myself. Never is the artist only the protagonist and prophet of the new; he is also the heir and repository of the old. Always he brings forth the new out of tradition. Just as I am far from denying the values of the bourgeois epoch to which the largest part of my personal life belongs, just so am I aware that the demands of the times and the problems of the coming peace are not merely of a revolutionary but also of a constructive, yes, of a restorative nature. Ever and again, historical upheaval such as we are now experiencing is inevitably followed by a movement of restoration. The need to re-establish is as imperative as the demand for renewal.

What need to be re-established more than anything else are the commandments of religion, of Christianity, which have been trod underfoot by a false revolution. From these commandments must be derived the fundamental law under which the peoples of the future will live together and to which all will have to pay reverence. No real pacification of the world, no coöperation of the people for the common good and for human progress, will be possible unless such a basic law is established, which, notwithstanding national diversity and liberty, must be valid for all and recognized by all as a Magna Carta of human rights, guaranteeing the individual his security in justice, his inviolability, his right to work and to the enjoyment of life. For such a universal basis, may the American Bill of Rights serve as a model.

I believe that out of the suffering and struggle of our difficult period of transition a wholly new and more emotional interest in humanity and its fate — in its exceptional position between the realms of nature and mind, in its mystery and its destiny — will emerge; a humanistic impulse which even now is alive and active in the best hearts and minds.

This new humanism will have a different character, a different color and tone, from the earlier related movements. This new humanism will have endured too much to be satisfied with an optimistic naïveté and the desire to see human life through rosy glasses. It will lack all bombast. It will be aware of the tragedy of all human life without letting that awareness destroy its courage and will. It will not disavow its religious traits, for in the idea of human dignity, of the value of the individual soul, humanism transcends into the religious. Concepts like freedom, truth, justice, belong to a trans-biological sphere, the sphere of the Absolute, to the religious sphere.

Optimism and pessimism are empty words to this humanism. They cancel each other in the determination to preserve the honor of man, in the paths of sympathy and duty. It seems to me that without such a pathos as the basis of all thinking and doing, the structure of a better, happier world, the world community that we wish to achieve out of the present struggle, will be impossible. The defense of reason against blood and instinct does not imply that its creative power should be overestimated. Only feeling guided by reason is creative — only an ever active love.

CAMPING IN FLORIDA

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

FOR several years after the First World War my wife and I rented houses and made long stays at Palm Beach, then a much less sophisticated resort than it is today. I had a model T Ford station wagon that had been rebuilt for camping purposes. On one side of the car, where one would normally step in and out, there was a wonderful wooden contraption of little cupboards, each with its door. These contained staple groceries and such items as onions, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables which were not particularly perishable. There were slings for our guns under the top of the car; and in the place where the back seat would have been, we had stowed a tent, camp cots, folding chairs, and a folding table in such a way as still to leave room for a dog.

I drove, with our friendly guide, Frank Carlisle, beside me. In the second seat, often, was my wife, accompanied perhaps by one of her sisters, her father, or her mother, who were frequent visitors. Our usual procedure was to drive north up the Dixie Highway, then a narrow black road, where at times it was difficult for two cars to pass, but now the great boulevard, route U. S. 1, with its dreary vista of billboards and hot-dog stands.

At Jupiter we usually stopped for a visit to Bowers's store. This was a typical country store where one could buy anything from iodine to sweet potatoes. We liked to trade there because the people were so kindly and it was such fun to sit and spin yarns for a while, occasionally reaching out for the prune box or the cracker barrel. Then we would turn inland on the narrow sandy road to Indian Town. When the water in the woods was not too high, there were many places where one could drive far off the road to the north or south, penetrating

what was known as Hungryland or the Loxahatchee Marsh. Here quail abounded, there were still lots of turkeys and plenty of deer, and one seldom met a soul.

There was a ditch beside the road where big bass congregated during dry weather, no doubt because the water stayed cool in the deep holes. It was only a matter of minutes after Frank and I had got back from our morning hunt to where Rosamond would be sitting in the shade in our folding Livingston chair, probably knitting, before we kicked off our shoes and got out our little seine. We each took an end, and kept the seine taut by putting the toes of one foot through the mesh at the bottom, and holding up the upper corner. Then, by scuffling along, we worked the seine around one of these big holes.

In less than no time we'd have half a dozen two- or three-pound bass flopping about on the sand of the roadside. I believe Ros would agree with me, though she holds no brief for camping in general, that those bass, fried immediately, were succulent beyond exaggeration, and the particular type of sweet potatoes which we chose, when sliced and fried, could be eaten out of hand just like a hard cracker. They not only were savory but they stayed by one very satisfactorily.

One day, while we were at lunch, we looked out through the woods and saw two little gray foxes walking along across a wide stretch of short grass. I wanted those foxes for the Agassiz Museum and Frank knew just how to get them. We jumped for our guns and Frank started to run towards them, letting out bloodcurdling whoops. One fox did what he expected both would do: squat down flat in the short grass. This one was easily gathered in. The other one ran into a little bay head about an acre in area in the midst of a shallow needle-grass pond. I ran around, plowing through the water, and got to the other side of the head. Frank went in where the fox had entered, and started to light up some dead limbs and a few dry palmetto fans which

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happened to be right where they were wanted. In a jiffy the fox came out on the run in easy range for my old beloved Bradell twelve-gauge, and we had our two specimens.

We often met up with Dan Parker, a handsome young Indian, and his pretty bride, one of the Tiger Tail girls, she being loaded down with yard upon yard of brightly colored beads about her neck to show the magnitude of her aristocratic inheritance. Occasionally they lunched with us. We frequently tried to camp near where Billy Stewart — another Indian — had his clan hunting. Then, if any trifling cracker came round with theft on his mind, some Indian would be sure to see him and tell us about it. The Indians never entertained such ideas themselves.

You may wonder why I use the word "cracker." I wondered myself for many years. The name is applied to what may be called the poor white natives of Georgia and Florida. Reading Bartram once supplied the answer. He said, as I remember it, "I journeyed now into the land of the corn crackers." As the world knows, the crackers' staple food is hominy grits and gravy, and grits, of course, are made from cracked Indian corn.

2

ONE winter while John Phillips and I were enjoying the hospitality of Charlie and Louise Choate at Palm Beach, there was a good deal of water in the flatwoods and we decided to make a rather ambitious hunting excursion. I suspect we were lazier than usual by pure "happenchance," to use an old localism. We picked out three good-looking and husky and, as it turned out, very skittish horses, and arranged to have their owner deliver them to us at an appointed rendezvous a good many miles west of West Palm Beach.

We set forth at the crack of dawn, reached the appointed spot soon after day broke, and found the horses waiting for us. They had been on the move all night. I mounted one horse, Frank another, and a colored boy whom we had decided to bring along to look after our steeds mounted the third. John Phillips drove the car; he never liked horses anyway.

We moved along about five miles, and all the time it became more and more obvious that my nag was utterly unreliable. I was riding across a prairie pond when he suddenly got wind of a good big water moccasin. One prodigious buck burst the girths and left me, and the saddle, in the pond — as a matter of fact, pretty close to the moccasin. The horse started straight for home. I shook myself off and got into

the car with John. Through the open woods we could see our horse going like a bat out of hell. We felt that this was good riddance.

Several miles farther along, Frank's horse apparently simply decided that he wanted to go home too. He bucked Frank off, which required no great effort, and then we had one horse left. One horse had no well-defined use; so, after a day or two of debating the matter, we sent this beast home too and settled down to a singularly pleasant and peaceful sojourn.

We found an area of flatwoods which was high enough to be well drained, an excellent camp site. There was fat pine wood near at hand to cook with. Quail were plenty, the coveys big and the country of such a character that after we shot on the covey rise and the birds scattered, there were no thickets or swamps for them to escape into, and the singletons were easy to pick up one by one.

I had taken a double boiler from town, because grits are easily burned on a fat pine fire, and personally I hold that they are infinitely superior when they have been cooked a long time. We peeled our quail and poked them down into the grits. They cooked through and were deliciously moist. They would have been just as succulent cooked in our Dutch oven, but that was usually occupied by a pone of hoecake bread.

We ate lots of things besides quail and grits. I had stopped at Eau Gallie before John Phillips came south to meet me, and I picked up some gopher turtles. There were always a number of these around Grandmother's grove. These tortoises dig enormously deep burrows in the sand. They are easily caught if you find one abroad, but when they will emerge to graze seems wholly unpredictable. I used to take a box, dig a hole in the sand, right in front of the burrow, sink it down, and cover it with a sheet of thin newspaper, sprinkling a little sand on the surface. I never had to wait more than a day or two before Mr. Gopher came along, broke through the paper, and landed in the box.

Grandmother taught me forty years ago that gopher turtle stew is just as good as diamond-backed terrapin. Moreover, if you don't have sherry or Madeira to flavor it with, a half cup of whiskey is a most excellent substitute, although the idea would, I think, have shocked Grandmother. Nevertheless it was taught me by a great and good epicure who moved to Eau Gallie some years after Grandmother's death. This was Dr. Samuel J. Mixter, the world-famed surgeon of Boston, who occupied her home, "Walden," on a number of occasions before he built his own house only a few hundred yards away.

I will not say that we never ate a robin, for we did, and a good many doves. These are both better birds to eat than quail. Moreover it was often possible to pick up a few gallinules and the native Florida dusky ducks. These are all superior victuals, and when washed down with Frank's coffee — my mouth waters even at this late date.

One day we followed a single quail into a bay head of tall, scrawny cypress and made a discovery. The trees were probably sixty or seventy feet high. In the very center of this head, which we had to wade into, there was a deep, dark pool of black water about fifty feet across. It was obviously an old gator hole. I suspect the place probably owed its depth and excavation to the fact that it had been stirred up and dug about by big gators since time immemorial. John and I often went to this pool, after our discovery, to rest in the shade. There was a fallen cypress tree which provided a delightful place to sit.

We knew that it was a roosting place for some sort of bird, but in daytime it was completely deserted. One day we moved camp and left Frank to prepare supper while we waded in and sat down beside the pool, late in the afternoon. We had been there less than half an hour when white ibis began to pour in. They came in flocks of from ten to fifty, circled around once or twice, and then settled down in the trees. I have never forgotten the snowy white birds with their sharply defined black wing tips silhouetted against the azure sky and, far more spectacular, their reflections in the black water of the pool.

The next day John brought his big Graflex camera, but the scenes were impossible to photograph. We saw no gators and we caught no fish in the pool, though we tried to do so. There was just the one attraction — the arrival of the ibis. They treated us every day we remained there to one of the most attractive spectacles that I ever have had the good fortune to enjoy. And any spectacle of this sort is made doubly memorable when it is observed in the company of one who is at least as thrilled as you are yourself.

3

A MAN in West Palm Beach had a scow with a house built over part of it. This I hired from time to time for trips to Lake Okeechobee. It was not luxurious, but the roof was tight and there our canoe rested. Inside there was plenty of room for our Gold Medal cots. Dr. Leonard C. Sanford and Lord William Percy, both ornithologists and our

house guests, made several trips in this craft. Frank Carlisle was guide and very much philosopher and friend also. We used to go out the West Palm Beach drainage canal to Canal Point and so to Pelican Bay on Lake Okeechobee, then as wild and untouched as any spot in Amazonas. Having anchored our "houseboat," after a leisurely but not picturesque journey of six or seven hours between the high ditch banks, we lazed away the days hunting, fishing, and observing nature generally.

Set lines, put out in the evening, provided an abundance of delicious catfish, ducks were plentiful, hearts of palms were easy to get, and from these Frank produced a good mess of cabbage, cooking them with side meat, which is white salted (not smoked) bacon. I remember to this day the taste of a young hen turkey cooked to a turn in our old iron Dutch oven that stood in the open fire in a big box of sand on three short legs and had a tight lid on which coals and embers were heaped. Thus none of the juicy vapors emanating from the bird during the process of roasting escaped. We certainly lived well.

One evening I heard a chorus of frogs that made the very welkin ring, though apparently only one species was calling, which I am sure was *Rana sphenocephala*. Frank and I shoved out in the canoe with a powerful headlight to see the show. To our surprise not a single frog was to be seen in any direction. I am sure these frogs were resting on the sandy bottom of the lake, which was very shallow where the chorus took place. Passing air from their lungs to their great blown-up throat pouch, back and forth, they thus produced the chorus under water, while respiration was taken care of by their wet skin.

One day Frank and I were out to garner a mess of coots which, though Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings apparently doesn't agree, Rosamond and I consider to be one of the most delicious birds of North America for table purposes. Their singular combination of the flavor of the shore birds with that of the best of the ducks makes them a real delicacy.

We were shooting coots when all of a sudden one of us did something, for we are both pretty big and clumsy, which capsized our canoe. I could just barely touch bottom, and I was over six feet five in those days. Frank was shorter and could not swim. He kept his head, however, and clung to the canoe, which I righted and steadied while he climbed back aboard. Bailing with his shoes, he managed to empty most of the water and then, moving to the middle of the boat, he continued the process of emptying while I ducked down, groped about, and finally recovered our guns. Frank then returned to

the stern and paddled slowly, while I clung to the bow, holding on to both sides. Our paddles luckily had not floated away. He had to push only a short distance when the water shoaled; I then had no difficulty in getting aboard.

For hunting in the woods during the dry season, which coincides in part with the open season for game, a tent is hardly necessary, and it is very pleasant to scoop out the sand and sleep beside the fire. It will be just cool enough toward dawn to make a light blanket comfortable. This is the time of year when the owls are in a romantic frame of mind, and one does not have to be an accomplished owl mocker to bring one to a pine tree right up in the firelight, where it will sit, bowing up and down and peering about, avid to meet the sought-for mate.

I know some people who dislike what they call the yelling of the birds in spring, and I must confess that on moonshiny nights the mockers do sing pretty loudly, but I consider it well worth staying awake to hear them. I think, however, that the greatest fun of all is to wake up half an hour or so before daylight anywhere in the South in springtime and to hear the birds as one by one they wake up themselves and begin to sing.

I remember one particular night in India when Ros and I sat up all night on a little spidery platform in a tree, hoping a tiger would come to eat the goat which we had staked out for him. He never came, but in the morning the birds, from peacock and junglefowl to the rollers and the bulbuls, were compensation enough for the cramped and uncomfortable night we had put in. Perhaps the most interesting amusement of all was contributed by the awakening monkeys with their ceaseless bickering. Certainly all our wildlife neighbors woke up in rare good form on this particular morning.

4

BUT to return to Florida; rattlesnakes are not sufficiently abundant to be bothersome by snuggling up against one for warmth as they do in certain localities in the Southwest. Frank and I never thought of snakes or paid any attention to them when we were hunting; in fact, I often traveled in canvas sneakers, without socks, because these were cool and dried out quickly. I think perhaps this was foolish, and I should not do it if I were hunting again today, though wet leather boots are mean footgear to tramp in.

The best quail dog I ever had was a cross between a setter and a spaniel. Finally, hunting one day, he was bitten by a snake, and although he recovered,

he was never any good thereafter. Why this should be I know not, but I have heard of many other persons who have had the same experience with dogs which have been snake-bitten. I suspect the reason he did not die was either that the snake was a small one or had recently emptied its poison glands. If an animal is bitten by a snake only a short time after the snake has killed prey for its own consumption, the amount of venom resecreted may be relatively small in quantity and do little harm.

John Phillips disliked snakes particularly, and I never could persuade him that one did not need to pay much heed to cottonmouth moccasins when they were swimming about. A snake afloat can catch a fish swimming right next to him, but a strike at a wader's leg is quite a different matter. The water provides no substance which will back up the strike. But coiled up on a little tussock or on a floating log the reptile at once becomes dangerous, and here I naturally give one just as wide a berth as John or anyone else. A snake usually takes notice when one is some little distance away. You can tell that he is alert by the way he tips up his chin. If you get too near him he will stretch open his great white mouth — hence the name "cottonmouth" by which moccasin snakes are uniformly called throughout most of the country where they occur.

I always had a good time in camp with John Phillips. John's plaintive musings over the discomfort of red-bugs, the scarcity of quail, the probability of a thundershower, the heat, and a thousand other little matters, many of them dietetic, were a constant delight. He was so delightfully whimsical and amusing, and indeed philosophical, as he uttered his observations, that one was ever waiting for his next word. I wish we might have had more trips together.

We had some grand canoe rides down the Loxahatchee River, beginning 'way at the upper end where the trees arch completely over the stream of black, deep, still water. There was an enormous gator which we saw regularly when we paddled our canoe to what we called our upper landing. Farther downstream the banks open up, the river grows wider, the ospreys wheel and call as the canoe passes near to the trees where their nests are built.

Often, holding on to the bushes on the bank down where the stream begins to be quite brackish, we stopped to watch the manatees, the most satisfactorily prehistoric-looking of all the wild creatures of our country. A big specimen is eight or nine feet long, with gray hide like an elephant and a gigantic round, flat tail, with which it can drive itself forward with astounding speed. It has queer little crooked under-front flippers which play little part in locomotion.

tion but a great part in gathering grass together on the bottom, to be consumed by the strangest mouth in any animal I know. The mouth opens, to be sure, as any other mammal's does, but the upper lip, cleft far deeper than a rabbit's, opens out in a most peculiar way, which aids in tearing the grass loose and helping to work it into a rather small mouth cavity for such a gigantic animal.

Manatees now are closely protected, but they are so delicious to eat that most crackers find it hard to refrain from taking one into camp when the opportunity offers. Not long ago a friend of mine had a conversation with an officer of one of the blimps on the coastal patrol. The officer reported that from high in the air he had seen some thirty manatees in a day while flying over the shallow waters of Biscayne Bay, right near Miami.

5

FRANK and I, when we were out alone and when we were well off by ourselves, frequently never bothered to put up our tent, taking a chance that the weather would stay fine. In early spring there are not many mosquitoes. But if we were going to be in one spot for several days, we always had a tent standing near-by whether we used it or not. For camping in warm climates the open-front tent is far more serviceable and comfortable than an A tent. The big front flap can be tied up to trees or poles to make a shady porch, or dropped to make a mosquito screen, which is highly desirable.

In localities where malaria is prevalent, I always cut heavy poles and lay them along on pieces of heavy canvas stitched to the sides of the tent and the bottom of the drop bobinet front. This arrangement prevents the entrance of mosquitoes on all sides. The best material for the tent is balloon silk treated with paraffine. This makes a light tent, one which can be rolled up into a relatively small compass and which is really 100 per cent rainproof. These matters may not, at first sight, seem to be important, but be it remembered that there are parts of Florida where malaria is not only prevalent but may be very severe.

A light floorcloth to one's tent is also extremely useful. This, with four wooden poles laid on the

three wide cuffs turned in, as it were, from the side walls and back of the tent and along the bottom of the mosquito screen drop front, makes a really safe capsule in which to sleep. I have often used a piece of balloon silk, in the form of a square about sixteen by sixteen feet with unbleached muslin sewn to it so that it hangs down two or three feet, and then have sewn on a four- or five-foot wide strip of bobinet. More unbleached muslin below this strip makes a screened-in dining room or writing room easily erected simply by hanging the contraption between conveniently placed trees.

Mosquitoes that buzz and hum do not carry malaria. The *Anopheles* stand on their heads while they bite silently, so that you can recognize them if you happen to see them. Their sting has a peculiarly fiery quality, as if you were touched with a white-hot needle — a glorified sand-fly bite, in other words.

Happily, even in the most dangerous region not every *Anopheles* mosquito is a carrier of malaria. But where there is malaria and *Anopheles* are relatively few in number, the probability that they may be infected is distinctly increased.

Anopheles begin to fly at dusk, so that whenever I was in the country where malaria is prevalent, at the times of year when the sportsmen may be camping out, I habitually ate a very early supper and then got behind my mosquito netting. At daybreak we always waited until we observed that the *Anopheles* resting on the bobinet had all flown away, and then we emerged.

For this overcautious regime, planned to protect an old hypochondriac, I have been laughed at on many occasions. I recall once at Garachine, in Panama, a Mr. Bibbins, a lumber cruiser who intended to take a jaunt into Darien to see what trees he could find capable of being worked up into valuable cabinet woods. I left him in this little town and came back there, several weeks later, to replenish our supply of rice. I asked Juan Lee, the Chinese who had a tiny store and who acted as our banker, about Bibbins. He walked me out a short distance to the little Campo Santo and pointed to a grave. It was decorated by a broken chamberpot in which a bunch of magnificent *Cattleya* orchids had faded. Poor Bibbins had scoffed for the last time at taking precautions against *Anopheles*.

NIGHT WATCH

by H. M. TOMLINSON

1

IF A visitor attempted a picture of England now, somehow to give the truth of it, what could he do? I do not know, but I can feel sorry for him. If he knew us in past years well enough to be at his ease here, so much the worse for him.

He would be found speculating, I fancy, at the end of a week with us, whether all he saw and heard had a significance undivulged; whether there was a secret England, not yet disclosed; and whether he would live long enough to find it. With luck he might remember, to his enlightenment and solace, that that is the way revolutions always are.

Yet there certainly are some things in our background simple enough to be sure of; he could take them without question as substantial. They are as firmly fixed as his own belief that evil is not good. He would find everywhere, even among the younger men whose lot is the worst hazards of battle, no doubt whatever that to begin war is an insane act, with corruption to follow.

And yet that armed conflict with the ideas Germany loosed over the world was fated. The doom of this generation, and of the traditions in which it was born, was an article of Nazi faith. The gun had to be taken, unless we all agreed to have our brains evaporated.

Nor will a visitor have to ask twice whether it is known in England that Japan exists, though the chances are he will not hear Singapore mentioned. We find that word not easy to say. But Australasia exists; and then again, China is a word that means here what Russia means, and the man who speaks grudgingly of Russia is suspected by most of us to be a warped fellow, if not a probable enemy. Still, the fire is not out next door yet; the party wall remains red-hot. Though a visitor to London, whatever his doubt or his previous suspicion, asks no question

about that; the smoke gets up his nose. Contact with a harsh fact is a persuasive argument.

An American, strolling about London, glad to see its streets again, seeking familiar haunts that have either vanished or are unrecognizable, probably gets the impression that the British metropolis, despite the defeat of Hitler's flying legions, is occupied by an invading army after all. It is a cosmopolitan army, to be sure, but in the main American. It must surprise him that Londoners are either unaware of this clear confirmation of Goebbels's prophecy of American dominion over the British, or else are taking the occupation as their proper share in the reordering of mankind's business. In truth, it does not matter which. It is too late to scare us with that stuff.

We are in the mood to accept anything, if it means fellowship; any dispensation, from men of understanding, to get release from a nightmare which has lasted ten years. The continuance of Valkyries and other ugly monsters of Teutonic aberration becomes boring and exhausting. Nor can we help speculating still, in a quiet spell, about the destiny of those trainloads of Jewish infants moved out of France long ago, without identification papers. To where, and to what? Black instances like that occur to us of something unnamable at large, and enough of them in number and hideous implication to reduce the Newgate Calendar to the mild reports of a philanthropic society; so we know what must be done, and that our men are doing it.

It is not surprising that an American should fail to find his London. I cannot find mine, and have given up hope — if hope is the right word — of seeing it again. It has gone. There is only a simulacrum to warn one that cities, like men, suffer change, and are mortal. Though we did not know it, because its presence apparently was as constant as the morning train, our accustomed city has been a view dissolving since 1914. A city is but the shadows cast by men's thoughts, which are subject to time and the

A Londoner born and bred, with seafaring in his bones, H. M. TOMLINSON turns to the Prime Minister with an admiration and an anxiety which are found in many English hearts this spring.

sun. What informs London now? Out of what desires will its future towers grow?

One can only say that the fine ideas in various charters, policies, and agreements, subscribed to by presidents and premiers, and in this promising plan and the other, are not gayly blossoming in London's vacant lots, and make no bright eyes in the daily hurry along the pavements. If you mention these spacious notions in the presence of young people, as assurance of future good, and compensation for sacrifice, the usual response is a faint smile and a cold silence. They do not altogether believe. This is a disillusioned generation.

T. E. Lawrence voiced their doubt for them in his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. "When we achieved and the new world dawned, the old men came out again and took from us our victory, and remade it in the likeness of the former world they knew. Youth could win, but had not learned to keep, and was pitifully weak against age. We stammered that we had worked for a new heaven and a new earth, and they thanked us kindly, and made their peace."

That skepticism shows also in sporadic labor troubles. Though miners and shipwrights are not unsocial, they have bitter memories. Everybody knows that brutishness is cruel in the space separating combines and mergers from their workers, and that war never does much to turn it to comeliness. It really is not higher wages these workers want, though that is what they ask for; they want faith in the golden words of statesmen, which have been known to prove spurious.

Is this year's coinage of bright currency also of base metal? They cannot be sure that the alchemy of politics will not again turn precious words into dross. All they do know is that, while laboring to drive Germany back into her place, with Japan to follow, — no light task, — they see at home influential men, no longer afraid that Hitler will soon cross the Channel, coming out boldly into daylight and, to prove that fear has left them, freely talking from the dark of the mind with the emphasis of the industrial captains of the 1840's, when *laissez faire* was the soothing remedy prescribed for the natural outcome of commercial and industrial anarchy.

This cynicism over the good intent of statesmen, a common human failing, is no more than hope finally disenchanted long ago by that government of "businessmen" — for so they called themselves — which secured control at Westminster when the last war ended, and, through ignorance, lost the peace as soon as it was won. Many of them are still busy with us. The threat of invasion, which had looked as black as Doomsday, has passed. Now war workers and others, able to breathe freely, have a

chance to reflect in the wearying and anxious fifth year of war. They are considering a little of history. This history is so recent that it is commonplace with most of the men in the fighting forces. And the conclusion to which many of them have come is simply that this war will be lost, despite victory, if commonwealth is allowed to remain a rhetorical flourish in exhortations before battle.

2

I SHOULD call that good news. It is creative understanding, but recently gained. It is a virtue latent in society. Nobody knows what will come of it, but something will come of it. We are also aware that the release of this power, one way or another, is in the hands of Winston Churchill. He is the national figure who has our destiny in his charge as surely now as in the days of Dunkirk. He is a leader in war who was at once unanimously acclaimed by the British. In extremity, his voice was known, for it sounded from the hearts of the people. It was our fortune to have a great person to express us.

Yet we are still perplexed by the fact that, having been given the glad franchise of the folk, he should afterwards have accepted as a crowning honor the headship of the party group which had rejected him a few months before the explosions began, and was largely responsible for the disadvantageous conditions in which we entered battle. This may mean no more, of course, than that he is a magnanimous man, as well as a leader of courage, fidelity, and vision, whose quickening spirit did most to avert catastrophe. Though we feel this certainty, we shall never free ourselves from the black dubiety engendered long ago by a famous Business Government. That must be reckoned with as are the fatal rocks marked conspicuously in a mariner's chart.

We maintain the hope, however, that our leader is affected not only by our gratitude, which will not fail, but by a personal intuition that human memory is not always the shallow thing some of his important associates may desire that it should ever be. It is very certain that, if the British could find it in them to face Hitler when he was triumphant and they had no help, they will have no fear, should further conflict be forced on them, of those special interests at home now recovering heart since they see they may continue to use their countinghouses without seeking leave of Berlin.

I doubt that Winston Churchill would look upon the confines and outlook of a countinghouse as a makeshift for the kind of stately pleasure dome that Kubla Khan decreed. He has never lent his name

to the countinghouses, or sought fame there, though he could easily have found it. We are not certain that he knows enough of modern economics to be fully aware of those international cartels which have turned the old furious dispute over socialism or private enterprise into moonshine. He is not acquisitive, and perhaps fails in full sympathy for men who are. He paints when at leisure, and is satisfied with a job or two about the house and garden.

These simple preferences are always of importance when we have to judge how a man may consider a supplication. But once out in the open, with a purpose, he is just as bold and imaginative an adventurer as an Elizabethan, as Sidney or Raleigh. When he was young, there being no new lands to discover in uncharted seas, no Low Countries or Spanish Main, and no dangerous intrigues in the court of an unmarried, exacting, and subtle queen of genius, he took to electoral contests, as the next best thing. Let it be said that they were sufficiently exciting, for the franchise then was wide, and the red flag was already conspicuous and audacious; indeed, politics were ruder and fiercer then than now.

He fought his elections, as you would guess, always in happy abandon of what his party wanted him to do, and usually he won. He prefers danger in circumstance, and makes it if it is not already there. After the Boer War, which was fairly brief, with no other similar entertainment in prospect, nothing was left for him but the clangor and dust of party politics. And they were tumultuous enough for even a reckless adventurer, as I can be a witness. I was one to enjoy opposing him.

Sidney and Raleigh, as we know, were soldiers who were also men of letters in the humanistic tradition, as was usual with courtly Elizabethan adventurers. Churchill is like them in that. We may doubt that he finds some modern books, praised in select intellectual circles, and said to show a signal advance in apprehension, much to his mind. He may have read them, wondered briefly and simply what all the fuss is about, and then, as easement for the labor of the day, turned to the Bible — to the Old Testament — to find words prognostic of the morrow. Though St. Paul had a manner for backsliders, the fearful, and the weak-kneed, that Churchill must surely approve. Those noble epistles, written to carry a cause new and good, had the right fructifying and expanding qualities, and show the way English prose should move when furthering a high purpose.

A grave parade of words, however stately, never endears a man to the multitude. Royal purple is

admired from a distance. It is not homespun. But our Premier is apt to pause, in the midst of his eloquence, when the comic spirit takes him. Humor, being thrifty of words, concludes the matter with a laugh. These inconsequential flashes do more than keep an audience expectant: they reveal a fellow mortal. A turn of fun shows not only balance, but an understanding of the variety of life in its infinity. While we were still watching for bargeloads of German troops and tanks to nose up our beaches, I remember a broadcast speech of his which at one point gave some of his listeners at home a chill, and then grim amusement. He had reminded us of what we must expect, — and it was nothing for comfort, — and then suddenly addressed a few words to Hitler: "We are still waiting for that invasion — and so are the fishes."

But if it is supposed that the challenge and resonance of his war speeches and writings are his best accomplishment, and you turn to his work on Marlborough, you meet Sarah, the duke's wife. When she enters the narrative she takes your attention. She is a character, and possessive, and you are glad to see her come into the story again after the pages have been long occupied by bivouacs and battle lines. Evidently the chronicler of Marlborough enjoys the play of a generous and wayward spirit in homely affairs as much as the spectacle of regiments moving through smoke to a decisive event. Humanity and its destiny engage him more, I think, than all the laws and the precedents.

I don't suppose that sense of kinship would have helped us greatly but for this war. He would not clearly have seen what to do. Like the Elizabethans, he must act as well as write, or he is frustrated. Movement unites his diverse gifts. And where was choice for action in a fenced and parceled earth? Even his own party in Parliament feared his reserve of force, and kept him out of office. He might never have risen to his mark but for the astonishment and indignation the eruption of Germany roused in him.

That was his release. He was alarmed. The menace to the best traditional motives for human effort restored to him his youth. Nations were breaking, and their accustomed standards and landmarks, as old as history, were disappearing while men stood dismayed. The bonds of civility were going, for law and good faith were losing hold in an insurrection of the uncouth and malevolent. Governments were usurped by armed bullies, and no rescue was possible without leaders of vision and energy with a simple faith in the intrinsic kindness of hapless humanity. There it was once more, most unbelievably, a world open for adventure, discovery, and settlement.

3

WHAT would be victory to us now, unless it is but the prelude? It would not be worth having. It could not justify its cost in life and labor. The world we knew has gone. That is the outstanding fact of our day, and we are beginning dimly to see it. To understand all it implies will test the quality of our knowledge, and the worth of our souls. (Let us speak of the forgotten soul again; we need not be ashamed of it.) We see our earth even darker than it was when the early navigators were barely aware of a western continent. It is darker because, while we are proud to know nearly as much as Lucifer knew, — and he was arrogant through knowledge, so the legend goes, — before he came an awful drop, we have no more lucidity with it than about enough to get us through this perilous pass. And then? Then we shall be in the open, with evil wreckage to be cleared, and communities to be re-established, we are not sure how. We only surmise that in all the vast library of political and social science there is not enough light to serve as a hand torch, as we search out a lasting base for a new society.

What do the ruin and sorrow about us mean except that, whatever else informed our activities in the past, it was not common sense? May it now be supposed at last that the advice to do to others as we would have them do to us is worth trying, after all? Certainly our equipment for this new adventure, which may prove man's final effort to get nearer a true course, is adequate. We feel that. The mechanical aids of the explorers in the past to learn their whereabouts, to find their position and set a course into the unknown, cannot help us.

The kingdom we would find has no geographical marks. It is not described in books, and is unknown in those vast regions of influence apportioned among industrial monarchs in their secret cartels for controlling us. It is useless to seek it in this august authority or that. We cannot leave the discovery of it to our leaders. It is not here, and not there. We can only look within. It is amazing that this should be found at all strange in a society of Christian men. What, can't we see our civilization is perishing? And do we not know, in this hour, of the reason why it should die?

Each of us must choose, and stand by his choice at all hazards. What choice will Winston Churchill make? His responsibility, when this passage is made, will be graver than ever before rested on an English Prime Minister. Nothing like it has happened before in our history. We cannot believe he will attempt to turn our faces backward. It would

be better for London to be as ancient Memphis, than that we should go back to the injustice, the inequity, and the social cruelty that ultimately were the cause of this world revolution.

The spirit of man, and his peaceful possession of the gifts of sun and earth, and the need he feels at times to learn of an origin and purpose never yet revealed, are of first importance. Unless these are secured, the rest turns to corruption. The speed, output, and profit of numberless revolving wheels, and of oil, iron and coal, and uncounted ships, and of ever increasing cities, are not comparable. They come afterward. What is the choice we have? Of life, or death.

The critics and philosophers are still trying to confuse us over the distinction between the dream and the business, between the romantic and the real — as if reality did not transcend the most exorbitant fancies of the fabulists; and but for that I should call Churchill a romanticist. He wonders over the mystery of existence. If a traveler finds himself alone in the Parthenon as the sun sets, or happens all unexpectant into Toledo Cathedral, he knows in a moment there is something in the striving of man which has never yet found full release in poetry or art, though now and again it sounds in music like a brief escape of harmony from a world not this.

And so Churchill, in a way now old-fashioned, has made his humble submission to the suggestions and the values the masters have learned from Greece and Palestine. Art, we have been assured by some recent experts, should be amoral; at its highest it should be quite clear of human attributes. It is no good turning to the amoral for light on our affairs. Anyhow, we have had enough of inhumanity. As for economics, what has morality, we are asked severely, to do with that department of science? I myself think that economics without morality is the east wind for empty bellies, and a cause of dry rot in good juicy brains.

Should evidence for this be needed, look around. Read your newspaper. You see at a glance that political economy cannot be kept out of the headlines, and so must occasion emotional response. Daily in antiphon these headlines cry out in hatred of communism or in praise of communion. May it be mentioned, therefore, that this fierce debate is nothing new? It was not occasioned by Russia. Indeed, it is as old as the difference between rich and poor, or between fair play and foul. There is no compulsion on a student to begin with Marx.

The English tradition in the humanities is at least as old as *Utopia*, which was first published in Louvain in 1516, under the editorship of Erasmus, a friend of Sir Thomas More. That wise and witty

book, unique in the library of political science because to read it is a pleasure, ought to be in the hands of all who have authority over our destiny. Dean Swift, whose virility is never questioned, once called the noble, gentle, and courageous author of *Utopia* "the person of the greatest virtue that this age has ever produced."

4

A word which is now scaring timid people everywhere had no terror for Sir Thomas, who, however, had the heart to oppose without fuss his lusty monarch, Henry VIII, with the inevitable result. The word pictured for him not a reign of terror, but of peace. Though it makes us nervous, the word has its origin in no more than the idea of mutual trust. It was understood by Adam and Eve. It did not scatter the early Christians, but held them in a brotherhood which withstood the Roman Empire. By what are we alarmed?

It is men and women that matter, and their welfare, first and always. Fellowship is above possessions, and transcends frontiers. We cannot doubt that Churchill has read *Utopia*, and it would be improper to suggest that he regards that masterpiece as no more than the origin of an epithet to dismiss a dream of impossible good. The New Testament could be dismissed for the same reason, and the churches all shut, or else turned into unfrequented museums where useless but curious sermons from mounts and elsewhere could be preserved from worms and dust under glass.

How shall we choose?

Nobody clearly knows yet, in Washington, Moscow, or London. That is why miners and others are restless, and young soldiers write home puzzled over so queer a matter as the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories, asking what it means, and whether or not they are to overcome or establish Fascism. Is it right for generals and admirals to be politicians, they ask, but not privates and sailors? So it is not surprising that the Russians can match our doubts of Moscow with a dubious thought or two about us. When I met two American friends in London of late, who were eager to learn how things are with us, these indirections and hesitations were about all I could pass on.

I discovered, while with them, that my chief concern was to assure them that when the English show uneasiness over Americans, it is because we are well aware that, without their weight and good will, what ought to be done will never be done. After victory, if each of the victorious powers should seek

its own, we shall have but an uneasy leisure to count our losses, suspect all things, and wait for the next war while air-transport corporations quarrel over rights, claims, and privileges. And who would enjoy that prospect? It would be but waiting in the dark, listening for the drone of oncoming bombers.

They are the reasons, though there are others, why a Londoner cannot by daylight find his accustomed city. By day the capital is provisional. The opinions of his neighbors are eddying and veering. Only at night, in loneliness, does his place reappear. It is the abode again of thought and memory. It is populous with ghosts. Affection, driven in by the loud demands, and by the sights and sounds of war, comes out in the twilight with the shadows of what is immemorial and dedicated.

London's streets, after the hour of black-out, are of the past, but continue on as ever to what youth may achieve where all is unnamed and unformed. All good things are possible. It is not dark. The stars are out; for again at night over London, after years of absence, the stars have come back to look at us. They are no longer put out by the lower bold glare of our activities, which are, after all, more inscrutable, more terrifying, than the faint glimmer of the Pleiades. Reality and the heavens are nearer to us at night. Assurance returns in loneliness, and it gives the latest news of the hour the importance already of scattered relics that have but small relation to what is for the future, latent in the quality of our fellows. Have we not ourselves witnessed the heights to which our youth can rise? Who would dare attempt to limit the virtue in that?

From an outlook in central London in the hour when, dark and brooding, the city is waiting silently for the next call in war, for the searchlights to go up and the guns to shake us, there our own place is again. We have it still. Its black parapets and towers are uplifted among the glittering constellations, coeval with eternity. It is a strangely beautiful London to a watcher whose duty is on the ramparts at night, as mysterious as a city of Eastern fable. Old Samarkand was like this. It is antiquity in continuity. You might think it irrevocably set in the past, remote from a new day; but, looking out over it the other night, trying to get my bearings, I could not find the star I sought. At that point over there it should have been, and at that moment. Was I mistaken in my outlook, or had a star failed me? Yet as I watched, quite still, puzzled and uncertain of myself, doubting the very aspect of the heavens, there suddenly the bright star was. It had been hidden briefly by something mundane. The earth was shouldering into the east. We were on our way.

HIS OCEANIC MAJESTY'S GOLDFISH

by AUSTIN STRONG

1

THE large mustache was my father, the beautiful dark eyes my mother. I was aware of tears, champagne glasses, laughing speeches, and farewell shouts as we stood at the ship's rail looking back at Meiggs Wharf and the receding city of San Francisco.

Our heavy sails turned to iron as the northeast wind struck them with a howl, sending the tiny schooner scudding through Golden Gate to breast the angry Pacific waiting outside to pounce on us. Suddenly everything went mad; screaming sea gulls were blown high; the vessel leaped into the air and fell on her side, half capsized by a knockdown flaw, her lee rail disappearing under a wash of green water and foaming suds.

The young couple fell to the deck clutching their small son. They laughingly held me between them as we all three slid down the careening deck to be rescued in the nick of time by grinning brown sailors smelling of tar, coconut oil, and chewing tobacco. One of them, at the request of my mother, tied a double bowline around my waist, making the end fast to a ring bolt on the white deck.

Here I was tethered, a none too safe prisoner, every day for fourteen terrifying days. Tied to that slanting, heaving floor, which was half under water the whole length of the ship, I was buffeted, jerked off my feet, stung by flying spray, deafened by the never ending roar of the wind and sea.

Green waters full of iridescent bubbles snatched at my feet when they swept by, leaving long damp stains on the deck. The winds blew up my sleeves, whipping my hair in all directions. Everywhere there was wild excitement — banging of blocks, angry shouts, sudden rushings of the crew to take in or let out the main and jib sheets. No one had to

tell me that our lives were in the four hands of the two struggling men at the wheel and that the angel with the dark wings was hovering over our masts.

The large mustache would prick my cheek as my father brought his reassuring face close to mine, while my mother held me safe, and together they would sing to keep fear away from me. I would look into the eyes of my mother, searching for any sign of anxiety in the clear, quiet depths, and finding none I would breathe again, feeling the iron band about my heart relax. I caught the infection of their happiness and we would all laugh together for no reason at all. •

They were filled with high hope, for riches and honors lay ahead of us. No wonder they were gay, for had not our good rich friend commissioned my father to go to Honolulu to paint a picture of the volcano Mauna Loa in full eruption? And hadn't they an important letter of introduction to a real king who sat on a real throne, wore a real crown, and lived in a real palace, His Oceanic Majesty, King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Archipelago?

Since we were too poor to afford tickets on a Pacific liner, our benefactor had given us free passage on one of his trading schooners, the *Consuelo*, and these two babes in the wood, with their solemn offspring, were blown at last around Diamond Head under the lee of Punch Bowl into the breathless heat of Honolulu Harbor, dangerous seas now far behind, fame and fortune beckoning us from the shores.

A long, graceful boat manned by singing natives in uniform shot out from the King's boathouse. She was dazzling white, with a canvas awning the length of her and a gilded crown on either side of her bow. This was the royal barge coming alongside with tossed oars to row us ashore in state.

We went to live in a wooden cottage that might have been taken from a child's picture book. It was set back from Fort Street, almost lost in a fragrant garden of big leaves and strange-looking flowers.

An American born in San Francisco, AUSTIN STRONG spent most of his boyhood in the South Seas. He lived with his parents at Vailima, Samoa. His grandmother was Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, and his mother was Stevenson's amanuensis. In later years his New England blood called him back to Nantucket, where he lives and writes.

Young attachés and their wives from all the legations annexed my parents with joy, and our wide veranda fairly glistened with naval gold lace from the British, French, Russian, and Chilean men-o'-war. My gay parents must have been a godsend to those exiles of every nationality.

I lived to the tune of their laughter and endless parties, but in spite of belonging to the King's set, in spite of my father's success as an artist, I was not happy. The children who lived on our street looked down their noses at me.

It was the fashion in those days to have at the entrance of one's driveway half a tub constantly filled by a pipe with fresh water for the horses. The rich people had handsome tubs painted with bright colors at their gates and, to add to their prestige, their tubs were alive with goldfish. Ours was old and unpainted, a shabby affair with rusty hoops, and, alas, contained no fish. The neighboring children made faces at me and with an ancient malice insisted that we were too poor to have goldfish in our disreputable tub. It troubled me that my hilarious parents had no idea that we were losing face with our neighbors' children, but boy-like I kept my suffering to myself.

One day the Japanese attachés from the legation across the way came over for lunch. They were dressed like dark butterflies in their national costume. I stood on the outer edge of the veranda and overheard them telling about the beautiful double-tailed goldfish the Emperor of Japan had just sent to King Kalakaua and how they had emptied them officially that morning into the lily pond of the royal Kapiolani Park. They told my mother these sacred fish were very rare and belonged to the royal family of Japan.

My heart skipped a beat; I was stabbed by a sudden overwhelming desire. In one moment I had become a thief. From then on I saw nothing but an imperial fish swimming in our battered tub, giving face to my carefree parents and despair to my enemies.

Kapiolani Park was out of town near Waikiki, and it cost five cents to go there in the mule-car. Finding I had ten cents in my tin-can bank, I dashed up to the friendly old Chinese groceryman at the head of our street and for five cents bought a ball of red, white, and blue string. I then took two bright new pins from my Portuguese nurse's sewing basket and plunged into action.

This was my first adventure alone into the great out-of-doors away from the safe and protected area under my nurse's eye. With a pounding heart I hailed the mule-car, a wide open-air affair with a cool covering of white canvas and bobbing tassels.

It was driven by a barefoot Kanaka with a sleepy face. I held up a timid finger and to my astonishment I was obeyed — the car stopped at my command. I felt important and apologetic at the same time when I found I was the only passenger, for it was the hot, buzzy time of the afternoon when everyone retires for a siesta.

With one wheel flat and squeaking, we swayed and bumped along through the deserted city, down freshly watered avenues kept in perpetual twilight by the shade of flowering trees overhead. The air was filled with the stinging scent of roasting coffee and burnt sugar, while over all hung the redoubtable smell of distant Chinatown, that potent mixture of teeming humanity, rotting fish, sandalwood, and incense.

2

I HEARD a warning voice within as I paid my carfare with my last remaining nickel. It whispered, "How are you going to come back with no money?" But I shut my ears tight, and going forward with a pounding heart, I sat close to the driver as we came out of the city into the blinding white road which ran along the shore.

"Want to drive?" he asked, smiling through an enormous yawn as he held out the reins. I clutched the stiff hot leathers while the driver disappeared inside, curled up on the bench, and promptly fell asleep. This was my first meeting with responsibility. Though my bare feet were being burned alive by the heat of the sun on the platform, I stood motionless.

The mule, with his large ears encased in netted fly-bags, feeling the hand of inexperience, promptly relaxed and reduced his speed to a crawl. He dragged us at a snail's pace along the edge of the beach and I could see the lines on lines of charging surf running white over the hidden reefs. To the left I could see half-naked Chinese, with their big cone-shaped hats, working like animated mushrooms, thigh-deep in mud, planting rice in the flat watery fields against a background of green mountains.

We crept along until at last the mule stopped of himself, poked his head around his stern, whisked a fly away with his tail, and looked at me with distaste. The driver woke with a start, shouting automatically as if I were a full carload of passengers: "All out for Kapiolani Park!"

I thanked him politely as he lifted me down in front of the entrance to the Park and I asked him to read me a freshly painted sign at the side of the gates. He slowly read the words: "Fishing in the

Park is strictly prohibited and will be punished with the full severity of the law. — KALAKAUA, REX”

I stood rooted to the ground as the driver, with a sleepy grin, drove the bobbing mule-car around a curve and out of sight, leaving me with my ball of twine, my pins, and my pockets empty of money. I stood for a time stunned. “Full severity of the law” meant only one thing when a king caught you. Your head was chopped off on a block of wood in the Tower of London and popped into a basket. Slowly I drew half circles in the dust with my big toe, waiting for my heart to quiet down.

By fine degrees courage returned to me. It came first in the shape of curiosity. I edged my way slowly through the gates, tiptoeing out of the blinding heat into the chill cathedral gloom of the Park. I saw two Chinese gardeners sweeping the driveway. Again I stood still for a long time. Finding they paid no attention to me, I took a few cautious steps farther in and once more became rooted to the ground, for there, quite near me, squatting on his haunches, was a half-naked Chinese with the face of a joss-house mask. He was cutting the grass with an evil-looking scimitar. Standing still until he had worked himself out of sight round a tree, I dashed off the roadway across a lawn into a beautiful Chinese garden with gray stone lanterns, pagodas, and frog-faced lions goggle-eyed with ferocity.

I came to a pond filled with water lilies, the edges of their enormous pads, neatly turned up, like little fences. A moon-bridge arched over the still water and I climbed the slippery incline, which is very steep until the circle flattens out on top; here I lay on my stomach, quaking. Guilt had laid a cold hand on me. I was a robber in a royal domain.

Placing my straw hat beside me and slowly raising my head, I looked carefully about for sign of a human being, but apparently this garden was a place apart. It was empty of life save for one pink flamingo who stared at me suspiciously. I peered down into the pool below and saw a small white object which stared up at me with frightened eyes. It was my own face reflected among the lilies.

Then I saw them! I couldn't believe my good luck. I had found them at last, the noble goldfish of the Emperor of Japan. Prodigious fellows, obviously aristocrats of high degree, wearing feathery fins and tails like court trains, trailing clouds of glory.

Quickly I bent a pin, and fastening it to the end of my red, white, and blue string I lowered it, hand over hand, into the liquid crystal below. The leisurely fish, as bright as porcelain, glided haughtily past my pin, not deigning to notice it. Why I

thought a fish would swallow my baitless hook I do not know. It was a triumph of hope over experience, however, for after I had lain patiently on my stomach for a long time the miracle happened!

A large, dignified grand duke of a goldfish, attracted by the brightness of my pin, made the stupid mistake of thinking it was something good to eat. He slowly opened his bored face and swallowed it. A hard tug nearly toppled me off the bridge. I hauled up the sacred fish and soon had him indignantly flopping beside me, where he spat out the hook with disdain and would have flopped off the bridge had I not covered him with my straw hat. Again I peered around, now guilty in fact, for the deed was done.

The flamingo was still there, standing motionless on one leg, staring at me with an unblinking, accusing eye. In panic I hastily stuffed the fish into the crown of my hat, and jamming it on my head, with the victim struggling inside, I flew with the heels of terror out into the open road.

3

TO MY dismay I found the day almost spent as I ran before a following wind; the whole sky was afire with a red sunset which threw my gigantic shadow like a dancing hobgoblin far ahead of me on the wide road.

The awful voice spoke to me again. “There, what did I tell you? You have no money, so now you have an all-night walk in the dark.”

But my only thought was how to keep my fish alive until I got him in our tub. I saw a wide irrigation ditch, which fed the paddy fields with water, running by the side of the road. Slipping down the bank, I removed my hat, and holding the fish by his golden tail, I plunged him into the water, arguing that to a fish this was like a breath of air to a suffocated man.

I held him under until he grew lively again and then I went on my interminable journey, running fast along the road, slipping down to the side of the ditch to souse my imperial highness until he revived enough for the next lap. I don't know how many times I did this, or how many hundred feet I had advanced along the way, but my legs began to ache and my head swam with weariness and wet fish. Then suddenly I was in the midst of warning shouts, angry men's voices, stamping horses, jingling harness, military commands — a carriage had nearly run over me.

I was too young to know about palace revolutions and the necessity for armed escorts. I only knew I

was terrified to find myself surrounded by grave men on horseback. An officer leaped from his saddle and stood before me.

I had the presence of mind to jam my prize under my hat as I was led to a shining C-spring victoria which smelled of elegance, varnish, polished leather, and well-groomed horses.

In it rode a fine figure of a man, calm and immaculate in white ducks and pipe-clayed shoes. He sat in noble repose, his strong face, his hands, and his clothes dyed crimson by the tropical sunset. My heart began to jump about, for I recognized the face which was stamped on all the silver coins of his island realm. He wore his famous hat made of woven peacock quills as fine as straw, with its broad band of tiny sea shells. He eyed me gravely as I stood in the road before him, wet to the skin, with muddy hands and feet, my fish violently protesting under my hat. Would he order his soldiers to execute me on the spot?

"Why, it's Mrs. Strong's little boy!" the deep voice was saying. "What are you doing so far away from home?"

I was speechless.

"Your mother must be very anxious. Come, get in and I'll take you home."

The officer deposited me, dirty and damp, on the spotless cushion beside the King. An order rang out and away we dashed, a fine cavalcade with outriders galloping ahead and men on horseback thundering behind.

His Majesty began to question me tactfully, trying, as is the way with kings, to put his guest at ease, but the fish was too much on my mind and head. I realized it would soon die if I held my tongue, but if I told, what would be my punishment? Try as I might, I couldn't hold back unmanly tears. The King removed his cigar in concern.

"Are you in pain, Austin?" he asked. I began to shake all over in an agony of indecision. "Won't you tell me what's the matter?"

I heard another and a craven voice blurting out of me.

"Oh, please don't cut off my head!" it cried.

The King replied gravely, "I have no intention of cutting off your head."

Removing my hat, I showed him his gift from the Emperor of Japan. The King raised a hand, the cavalcade came to a halt, again the officer was alongside. The King cried, "Stop at the nearest horse trough. Be quick!"

Away we flew, the King with his arm about me, trying vainly to comfort me as I saw my fish growing weaker and weaker. At last we drew up in front of a native hut. I jumped out and plunged my fish into an overflowing horse trough while the King and his men looked on with polite interest. A native was sent running for a large calabash, and the fish was put in it, his sacred life spared, his dignity restored.

I was rolled home in triumph, fast asleep against His Majesty's protecting shoulder, to be roused by shouts of laughter from my relieved parents, who were astounded by my royal return. They watched me with puzzled faces as, struggling with sleep, I staggered away from them to empty my golden prize into our tub.

No one ever knew why I stole that fish; wild horses couldn't drag an explanation from me. I woke very early the next day and crept out through the cool shadows of the morning across the wet lawn in my bare feet and peered anxiously into our tub. There, sure enough, was the grand duke swimming proudly in our shabby barrel, restoring face to my parents and raising their social standing in the society of my enemies.

There is no moral to this story — in fact, it is a most unmoral one, for later that morning a smart equerry on horseback, dressed in a glistening uniform, dismounted before our gate. He came bearing a large gilt-bordered envelope on which was stamped the crown of Hawaii.

It was a royal grant to one Master Austin Strong, giving him permission to fish in Kapiolani Park for the rest of his days. It was signed "Kalakaua, Rex."

NIHONGO—THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE

by BRUCE LANCASTER

I

WHEN the bombing of Pearl Harbor forced a declaration of war against Japan, it became at once apparent that this country would need large numbers of Americans able to speak and read the language of the enemy. To meet this need there existed only the relatively small number of Army, Navy, and State Department men who had been assigned to Tokyo as language students, and a still smaller number of civilians who had, in one way or another, acquired varying degrees of competence. Beyond these, there were scattered yearners who became mistily soulful about Japanese flower arrangement and the dainty boredom of the tea ceremony, and uncounted millions who for years had turned their backs resolutely on Japan and things Japanese.

To create a corps of linguists, the government enlisted the aid of many universities, most of which had had no experience in Oriental studies. There were students in abundance, but in many cases teachers and textbooks were lacking.

The teacher problem should not have been so acute. Until 1933, there were several thousand Americans resident in Japan. Unfortunately, very few of those thousands could speak a sentence of Japanese or read an ideograph. While it is not flattering to national pride, it must be said that in this blindness we offended more than any other nationality. A businessman of thirty years' residence in the country told me with relish that he not only did not know a word of Japanese, but that he did not want to. "If they want to talk to me," he announced, "let 'em talk white man's talk." Be-

side him may be set an Englishman, also an old-timer, who tried to get across to a Japanese the idea of Lindbergh's flight. The best he could do was to call a plane (for which there is a Japanese word, of course) a *nikai jidosha*, meaning "second-floor automobile" — which was a tribute to his ingenuity if not to his intellectual curiosity.

Thus our national aversion to an exotic tongue canceled almost entirely what should have been an asset. At the present time most of our staffs are manned by returned missionaries (although some whom I knew were capable of little more than pidgin talk), American-born Japanese of tested loyalty, a few native-born Japanese even more carefully tested, and some Koreans. An important task lies in the hands of this group, few members of which are trained teachers.

The problem of textbooks was about as difficult. Even in Tokyo, the center of language study, such volumes were not easy to find, particularly dictionaries. So the first work of the new faculties lay in the creation of modern texts, geared to a highly accelerated course. Out of these texts should come something really definitive and American for future students.

Should a prospective student ask: "What is the Japanese language?" of two or more philologists, he might well precipitate a savage battle. One school holds that it belongs to the Ural-Altaic group and hence is vaguely associated with Korean, Mongol, Manchu, and, to the layman's astonishment, Turkish and Finnish. Another group clings to a theory of Polynesian origin, which it backs with a wealth of illustration and some heat. A third states flatly that it belongs to no known group and is, in fact, a linguistic sport. All three do meet on one point, and in meeting shatter a widespread misconception: in no way is it akin to Chinese, save for words borrowed from the Chinese by the Japanese.

A grammarian, waving aside the philologists, might content himself with saying that it is a pov-

BRUCE LANCASTER spent five years in Japan as a member of the Foreign Service of our State Department before returning to home soil to write those historical novels, *Guns of Burgoyne* and *Bright to the Wanderer*, which have established him as an author. During his years at Kobe and along the Japanese coast, he learned to speak Japanese and to read the *kata-kana* script. Since his return to this country he has kept up an active interest in the intricacy and the peculiar derivative quality of the Japanese language.

erty-stricken tongue of a poverty-stricken group of islands. Pressed further, he might add that it is an agglutinative tongue, expressing its ideas in long, involved sentences loosely basted together with particles; that its nouns do not have gender, number, or case; that its verbs are not inflected for number or person; and that its adjectives and adverbs do not vary in form when used comparatively.

The rival claims of the philologists belong in the realm of science and may well be left there. But the observations of the grammarian have a direct bearing on the problems with which our soldiers, civilians, and faculties are wrestling today in many universities.

2

THAT the Japanese language is poverty-stricken must be apparent to any new student almost at his first plunge. Linguistically speaking, Japan has always been a debtor nation that has borrowed enormously and lent almost nothing. This poverty becomes apparent from the extent of borrowing from China alone.

In early contacts with that country, the Japanese were confronted with innumerable ideas and objects utterly unfamiliar to their own experience. To express these, they lifted the Chinese word bodily, approximated its pronunciation as nearly as possible, and incorporated it into their own tongue. If it was to serve as a verb, they added that most useful Japanese word *suru*, meaning "to do" or "to make." So when the idea of *study* came to Japan, there was probably no suitable native word to express it and they promptly took over the Chinese noun *benkyo*, added their own *suru*, and blandly unveiled the new thought: *benkyo suru*, "to do or make study." Often, through linguistic snobbery, the Chinese word replaced a Japanese word as being more elegant, more *johin*.

I doubt if it would be possible to state the exact number of words that have crossed the China Sea under this philological Lend-Lease, but some idea of the amazing proportion of loans may be had by running through a dictionary. Captain Brinkley's 1896 compilation, opened at random, shows ten Chinese words in a column of twenty-two, four in another column of eighteen, and seven in one of twenty.

It was thought by some that the Westernization of Japan, with its consequent introduction of new words and ideas, might permanently oust China as a source of linguistic loans. To an important extent, Western words have come in, but China still reigns supreme. When the Japanese were faced with what the West brought them, they flew back over

the well-worn path and came up with more old Chinese words: *dempo* for a telegram, *denwa* for a telephone, *shashin* for a photograph, and so on, adding a Japanese verb when necessary.

A good deal of history may be traced from Western words that have been built into the language. The first occurrence of a Portuguese or Spanish word may be placed between about 1550 and 1640, the former date approximating the first Western contacts and the latter marking the closing of the country to all foreigners save the Dutch, who were still there when Perry arrived. While the Portuguese-Spanish stay was relatively brief and ended over three hundred years ago, a few words still linger to show the Iberian trace. There is a famous sponge cake made near Nagasaki called *kasutera*, a word which looks and sounds quite Japanese, but which is, in fact, a corruption of the Portuguese form of the word *Castile*. Also *pan* for bread, *kappa* for a cape, *biidoro* (*vitro*) for glass, still remain, although *garasu*, a corruption of the English *glass*, seems more in use than the old Iberian form.

It is odd that the Dutch, who were in Japan from 1601 down to our day, seem to have left no trace on the language. Nor did the first English, whose stay was brief.

With the reopening of the country, a deluge of Western words, mostly English and American in origin, swept over the country and, like earlier borrowings, were incorporated into the tongue as everyday Japanese words, often with a special ideograph assigned to express them. From many of these borrowings we may ascertain quite accurately what was new and unheard-of in what the West brought, and when a given innovation appeared.

For example, old prints and much older paintings show that the Japanese had cattle. We may deduce that such animals were used almost entirely for draft until recent times, when we find that nearly all words describing dairy products are modern English borrowings. Our *butter* has become the Japanese *bata*; *milk* is *miruku* and the substance called *aisu-kurimu* is as much like ice cream as the corrupted word resembles the original phrase.

A shirt is a *shatsu* or *waishatsu*, from *shirt* or *white shirt*, the original sense of the *wai* being largely lost, so that one may buy at Daimaru's a blue *waishatsu*. *Collar* quickly became *kara*, and a Japanese who put on too much side was called *hai-kara* (*high collar*) in exactly the same sense that we apply the term "high-hat." A drugstore cowboy is a *mobo* and his bobby-sock counterpart is a *moga*, these being corruptions and contractions of our *modern boy* and *modern girl*. A torrid Hollywood film at Kobe's Shochiku-za was billed as *100 passento*

ero (100 per cent erotic) and the Imperial Railways gravely advertised their crack trains as 100 *passento sabisu* (100 per cent service).

I remember seeing Mr. *Beibu* (Babe) Matsui of Meiji drive a fast ball into the vast Koshien bleachers, whereat the crowd bawled: "*Homuranu!*" An English friend of mine was puzzled at a blaring radio during the great Inter-Prefectural Baseball Series, which bawled out the details of a *doburu purei* (double play), Mori to Nishi to Ono. I myself was surprised to hear a crowd at a Rugby match greet a seventy-yard punt by Mr. Mishima of Kyoto Teidai with screams of "*Naisu kiku* (Nice kick)!"

A scholar, coming across a borrowed word in a manuscript, could probably ascribe quite closely the earliest possible date at which it could have been written, whether the word was *benkyo* (study) or *sabisu* (service).

Against this wholesale importation, there is almost nothing to set on the credit side of the ledger. I can recall only five words that have found a fairly secure lodgment in other tongues: *hara-kiri* (which radio announcers and columnists distort horribly), *kimono*, *mikado*, *ju-jitsu*, and *geisha*. Of these five, only two — *geisha* and *kimono* — are commonly used by the Japanese. *Hara-kiri* is usually replaced by the more elegant Chinese *seppuku*. The Emperor is alluded to by various circumlocutions such as the archaic *Dairi*, *Tenno-Heika*, and others; *judo* seems to have been preferred to *ju-jitsu*.

3

IT WOULD be hard to find a more simple language than Japanese to pronounce, whether native words or loans are considered, for the latter are given Japanese form and molded to the standard pattern. Generally speaking, all syllables are uniformly accented and, when the word is written in *Romaji* (our script), each letter is pronounced. So we have *Mo-ri-ta* (a family name meaning Woodfield), *a-ra-shi* (storm), and Prince *Ko-no-e* (not K'noyah).

The few exceptions are quickly assimilated. *Shita* (below, under) becomes *sh'ta* alone or in compounds, so the General is *Ya-ma-sh'ta* (not Y'ma-shita). The sound *g* often has an *ng* quality that is hard to catch and may be best rendered thus: *NAN-GASAKI* (Nagasaki) or *TOKUnGAWA* (Tokugawa).

The only sound which the Japanese habitually abuse is *u*, the verb form *masu* being usually pronounced almost *mas'*, while the *Ikuta* Shrine in Kobe is something very like *Ik'fta*. Another pitfall is the word *hito* (person), alone or in combinations,

for the *h* is given an almost Germanic *ch* value and the *i* is blurred, so the sound becomes *ch'to* and not *hee-to* as one might expect.

For the rest, the sailing is quite clear, the billows being further smoothed by the fact that there is little variation in pronunciation from one end of the Empire to the other — certainly far less than one would find between Dallas, Texas, and Bangor, Maine. In Osaka and sometimes in Kyoto you will hear the negative suffix *sen* rendered as *hen*, but such small points cause little or no trouble.

A student soon realizes that he cannot pronounce *kakke* (beriberi) and *kaki* (oyster) as carelessly as in English, and will come to articulate *kak-ke* in one case and *ka-ki* in the other. He will see that vowel qualities may change the meaning of two seemingly similar words, such as *ho-hei* for infantry and *hō-hei* for field artillery. If he is a military student he will grasp at once the difference between *go-chō* (corporal) and *gō-cho* (porcupine), while still appreciating a certain factual similarity between the two.

As Chinese lacks the *r* sound, so Japanese lacks *l*. But this is by no means the only one missing. *Si, di, du, hu, zi, ti, tu* do not appear in the language, nor have I ever encountered a Japanese who could successfully cope with them. Similarly absent are all *f* sounds except *fu*, and all *v* sounds. Herbert Hoover's patronymic becomes, in Japanese, *Fu-fu-a*, *Fu-bu-a*, or even *Fu-ba*.

All Japanese words and syllables, except those ending in *n*, which is the only final consonant they will allow, must end in a vowel. This, with the missing sounds noted above, accounts for such distortions as *miruku* for *milk*, *ta-ku-shi* for *taxi* and (although they have a perfectly good word of their own, *benjo*) *do-bu-ru shi* for *W.C.* While we hear stories from the Pacific Zone of great numbers of Japanese soldiers who "speak English perfectly," I must say that I have never met a Japanese who could overcome these stumbling blocks. To one particular Japanese, who had been nearly forty years in this country without returning home, I was always *Meesuta Rankasuta*.

4

GIVEN an agglutinative system whereby one may build word on word apparently at will, given a remarkably simple method of pronunciation and a vocabulary studded with recognizable terms borrowed from our own tongue, Japanese should be a fairly easy language to master. As a matter of fact, it is rivaled in difficulty only by Chinese and possibly Russian, because of a variety of factors.

One of the great obstacles is the method of writing employed throughout the Empire—the ideograph or *kanji*. Estimates of the number of characters in use vary with every authority, for of the known thousands—possibly as high as 80,000—each is capable of wide variation.

By living in Japan it is quite possible to acquire a very fair ability to speak the language without mastering the *kanji*. But thus the written language remains a closed book, and one's vocabulary grows slowly, which is not the case of a student trying to master French on the spot, where every newspaper, every signboard, every scrap of print, passes before him like a moving lexicon.

These brain-paralyzing and eye-torturing *kanji* are, once again, borrowed from the Chinese. There is dispute over just when they were introduced, but Sir George Sansom puts it in the neighborhood of A.D. 400. There is, however, no doubt about *how* the loan was made.

Up to that disputed time, Japan had no written language. When the need for one became slowly apparent, the nation turned to China instead of originating an indigenous system of notation. To a certain extent, this was simple in so far as the mere recording of meaning was concerned. The *kanji* for *mountain* (which looks like a sports writer's symbol for a three-base hit to center field) clearly conveys the idea of a cluster of peaks, and there was no reason why a Japanese might not read it as *yama* or a Chinese as *shan*. As Sansom points out, the character stands for a definite object regardless of the sound attached to it, just as 4 may be read as *four*, *quatre*, *quattros*, or *vier*.

Difficulties arose when the Japanese wanted to indicate their own sounds by means of Chinese symbols. This led to their using a given *kanji* phonetically, regardless of the Chinese meaning. An early Japanese who had to write down the idea of *Kyoto* would search until he found a *kanji* that approximated the sound of *Kyo* and another for *to*.

The confusion resulting from such artificial creation continues down to the present day. In some cases, Chinese sounds have been retained. In others, Japanese translations have been substituted or even added, giving several readings to one *kanji*. The symbol for *man* may be rendered as *nin* or *jin*, both Chinese, or *hito*, Japanese.

A few moments spent in any public place will furnish examples of the difficulties which this system presents to the Japanese themselves. A citizen having business at the *Kencho* (Prefectural Office) may give his name orally. The official who writes it down must ask what characters the man uses. If a card or seal is presented, it must be ascertained just how the

individual reads the *kanji*, for the sound *ki* alone has two hundred and six different meanings and may be expressed by nearly as many different *kanji*. Many other sounds are as bad or worse.

The reading of *kanji* is further complicated by a habit of taking, when two *kanji* are used together, half of each *kanji* and applying an alternative reading to it. In early railroading days the line connecting the old provinces of Harima and Tajima was known as the *Ban-Tan* line. This name was derived from the fact that the first of the two *kanji* forming *Harima* was pronounced in some other contexts as *Ban* instead of *Ha*. The first *kanji* of *Tajima* is often pronounced *Tan*. There still are, I suppose, two tramlines connecting Kobe and Osaka. One was called the *Han-Shin*, the other the *Han-Kyu*, both names being formed from fragments of *Kobe* and *Osaka*. To a Japanese, this practice is entirely intelligible and logical.

Because the whole structure of the Japanese language has always differed widely from Chinese, it is obvious that Japanese sentences cannot be formed from the borrowed *kanji* alone. About the eighth century of the Christian era, two phonetic scripts called *kana* came into being, *kata-kana* and *hira-gana*, the *k* changing in the latter to *g* for euphony as the Japanese understand it. These scripts or syllabaries are the closest that the Japanese have come to developing an alphabet, although they are far from the Western idea of an alphabet. Formed from fragments of *kanji*, they represent syllables and run *pa*, *pi*, *pu*, *pe*, *po*, and so on, covering only those sounds of which the Japanese is capable. The only single sounds are the vowels and the lone terminal consonant *n*.

These *kana* were first used to supply constructions and parts of speech peculiar to Japanese, and to allow the *kanji* to be shaped into Japanese sentences. A given page of Japanese is a strange mixture of *kanji*, *kata-kana*, and *hira-gana*. In many cases there is a running commentary in either *kana*, or both, down the side of a page to elaborate the meaning of a *kanji* or group of *kanji*. A sentence may start off with the equivalent of *they*, rendered in *kanji* plus the *kana* sound *wa* to indicate the nominative case or *wo* or *o* for the accusative.

As *kanji* are literally picture writing, foreign names and words can rarely be rendered by them. Then the *kana* is brought into play and the sounds are worked out as closely as possible, allowing for the deficiencies of native sounds and the fact that *n* is the only possible terminal consonant. My name gave little trouble, breaking down into *Bu-ru-su Ra-n-ka-su-ta*. I have found *Baltimore*, which con-

tains the impossible *l* and *ti*, rendered on a Japanese Navy map—in *kata-kana*—as *Bo-ru-chi-mo-a*. Some transcriptions are unfortunate. I have seen Japanese laughing up their kimono sleeves when faced with the sign of one Dr. Barker, whose name could only be put into Japanese by the *kana*, *Ba-ka*. Phonetically, this means “fool” and is about the only term of abuse or scorn known to the Japanese.

5

THE need for Americans to learn Japanese in pre-war days might have been more apparent had there existed a Japanese literature able to survive export and translation. Many are familiar with the *Genji Monogatari* (about A.D. 1020) of Murasaki Shikibu and may feel that it is but one example of a treasure house as yet untapped. Foreign masters of Japanese are divided on the merits of *Genji*. Sansom calls it one of the great books of the world, and Aston, high among Japanese scholars, agrees with him. Basil Hall Chamberlain heartily endorses Georges Bousquet's comment: “Cette ennuyeuse Scudéry japonaise.”

My own feeling is that much of Murasaki's appeal is due to Waley's superb translation. His English captures the very essence of the time—gently weary, thin, tenuous, nostalgic, and melancholy as the evening mists among the rushes of Lake Biwa, and wavering as the vague columns of smoke that rise from the bronze vases of Kiyomidzu-dera. The work may have appealed to Sansom and Aston chiefly as a record of court life in old Kyoto.

There is another work, ably translated, which seems little known in this country. Jippensha Ikku's early nineteenth century book *Hiza-Kurige* has been called both universal and timeless and may be read without that faint feeling of affectation which *Genji* arouses in some readers. This work, which is authentic Japanese Rabelais, deals with the picaresque adventures of two moneyless Japanese Panurges who make the long journey afoot over the old Tokaido from Tokyo to Kyoto. There is much that is coarse and much that may be called shocking in this tale, but it rolls on with a sweep and swing, rich in laughter and gusto, utterly living and breathing.

Ikku's book must be considered a sport, since nothing approaching it has been given the outside world in general. Since Murasaki, the native strain has remained timid in thought and prolix in expression, as witness the modern Bakin's romance, *Hakken Den* (Tale of Eight Dogs), which runs to one hundred and six volumes.

Another factor that militates against Japanese literature is that most of the heroes rise to fame through what must strike a Western reader as abominable treachery and deceit, obedience to an equally treacherous lord usually being extolled as the one cardinal virtue. Readers who have toiled through the saga of the Forty-seven Ronin will be aware of the point, and the tale of the Ronin is the rule and not the exception. Pearl Harbor and the treatment of our Bataan prisoners are justified to the Japanese by age-old precedents.

Despite the fantastic output of poetry, that branch of letters has fared no better in the outer world. Most of the poems consist of five lines, totaling thirty-one syllables, and are governed by rigid conventions. Few, if any, can be translated save very roughly. The very limitations imposed by custom actually render the turning of a verse into a mere *tour de force*, and the content, thus cramped, can do little beyond vaguely indicating the poet's emotions at a prescribed sight or sound. One poem, widely quoted by the Japanese, has a certain resonance and suggests solemnity:—

Kore-wa, kore-wa
To bakkari—
Hana-no Yoshino-yama

To construe is impossible. The first line is an exclamation repeated. The second suggests “Only this,” and the last specifies the flowers on Mount Yoshino in old Yamato.

6

A BEGINNER, having considered the various obstacles in his way, might feel a slight degree of encouragement on opening a Japanese grammar printed in *Romaji*. Most of the verbs are regular; one form covers all persons; negatives are usually formed with a simple suffix, as are interrogatives.

For a complete torpedoing of such encouragement, we may examine the regular verb *yobu* (to call) as analyzed by Arthur Rose-Innes in his *Conversational Japanese*. Here we find ten tenses, but no true infinitive and no real participles. Among the ten are unfamiliar forms, such as the probable past, probable present, frequentative and desiderative, but no suggestion of anything like *je suis*, *tu es*, *il est* to memorize.

There is plenty to occupy the memory, however. There are four different versions of the present, six of the imperative, six of the probable present, and so on. Further, these numbers are doubled by the fact that in each case the negative is a form by itself. To express the thought *probably call*, you may use

yobo, yonde iro, yobu daro or desho, yonde iru desho, yobimasho or yonde imasho.

In the negative there is no simple tacking on of a *ne . . . pas*, for entirely new forms are brought into play — *yobumai, yonde imai, yoba-nai daro or desho, yonde i-nai daro, yobimasumai, yonde inasumai*. And all this applies merely to one tense of one regular verb. It does not help to find that some regular verbs may, here and there, present forms identical to other verbs of different meanings. The verb *yomu* (to read) keeps meshing with *yobu*, and *yonde kudasai* may mean either “please read” or “please call.”

We are accustomed to make wide use of the infinitive and are brought up short when we find that there is none in Japanese. *I want to read* cannot be rendered by running down the Japanese word meaning “to want” and tacking on *yomu*. A completely new tense, the desiderative, must be used — *yomitai*.

Potentials also take us far from beaten paths. *Can you speak English?* is usually rendered *Eigo wo hanasu-koto-ga dekimasu-ka* (*English speak-thing can*)? While this is fairly simple, it is more customary to alter the verb itself by tacking on a potential suffix, which further complicates conjugations.

Nor are we on more familiar ground with the word expressing the thought *to be*, which assumes almost as many guises as the *tanuki* of Japanese folklore. For, having assimilated *aru, de aru, gozaru*, and *de gozaru* with all their ramifications, we find lurking around still another group approximating *to be*. This group was originally applied to animate beings only and covered everything from consuls-general to mosquitoes. With the increased tempo of modern life it is often stretched to cover moving objects such as trains, rickshas, and even the sun and moon. Then the next discovery is that *to be* may often be omitted or replaced by *to do* (*suru*) or *to become* (*naru*).

To have leads us into alien pastures. Never does this verb, such a useful auxiliary in other languages, serve to indicate completed action in the past. Indeed, it is often, in our sense, replaced by *to be* unless its use implies actual physical possession. When it does come into play as an auxiliary, it goes into a clumsy compound to express the thoughts *to bring* and *to take*, which by Japanese logic become *possess-come* and *possess-go*, somewhat suggesting the Hindustani *take-come* and *take-go*.

Permissives, imperatives, and obligatives whirl about in a maze of Nipponese whimsy. *You may go to the bank* turns into *Going to the bank will be all right*. *Don't throw away this book even if it is old* comes out as *Although this book may have grown old,*

throwing it away will not go, and the “will not go” is a literal translation of *ikemasen*. There is no convenient omnibus expression like our *you must* or the French *il faut*. A whole phrase must be used, such as *If you don't do it, it won't go* — *Shinakereba, ikemasen*.

Definite imperatives, to be strictly correct, must be neatly wound up. In fact, they are likely to miss their purpose if they are not. I once told an amah to take a book upstairs and put it on the table. She gravely trotted off and returned as gravely, still holding the book. To her Nipponese mind, I, for some inexplicable Occidental reason, had wanted her to give the book a ride up and down the stairs. My error lay in not saying, “Put the book on the table and *leave it there*.” If you tell your office boy to go out and buy cigarettes for you, you will do well to complete the order: *Tabako wo katte kinasai* — *Go buy tobacco and come back*.”

7

PRONOUNS are often omitted, if not almost universally. After a glance at this part of speech one can only wish that the omission were absolute. Take the best-loved personal pronoun — *I* — and run it through its Nipponese course. Brinkley lists no less than twelve forms, some of which may be used at will, some by special classes or groups or under certain conditions.

Nouns, adjectives, and adverbs are not much more difficult than those encountered in any other new language, although the adjectives and adverbs, under certain conditions, undergo virtual declensions patterned somewhat on Japanese verbs. To compare them, *molto* in the sense of *more* is prefixed in the comparative; and in the superlative the Japanese says, unbelievably, *ichi-ban* or *number one* — as *number one good for best*.

Having looked at some aspects of the unassembled parts of the Japanese language, the student may be tempted to build some of them into a sentence. Remembering Latin or German struggles, he may approve of the Japanese lack of relative pronouns and clauses. The custom of having modifying words precede the principal clause may also appeal to him. In the latter case, he will be quite right.

But he will find that he has been horribly wrong about relatives when he tries such a sentence as *The man who sat next to me last night is the Osaka branch manager of Brown & Company of New York*. To get across that gem of thought, something like the following must be sweated out: *Last night's my-sitting-*

beside-man New York's Brown & Company's Osaka's branch's manager is.

It would be bad enough if the Japanese were content to use standard forms, but they have a habit of contracting and changing that makes German with its words of the *Gestapo* type seem downright docile. It is all very well to say that the past tense of the verb meaning "to write" is *kakimashita*, but the Japanese sees nothing illogical in shaving it down to *kaita*, or in contracting *ikimasho* (which may be rendered as "let's go") into *iko*.

In combinations, words have maddening habits of changing letters or dropping whole syllables. My chief told me once that he had been playing golf at *Akaboshi*, which I thought should have meant "Red Hat." Not at all. The *aka(i)* was all right for "red," but as my foreign ear had not caught the short *o*, the second half was really *hoshi* (star), the Japanese changing the *h* to *b* — and thus phonetically turning it into "hat" — because they liked it better that way.

When you call for a redcap at a station, you translate literally — on paper. Actually, you drop the *i* from *akai* and the *shi* from *boshi* and an *akabo* answers your call. I once translated *Kago-shima* as "Basket Island" and found how wrong I was. True, *kago* does mean "basket" or "litter," and *shima* does mean "island" — but not in this combination. The *Ka* I found to be an endearing prefix; *go* was really *ko*, meaning "little." The *shima* was all right, to my surprise. So I came up with "Beloved Islet." But *shima* can do unpredictable things. It stays untouched in *Kagoshima*, but in "Temple Island" it switches to *Miya-jima*. And in Tokyo the "Bridge of Japan," which ought to be *Nihon Hashi*, twists into *Nihombashi*. I've scaled 3000-foot *Rokko-san* in Kobe and ancient *Hiei-zan* in Kyoto.

Every difficulty hitherto touched on fades into the realm of dummy-scrimmage when numerals are encountered. There are three sets of cardinal numbers up to ten, which is not too bad. But when you plunge into auxiliary numerals and try to count things, you find that the language is broken up into classifications of words, laid down, so far as the Occidental mind can see, with complete disregard for logic.

Sir Ernest Satow's dictionary lists no fewer than seventy-eight different sets of numerals, each of which must be applied to its proper class of word. One set governs fish, insects, quadrupeds, actors, and certain measures of silk. Another covers goods, baggage, hats, regiments, and watches. A third goes with baskets, candles, scissors, guns, guitars, and India ink. It is probable that the average Japanese

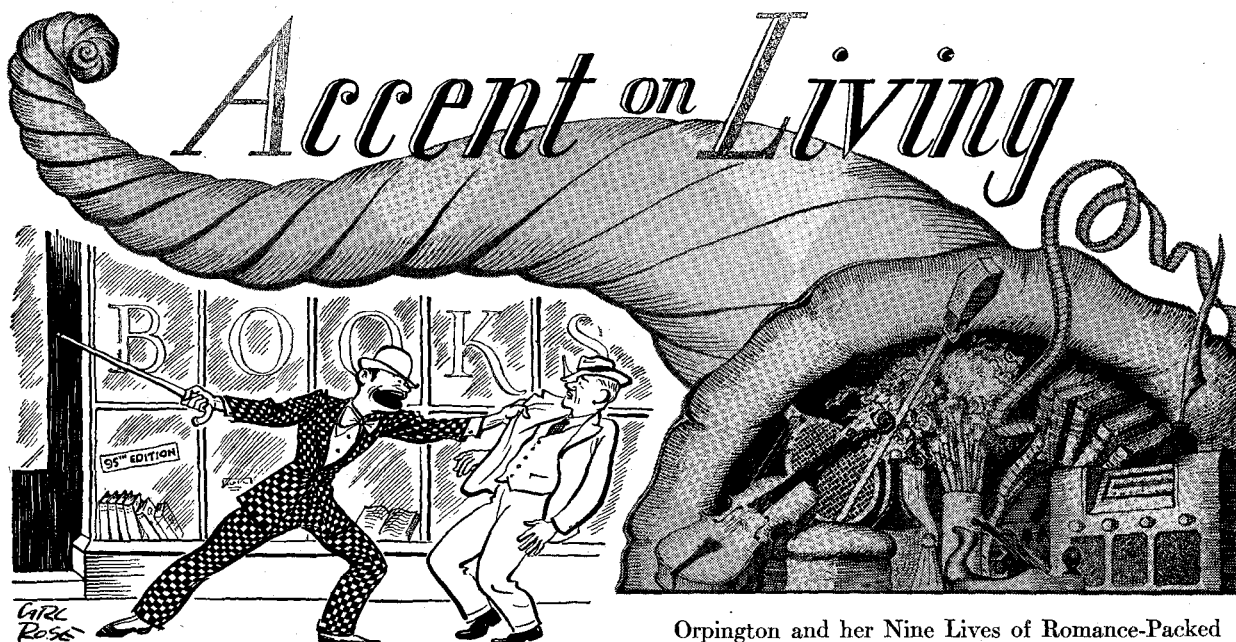
uses only a fraction of the seventy-eight, but that fraction still is impressive to the foreigner and important to the student. If you speak of four whales and use the auxiliary that should go with roads and towels, not only will you have erred badly but you may not be understood. It need not be added that many of these auxiliaries are irregular.

The honorific form is about the only manifestation of Japanese that has caught our public mind, although I should say that to translate any of these terms by *honorable* was wrong — if I could think of a better word in English. Honorifics are rooted in an ancient national habit of crying down the speaker and deferring to the listener, if they are of about the same status. You refer to your own mother as *ha-ha*, but to another's as *o-ka-sama*, which combines two honorifics, the prefix *o* and the suffix *sama*. Further deference may be indicated by special nouns and verbs or verb forms. One word meaning "to give" suggests handing something *up* to a person; another reaching *down* and hence condescending.

Many common words have had the honorific *o* tacked onto them so long that it has lost most of its significance. I don't recall ever having heard the word for a bath or for tea used without the *o*. To ask for hot water, you not only apply the honorific but undergo another bit of Nipponese whimsy. There is a word for hot and a word for water, but if you ask for *atsui mizu* the chief result will be a blank stare. You must use the one word *o-yu*, meaning "hot water."

To a Japanese, the various gradations of formality are so inbred that he follows them automatically. Most of them are based on ancient usage, and it is doubtful if any foreigner, no matter how adaptable, can ever master all the intricacies. But the Japanese is likely to be hopelessly at sea when he runs into a set of circumstances not covered by old codes. He will go astray in manners on a train, at the cinema, or at a foreign dinner, for in none of these settings is he sheltered by old usage.

These are some of the aspects of the language with which many young Americans and their teachers are now struggling. The purpose of the struggle is grim. When we landed in Sicily we were able to put ashore at once, with the combat troops, large numbers of Italian-speaking Americans. As our armies pushed on, other linguists settled down to help administer the shattered territories. Shall we ever be able to land Japanese-speaking Americans at Kobe, Moji, or Yokkaichi? The answer to this question, which lies in the hands of these teachers and students, will vitally affect the war years to come and the long period of readjustment that will follow them.



"You'll Laugh, You'll Cry"

By "THE BOOKMAN"

THE primary purpose of this paper is to destroy the libel that book publishers are less progressive than the makers of Bromo-Seltzer; for in our up-and-coming economy this is as damning as it is to say that a user of Palmolive Soap came down with blackheads. Its secondary purpose is personal apology. I, too, have written a book in my time and churlishly grumbled at the ineptitude and the paucity of advertising devoted to this masterpiece. Here let me make reparation and do penance.

In sober truth the publishers' advertising lads, while retaining all the devices of Dexter Fellows, the once famous and self-effacing press agent of Barnum & Bailey, The Greatest Show on Earth, have invented others which make him seem old-fashioned and archaically innocent. Book advertising, in fact, often rivals in its excellence that lavished on Lady Esther's All-Purpose Face Cream or White Owl Cigars. Proceeding, for example, upon the sound theory that anything which sells in great quantities is the best of its kind to be had, publishers use advertisements such as this:—

Read *The Lives of Maizie White*, by Helena Emerson Tittsworth, the first novel by America's most beloved novelist since her sensationally successful *Pappy Pass the Pickles*, published three months ago. If you loved Sunshine, the heroine of that unforgettable book of which 8,200,000 copies were sold (not including South Norwalk), you will adore Buff

Orpington and her Nine Lives of Romance-Packed Adventure crowned by her marriage on the flaming deck of a Whangpoo river pirate's junk to Boy Bailey, the Fighting Medical Missionary of Pang-tu. *The Lives of Maizie White*, by Helena Emerson Tittsworth, America's most beloved novelist, is destined to become the most talked-about book of the year.

First printing before publication	3,500,000 copies
Second printing (already sold out)	4,100,000 copies
Third printing (already sold out)	5,415,000 copies
Fourth printing (now on the press)	7,185,000 copies

It is common knowledge among the informed that we can achieve a wide dissemination of culture in this country if only we will actively "promote" books. That's how we got a wide circulation of other equally desirable things such as rayon underwear, vitamin pills, and Spam. Here the logic of the publishers is impeccable. It is obviously better for the people to read bad books than no books at all, just as it is better for them to wear rayon underwear than no underwear at all.

How do you promote books? For one thing, by using the ancient and honorable method of patent medicine advertisers — the testimonial of the satisfied customer. "I saw spots before my eyes, had constant backaches and headaches, and could hardly bend over the washtub until a friend recommended Wilber's Australian Auricle Kidney Kure. I've taken two bottles and am a happy, healthy woman again." This technique has been improved upon by the publishers, who have taken a leaf (no pun intended) from Lucky Strike advertising.

What makes a good cigarette? The finest tobacco. Who are the best judges of the finest tobacco? Tobacco buyers. It follows, therefore, that the best judges of quality in books are booksellers. Consequently one reads advertisements of this kind:—

An author who ran a large department store before he began writing books, "THE BOOKMAN" finds the advertising of book publishers hard to swallow.



A NAVIGATION OF FRIENDSHIPS

In the long reach from sail to steam, Matson has sped the new and never spared the old. It has taken the travail out of travel in the Pacific and made it a joy to remember and renew. It has revealed to Mainlands and Islands what each has to offer the other and found anchorage in the sentiments as well as the ports of the peoples it serves. And when, our war task done, peace comes and the oceans of earth and sky are safely navigable again, Matson hopes in both to be able to live up to the expectations of its friends.

Matson KNOWS THE PACIFIC

MATSON LINE (MATSON NAVIGATION COMPANY • THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY) TO HAWAII, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA VIA SAMOA, FIJI

A Few Previews of
J. HARDING SNAVELY'S
New Novel
Love Laughs at Lockjaw
By America's Leading Booksellers

Hilarious, delightful, astonishing. Please ship today 9000 copies by air express. — HILDEGARDE FITTS, THE GRAND LEADER, POTTS CAMP, MISSISSIPPI.

Hugely entertaining. I couldn't put the book down. My hands froze to the pages. Bound to become a sensational best-seller. — HILARY SCOOPA, THE BON TON, TUCUMCARI, NEW MEXICO.

Book publishing, as publishers sometimes indicate to authors with the souls of snake-oil salesmen, does not fall in the category of brawling business but is, rather, a dignified profession comparable with bee-keeping or astronomy. Consequently book advertising often has the simplicity and restraint characteristic of the British Court Calendar. "Sir Ronald Higginbotham Pye had the honor of being received yesterday by His Majesty at Buckingham Palace and kissed hands upon his appointment as Governor General of Buna-Kabloona."

From the Inner Sanctum, then, of Simon and Schuster, whose whisper is heard around the world, comes this fragile rondelle:—

James Leverett Hurd was loved by four women. The first was too good a loser. The second was a lady on the make. The third loved too much. The fourth was a perennial hockey captain. Their intimate letters and diaries are contained in the pages of *The Whole Heart* by HELEN HOWE. When they got through with Jim Hurd, it's a wonder those pages show no signs of bleeding.

I have emphasized this phrase out of fear that the reader whose taste has been coarsened by moving-picture advertising will miss its exquisite subtlety, and because it is an excellent example of publishers' understatement—of an objectivity toward their own publications bordering on nihilism. In

a similar did-you-once-see-Shelley-plain mood, the Viking Press tells us that

A POWERFUL NEW TALENT
Has Risen Across the Border

In this novel of the Mexico no tourist ever sees, Magdaleno pours out a violent and significant story. *Nothing like it has ever appeared before in English.* Tense to the point of explosion, it is a novel of bloodshed and terror but it is also a novel of deep sympathy. Diego Rivera has called this "the best Mexican novel"; others are saying that it is the Mexican *Grapes of Wrath*. [My italics and for the same reason as above.]

It is therefore unfortunate that the shy, pipe-smoking young men of tweedy charm who write these fugitive notes on books should be so often misunderstood by the gross creatures on the other end of the line. One of the more melancholy aspects of publishing is that publishers and reviewers do not always see eye to eye about the same book. But far more perplexing is the plight of the would-be customer who encounters the ad and the review in the same issue of the same publication. Harassed and hunted creature that he is, whom is he to believe?

This is what Harper & Brothers said about Fannie Hurst's *Hallelujah* in their *New York Times* advertisement, January 9, 1944:—

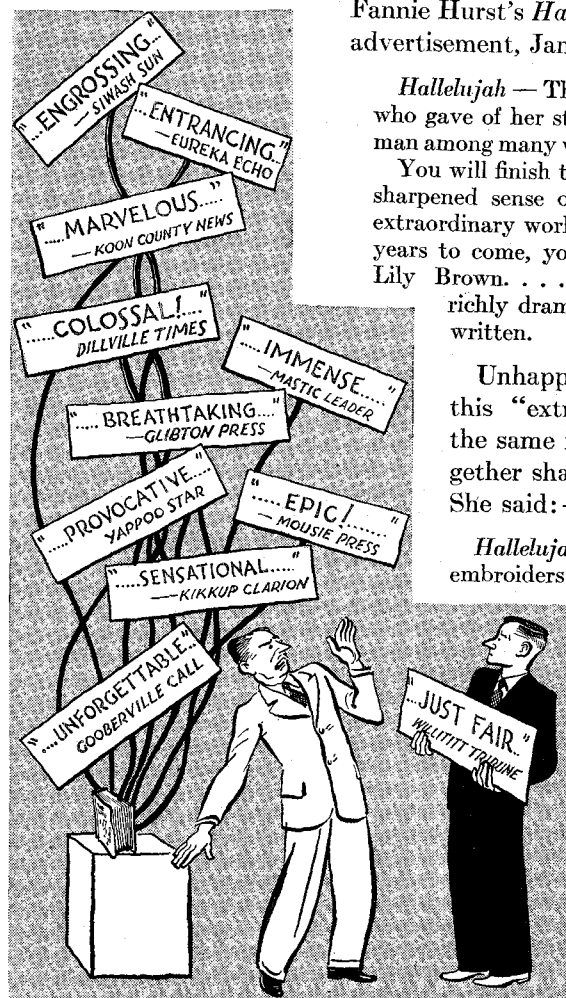
Hallelujah—The magnificent story of a woman who gave of her strength to all . . . and of the one man among many who had strength to give in return.

You will finish this story of Lily Brown with that sharpened sense of the living world that only an extraordinary work of fiction can produce. . . . For years to come, you will find yourself remembering Lily Brown. . . . *Hallelujah* is one of the most richly dramatic novels Miss Hurst has ever written.

Unhappily, Edith Walton, who reviewed this "extraordinary work of fiction" in the same issue of the *Times*, did not altogether share the copywriter's enthusiasm. She said:—

Hallelujah—the latest Hurst opus—merely embroiders on a pattern established years ago in *Lumox* and repeated since. . . . Here is the same . . . emotionalism, the same sloppy writing. Here is the golden-hearted Hurst heroine whom one has met often before, and who is abused undeservedly by those who call themselves her betters. . . . Miss Hurst seems to have forgotten how to tell a good story. Her books, in the good old days, were never so devastatingly dull.

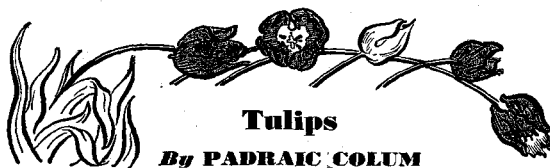
Conflicts such as this pose a fearful problem. They may



even destroy the reader's faith in book advertising, with dreadful consequences. Publishers would then stop advertising, book reviewers would be out of work, and we should drop into the state of barbarism in which we were once enveloped when the 3,000,000 people of this country, lacking both advertising and reviewers, bought only 500,000 copies of Tom Paine's *Common Sense*.

It is heartening to record that the men who make our books have done something in this case. Conscientious of the delicacy of the situation, of their responsibility to the customer, and of the hypersensitive feelings of their authors, they have adopted a selective or filtering process comparable to the gills of a fish. When they quote reviewers in their advertisements, they considerably omit those whose praise has been faint and those who have not praised at all, thereby effecting a smooth harmony between their own claims for the book and the remarks of the truly percipient reviewers who agree with them. Yet even this admirable practice has not satisfied an unreasonable and unappeasable minority who do not regard it as quite cricket.

Here, then, is something for publishers to think about as they sit in their ivory towers surrounded by autographed photographs of ingrate best-selling authors who have gone to their competitors. The saving grace for them perhaps is that, since they sometimes read some of the books they publish, they must know that even the weariest drivel winds somewhere safe to sea.



Tulips

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE gold, the bronze, the red, the bright-swart
Tulips!

An age being mathematical, these flowers
With linear stalks and spheroid blooms were prized
By men with wakened speculative minds,
And when with mathematics they'd explored
The Macrocosm, they came at last to
The Vital Spirit of the World and named it
Invisible Pure Fire, or, say, the Light;
The Tulips were the light's receptacles.
These formal and illuminated flowers
Of Newton's, Berkeley's, and Spinoza's day
No emblems are for us who've other dream
Than number and dimension, are no more
Accosted by the light: we see them now
In colored state and carven brilliancy,
The gold, the bronze, the red, the bright-swart
Tulips!



"That Is an Unlisted Number"

By RUSSELL MALONEY

THE people who are listed in the telephone directory — and don't misunderstand me, they're the backbone of the nation — resent the people whose numbers are not listed. Reticence about one's telephone number, they feel, is an act of social or professional striving, a symptom of a swelled head. Sometimes it is, no doubt; but the whole unlisted-number question isn't that simple. The dividing line between listed and unlisted is, as the political economists say, vertical rather than horizontal, definitely not confined to any one class. Beyond that, it is difficult to make any hard and fast rule.

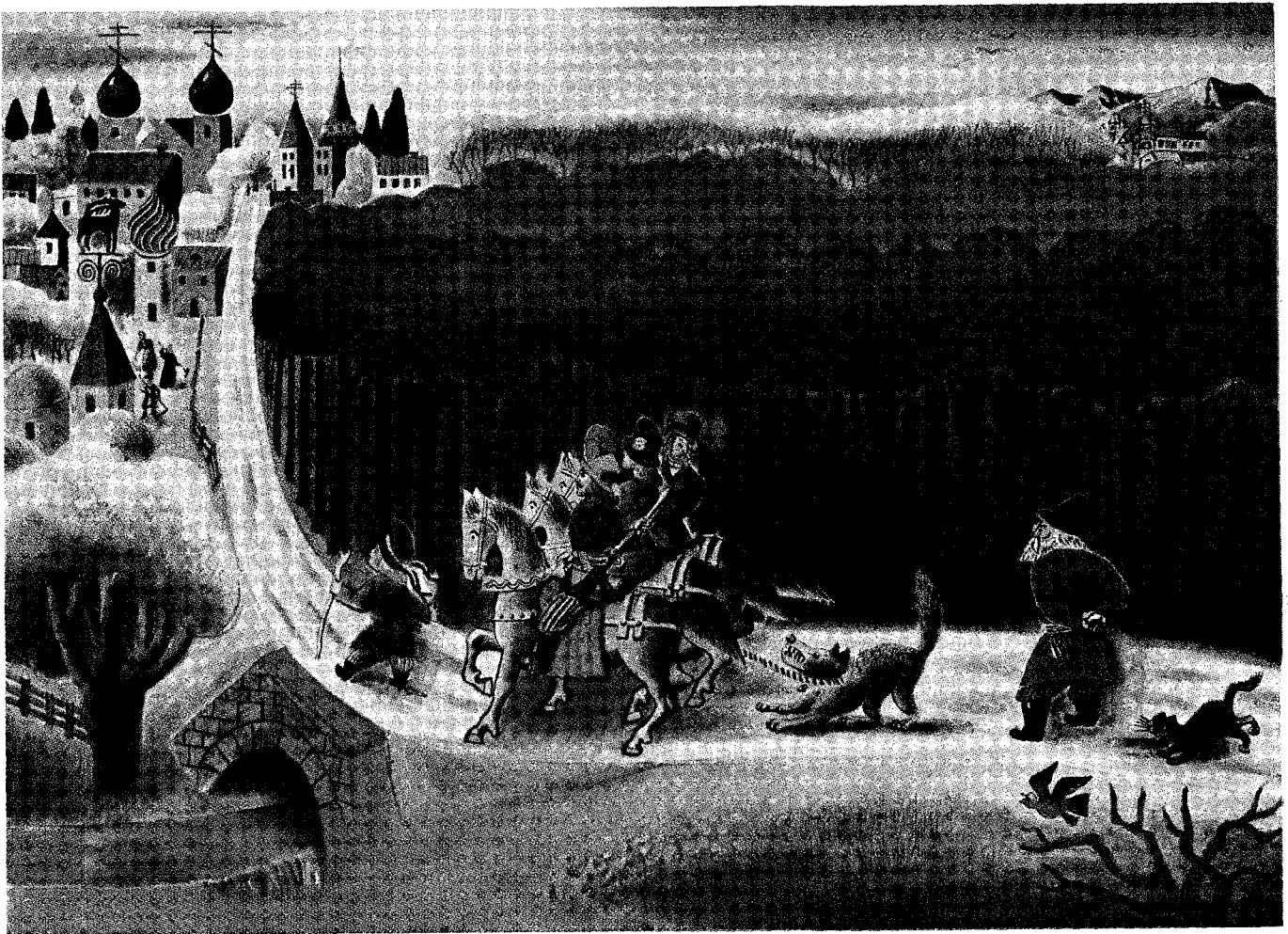
I have observed that the very rich are usually listed; so are doctors, unsuccessful actors, book-makers, and others whose careers depend more or less on telephone calls. Those who are only moderately rich tend to have unlisted numbers, probably because they have butlers but no private secretaries and are in some danger of being reached by somebody in the outside world and talked into an unwise investment or an overlarge donation. Successful actors have private numbers, and so do people who write pieces for magazines.

My own number, for example, is as unattainable as Katharine Cornell's. I don't know why, except that I found it was expected of me. When I first moved to the city and began to write pieces for magazines, my number was in the directory between the numbers of a hand laundry and a chiropractor, but apparently nobody thought to look there for it. Occasionally one of my worldly new acquaintances would say, "Wish I could have got hold of you yesterday evening. We had an extra theater ticket, but I didn't know your number. I called a couple of your friends, but they didn't have it, either."

"Why, it's in the book," I'd say. "Under M."

RUSSELL MALONEY has been a member of the *New Yorker* staff since his graduation from Harvard in 1932. His flight to the unlisted-number category resulted, he tells us, from the telephoned comments, usually at 3.00 A.M., with which various strangers would respond to the publication of one of his articles.

Forest Fantasy



CHILDREN play in the green, green meadows of the morning. . . . In their reveries, wolves prowl in the dark, deep forests of the night. . . . But never a dream-wolf that cannot be vanquished by a child. In that happy fantasy of childhood, captured villains are led in triumphant processions. Processions leading to pleasant places of delight—castles and circuses and zoos.

Make-believe is childhood's blessing. But for the adult, escape from reality is harder to come by. That is why music is a heaven-sent boon, offering release from anxiety and a lift to happier living.

Men who look to music for moments of joy and fulfilment, look to the Capehart.

For the Capehart Phonograph-Radio is a supreme interpreter of the world's finest compositions.

Today the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation is developing and producing highly scientific electronic instruments for war; but new Capeharts will be available after Victory is won.

In the meantime, your Capehart dealer invites you to come to his showrooms. You will enjoy—as will your children—the recordings of Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf," conducted by Stokowski and the All-American Orchestra (Columbia M-477), or by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor

The processional scene from Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf," an interpretation painted by Eduard Buk Ulreich, distinguished American artist. The canvas depicts Peter in the vanguard of The Hunters, The Wolf, Grandfather and The Cat, while The Bird flies chirping overhead—all done in the delightful color and gay pomp of childhood. . . . Painted for the Capehart Collection. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

M-566), or by Smallens and the Decca Symphony Orchestra (Decca A-130).

Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Ft. Wayne 1, Ind.

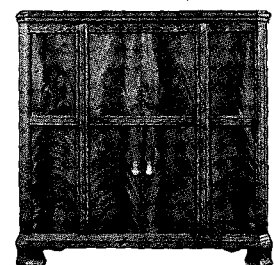
INVEST IN VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS

The Capehart Early Georgian

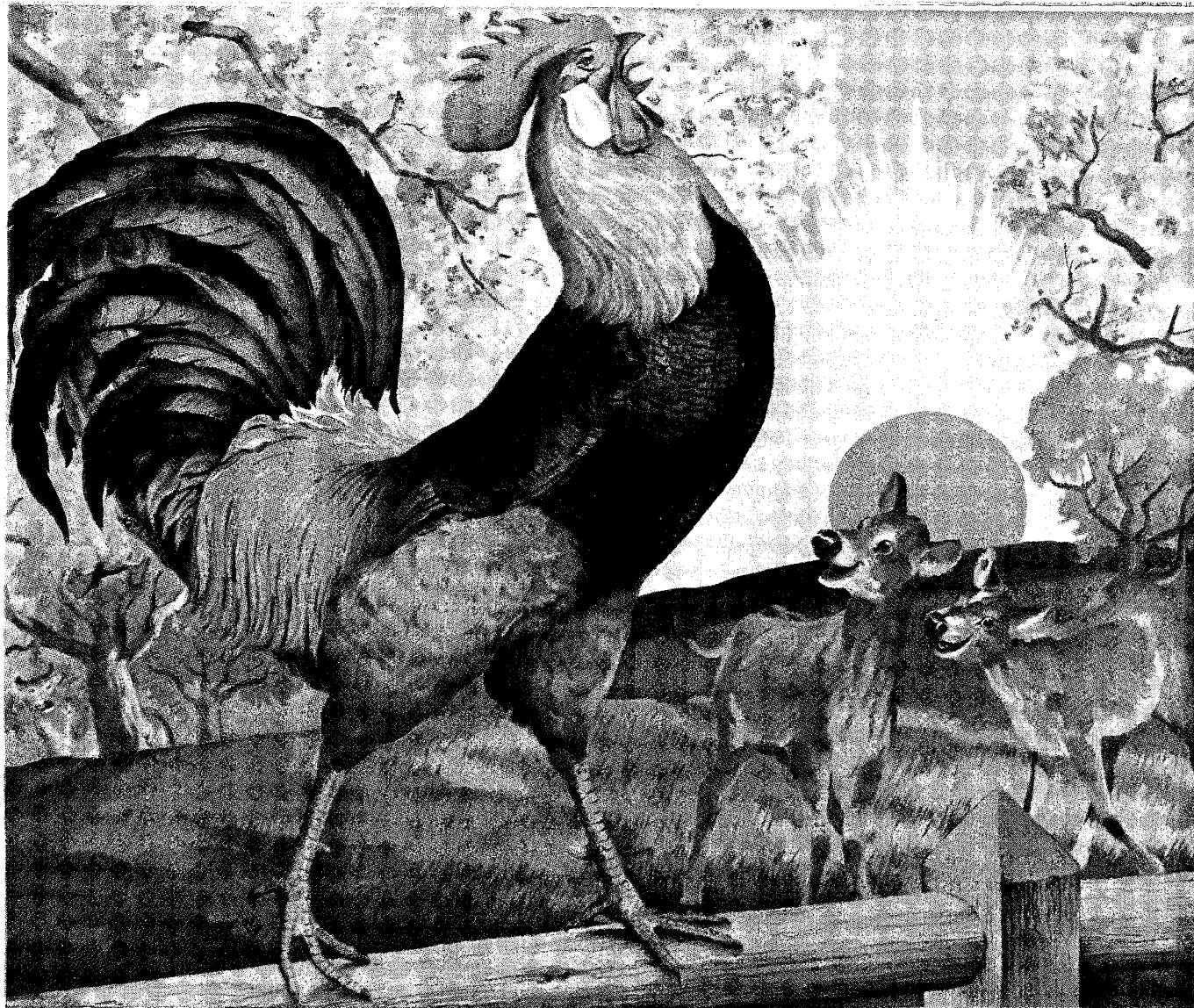
CAPEHART - PANAMUSE

Products of

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION



N. W. AYER & SON



Help Yourself...to a Taste that's like Sunny Morning!

LIKE a bracing whiff of cool Spring-morning breeze . . . your first delighted taste of the fresh and sunny flavor of SCHENLEY Reserve. You'll marvel that a whiskey *could* be so outstanding. Blended with the touch

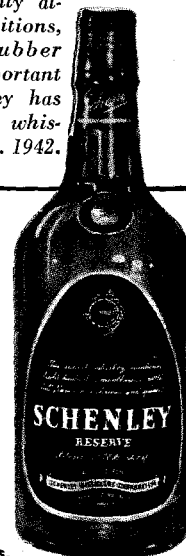
of genius, the whiskey SCHENLEY made *first* in *quality* has quickly become America's *first choice* . . . because every drop is golden-smooth and mellow, like bright morning in your glass. Try it — soon.

The basic whiskeys in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since Oct. 1942.



They also serve,
who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY



Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.

They would look at me strangely, and months later I would become aware that no further invitations had been forthcoming. Until I got my unlisted number, I was well on the way to being ostracized as a freakish Bohemian. Now, I'm glad to say, I get a lot of invitations — or would get them if my friends didn't mislay my number. This situation leaves me a lot of free evenings in which to write pieces for magazines, thus maintaining my right to the proprietorship of an unlisted number.

In course of time an unlisted number becomes public property, but this is never the Telephone Company's fault; it is the subscriber's. The Telephone Company will never give you anybody's unlisted number, even if you twist its arm and rub your knuckles in its hair. This was forcibly borne in on me on a recent morning when an operator called me at nine-thirty to ask if it would be all right to give the Army my number; it seems that the Army, in the person of a Corporal O'Leary, had been trying to get me since 3.30 A.M. It turned out not to be anything very alarming — a soldier I know had been staying the night at my place, and the Corporal just wanted to tell him that my friend's girl had sent a telegram asking him to meet her train at noon — but I was nonetheless impressed. Nine-thirty, it seems, is the earliest hour at which the Telephone Company can imagine an unlisted subscriber being up and dressed and ready to receive calls from the Army. I have a lot to live up to, you see.

As I said, it's the subscriber himself who, in the end, violates his own telephonic privacy. When somebody who is practically a stranger to you (and who you hope will remain so) backs you into a corner at a cocktail party and says, "Well! Pretty exclusive, aren't you? I tried to call you up — my little niece and nephew are in town and we wanted you to find us six seats for *Oklahoma!* — but the operator wouldn't give me your number," it should theoretically be possible to toss him a steely smile and say, "That's why I have an unlisted number." That's theory; actually, you begin to gabble with nervous politeness and practically force your number on him, lending him a pencil if he hasn't got one himself.

This sort of person never loses your number; he keeps it in a little book and gives it to his brother-in-law, who sells insurance; his grandmother, who is

soliciting contributions for a home for indigent dogs; and his daughter, who thinks you may be able to help her get Frank Sinatra's autograph. The only people who ever mislay your number are your friends.

After a year an unlisted number becomes a liability — if it was ever an asset. An unlisted friend of mine, a man with a statistical turn of mind, figured out recently that his number was in the possession of eleven girls he didn't like any more, forty-three other people he had *never* liked, a former business associate who was suing him at the moment, a discarded masseur, three upholsterers who had made estimates on re-covering a sofa, a political group with which he was no longer in sympathy, a dealer who had sold him a car in '41 and was trying to buy it back, and an unidentified alcoholic who never called until after my friend's bedtime. He'd

like to start life over again with a listing in the directory, he says, but he hasn't the courage to face the consequent social disgrace.

All this would have been a surprise to Alexander Graham Bell. I have taken the liberty of composing a little drama about the unexpected development of the telephone, suitable for presentation at the next World's Fair. It is called "Sixty Years of Progress."

ACT I

SCENE: *The laboratory of Alexander Graham Bell. Dr. Bell (Don Ameche) is gazing at his recently invented telephone. Finally he picks up the instrument and speaks into it.*

DR. BELL: Come here, Mr. Watson, I want you. (*Enter Mr. Watson.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE: *A public telephone booth. An excited citizen enters, puts a nickel in the slot, and dials "Information."*

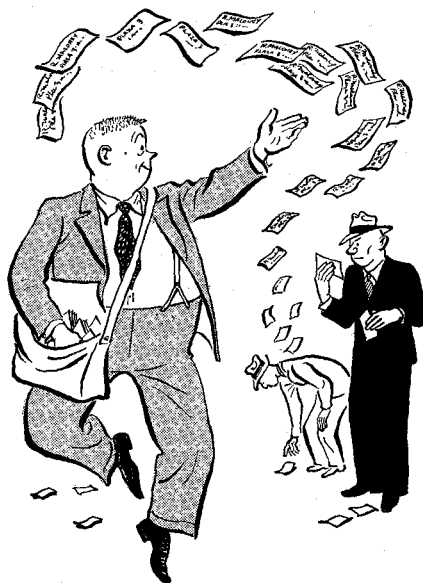
CITIZEN: Listen, Information, I want the number of Mr. Thomas P. Lichen, 45 Pine Grove Avenue.

INFORMATION: I um sowry, that is an unlisted number.

CITIZEN: But listen, his factory is burning down. I thought he'd like to know —

INFORMATION: Sowry, we are not allowed to give out that number.

CITIZEN (*fishing nickel out of coin-return slot and dialing another number*): Hello, Mrs. Ostermoor? This is Henry Benson calling — B, E, N, S, O, N. We met last week at Mrs. Shillaber's. . . . That's right. . . . How are *you*? Listen, Mrs. Ostermoor,





In all her world of music, *Rise Stevens* had never heard anything like this

TO a born New Yorker, who had sung for the elect of four continents—the little city of Mt. Carmel, Ill., might seem as far away as the distant planets.

But here it was . . . as real as the beautiful cabinet on which her elbow rested. For this was Mt. Carmel's glorious new gift to music—and Rise Stevens was enjoying it as she had never before enjoyed recorded music of any kind.

She listened . . . almost unbelieving . . . as a great symphonic orchestra painted a mighty panorama of sound. And, as the last brilliant notes still echoed, the automatic record-changer deftly took charge. Rise Stevens watched as gleaming metal lifted the disc, turned it over, restored it to its proper place with all the solicitous care of young motherhood.

"Why, it's two miracles in one!" exclaimed the talented Miss Stevens. "Such wonderful, wonderful music! . . . and yet it does all its own work!"

Rise Stevens, star of the Metropolitan, star of film* and radio, had just heard the only Meissner electronic radio-phonograph in existence—the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge to the manufacture of electronic war equipment. Of fabulous value, this model is now on loan "for the duration" to the music room of Mt. Carmel high school.

As the clouds of battle are swept away, however, luxurious postwar counterparts will bring a new wealth of musical pleasure to all the lovers of artistic perfection who have long been irritated by the "missing elements" in much of today's recorded music. Then you'll join with Rise Stevens in welcoming all the other great Meissner advantages described at the right.

*Her latest: Paramount's "Going My Way"—in which she plays the feminine lead opposite Bing Crosby.

AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER—plays both sides of a record in sequence, one side only, or repeats a record just played . . . avoids record breakage. Provides 2 hours or more of music without your touching a record.

FREQUENCY MODULATION—plus advanced electronic features for fidelity and tonal range greatly surpassing such qualities in home radio-phonographs now in use.

SUPER SHORTWAVE . . . DISTINGUISHED CABINETS . . . NEW IDEAS in a host of other advancements already being engineered into Meissner electronic equipment for our armed forces around the world.



I thought, being you're a friend of the Lichens, you might have their number. I wouldn't disturb you, only it's rather —

MRS. OSTERMOOR: Of course! Let's see now, Greta Lichen gave it to me again only yesterday — I'd had it before, of course, but it got lost when I was cleaning out my desk. Just wait till I get my bag. . . . No, I can't seem to — Oh, I know what happened. I wrote it down on that letter from Cousin Hal in Algiers, and Myron took the letter to the office to show to his partner. But I'll be seeing Greta in a day or so. Shall I tell her to call you?

CITIZEN (*dully*): Never mind. I'll write.

SLOW CURTAIN

Who Killed Pembroke Sneed?

By GORDON KAHN



WHEN Fantomas, masked, had tunneled through from the Charcuterie de la Bonne Veuve and plundered the vaults of the Banque de France, there shuddered across the screen a title that remains to this day the touchstone for all motion pictures of crime and detection: —

THE POLICE WERE THE VICTIMS OF A
MYSTIFICATION!

And after the bewildered prefect had smitten his desk so hard that the dossiers on it took off like geese, there was another title: —

*For blue! Five milliards of francs! Apprehend me
Fantomas!*

That was in 1911, or thereabouts, and even the archives of the Museum of Modern Art yield no earlier example of the classic detective film.

Neither does my memory. For in that year, too young to wallow in billiard parlors, I diverted myself in wholesome nickelodeons with this Fantomas and other loose-fish: Cleek, the Man of Forty Faces,

This is the third in a series which GORDON KAHN is writing for the *Atlantic* from a vantage point in Hollywood.

Arsène Lupin, and a succession of nameless rakehells who never really deserved the grisly threat uttered by the Minister of Justice: —

"For too long has The Widow yearned to embrace you, and the sawdust in the basket thirsted for your blood! Now I have you! Advance, my braves!"

Like lions, his braves advanced, their Brownings at the cock. To apprehend Fantomas? Arsène Lupin? But no! The Duc de Charbouiller — trussed up with his own bellpull on the banquet table, the ducal head, with an apple in its ducal jaws, on a salver. As for Arsène (or Fantomas), the title explained: —

A thousand of thunder! He has made an evanishment! So also the Charbouiller emeralds!

There were others — the Bonnot Gang, chuffing about in a hook-nosed Renault, killing a post-mistress here, a miser there, and having a high old homicidal time generally. Watching them was enough to turn the Tootsie Roll to wormwood in my mouth.

There were some really bad ones too: Dumolard the Monster; Madame Weissman-Bessarabo; Vacher, the Mad Shepherd of Montfort; Mademoiselle Veber, the Ogress; and such an almanac of guillotine bait as gave me nightmares of exquisite hideousness.

Motion pictures based on the annals of Continental diabolism were almost all produced in Europe under the colophons of Lumière, Pathé Frères, Tobis, and others of long *oubliée*. France, I was convinced, held a world monopoly on high crimes and misdemeanors. And as for treasonable hugger-mugger, the Dreyfus case merited three separate film versions in as many years.

Two reels was the standard length of the earliest crime pictures. They are called that — crime pictures — advisedly, for the reason that eighteen minutes of running time allowed no footage for the elaborate pantomime of ratiocination required in the science of criminal detection. The criminal, perforce, was the central character, and the criminal act sustained most of the action. The pursuit and the bringing to book of the caitiff consumed the rest of the picture.

When the prefect said, "Apprehend me Fantomas!" there was no Thin Man to go out and get thoroughly foxed with whiskey; no Fat Man to ponder while he deloused his orchids. Before Charlie Chan invoked one agglutinous proverb or Philo Vance touched a vesta to his monogrammed *regie* cigarette, the *flics* would be yoicksing down the vaulty sewers of Paris after their man. In eight minutes of filmic time they would sound the view-



In 1904, when there wasn't any radio whatever, a Mr. and Mrs. Ueberall landed from Austria and set up a little department store on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn. St. Lucy's Church nearby needed money. The Ueberalls gave \$500.

When the present war broke out the Ueberalls tried to get some kin-folk out of Austria and into the United States. The quota was filled, and Mrs. Ueberall, as a last hope, asked the pastor of St. Lucy's for advice. He told her to get in touch with Archbishop Caruana of Havana, Cuba. When she heard from him, he reminded her that he had been the priest of St. Lucy's forty years ago. Through his good offices, the Ueberall relatives in Austria were brought first to Cuba, then to Brooklyn.

The other night, Mrs. Ueberall and the Archbishop spoke to each other for the first time in 40 years. Their two-way conversation took place on the radio—on "We The People" (CBS Sunday 7:30 pm EWT).

★

When Uncle Sam launches his 5th War Loan Drive, he'll ask individual Americans to buy six billions in war bonds or more than one-third of the total goal.

Poignant ideas like KTUL's in Tulsa will help. During the Fourth War Loan Drive, KTUL (CBS affiliate) offered to the Oklahomans who bought a bond, a chance to speak a message to a relative or friend in the service. During the two-week period of the offer, hundreds of recordings were made and shipped to American troops all over the world.

★

Just off the press, in the new issue of "Talks" (the quarterly digest published by CBS) are excerpts from CBS radio speeches by Wendell Willkie, Ely Culbertson, Clark M. Eichelberger, John D. M. Hamilton, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Bard, Under Secretary of War Patterson, and other leaders of public opinion. Many of the discussions are sharply controversial, spoken by competent authorities on both sides of the issue. Among

the topics discussed are the soldier vote, postwar adjustment policies, the effect strikes have on military operations, the qualifications required for a presidential candidate—and a lot more as urgent.

During 1943 public discussion over Columbia's microphones reached a new high, consisted of 527 separate broadcasts. Twenty-eight Senators, 34 Congressmen and 421 private citizens in key positions discussed problems affecting the welfare of the country.

If you want a copy of "Talks" just write CBS and say so.

★

One test of a good radio program is its longevity. 23 of the programs now on CBS have been delighting millions of listeners steadily for five years or more.



Oldest of all (but youngest in spirit) is the children's "Let's Pretend" (Saturday 11:05-11:30 am EWT) which hasn't missed a broadcast in 15 years. Its first broadcast was on June 8, 1929. Hardly a child is now alive who recalls its first title: "The Adventures of

Helen and Mary." Others with long records of distinguished service are:

American School of the Air... 14 years (Mon.-Fri. 9:15-9:45 am EWT)

Church of the Air... 13 years (Sun. 10:00-10:30 am, 1:00-1:30 pm EWT)

Salt Lake Tabernacle... 12 years (Sun. 12:00-12:30 pm EWT)

N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony... 14 years (Sun. 3:00-4:30 pm EWT)

Mary Lee Taylor... 11 years (Sat. 10:30-11:00 am EWT)

Romance of Helen Trent... 11 years (Mon.-Fri. 12:30 pm EWT)

Lux Radio Theater... 9 years (Mon. 9:00-10:00 pm EWT)

Four others have had 8-year runs; 5 have been on for seven years.

★

Nashville citizens don't forget the time when the only words they heard over their radios all day long were "Car No. so and so—go to the home

of Mrs. Blank on Blank Street and pick up a donation."

Old Man River was on his worst rampage. Thousands had no shelter, food or clothing. Radio station WLAC (CBS affiliate) stepped in, not only broadcast appeals for donations, but set its staff cruising in their own cars throughout the city to pick up the blankets, heaters, and baskets of food that were being offered. As offers came into WLAC they were flashed to the 27 Flood Relief "cruisers." The week saw some 15,000 telephone calls tabulated; 86 truck loads of desperately needed supplies delivered. The surplus was turned over to Nashville's charitable organizations.

★

Q. Of the following celebrities, how many ring a bell in your mind?

Thorndyke McKeester
Carmelita Feingold
Daphne Ramsbottom
Cyril Clabber
J. J. Schmillick
Tallulah Rubin
Mrs. Nemo Fishball
Falstaff Openshaw
Burlington Culpepper
Orlando Badoo
Gunther Badoo
Kittens Brannigan
Poultney Feffer
Balsam Bushkin
Digby Rappaport
Senator Bloat

A. They are all characters on-and-off-stage in Fred Allen's weekly carnival of hilarity (CBS 9:30 pm EWT, Sunday) and any resemblance between them and any person living or dead is wholly coincidental, unpremeditated, and certainly immaterial.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

halloo, there would be a brief fusillade, one or two detectives, pistoled, would die as gracefully as Mordkin in the ballet, and the unrighteous one would be brought squeaking and gibbering before the *juge d'instruction*.

The advent of the three- and four-reeler tolerated footage in which to dawdle with the techniques of crime detection. The miscreant began to share the footage with his nemesis. There was room for the crude clue — the glove, the handkerchief, and the gouges of the jimmy on the window sill. But not yet the fingerprint. The detective picture was emerging, and Sherlock Holmes trod the screen for the first of his eighteen delineations, both mute and sonorous, by almost as many actors, until he was finally congealed into a radio program.

The detective who stalked the criminal of the silent pictures was an anonymous, harassed bull, in or out of harness, who represented the majesty and tirelessness of The Law.

The flannel-mouthed Chief of Police and the comic detective, Mulligan, Finnegan, or Flannigan, lay yet doggo, awaiting the advent of sound pictures for their brogued drolleries. They soon had the screen glazed with hamfat.

Since the detective was not yet a unique and original figure, but merely a casual instrument of the plot, the crime itself was gaudy enough to keep people in their seats until it was unriddled, no matter by whom. Pictures began with a black screen and a mortal shriek of such intensity that small boys quivered moistly in their seats until the inevitable shadow play of Otis ("The Owl") Adamowicz shuffling toward the Hot Seat.

Mayhem by itself was suitable only to spice up a broad comedy. Grand and petty larceny, arson, paperhanging, and burglary were mere offenses against property. Incendiarism, unless many innocents were maliciously cremated to cover up the murder of Harry the Weasel, was properly a job for the fire marshal. Vending hashish near high schools and smuggling Orientals over the border were censorable subjects.

So, to make the flurry of detection worth the candle, the audiences were served up the more august villainies of murder for profit, vengeance, or pique. A Pandora's Box of fresh homicidal tech-

niques was opened — no two alike and each a shuddery improvement on the other. In one little masterwork the victim was stabbed through the eye with an icicle which of course evaporated, giving Detective Smedley, the Ferret of Headquarters, three such uncomfortable reels that more than once he stood ready to slam his shield on Inspector Coogan's desk. And Coogan his own father-in-law.

So morbidly titillating became the homicides in detective pictures that the attention of the film companies was called to the Production Code, adopted by the producers themselves and based on the unblushing resolution that

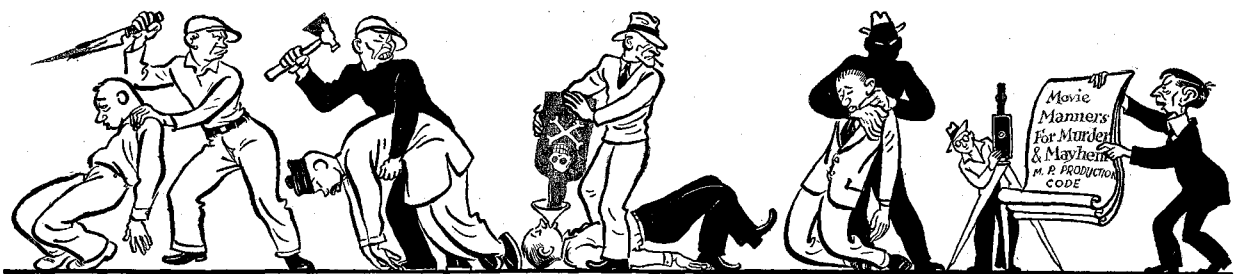
... the motion picture within its own field of entertainment may be directly responsible for spiritual or moral progress, for higher types of social life, and for much correct thinking. [Therefore] ... the technique of murder must be presented in a way that will not inspire imitation. ... Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail.

The apparatus and method of filmic murder were restored to simple, practical essentials. No longer could Pink Eye, the Albino Chopper, saw his man in half with a submachine gun. He was permitted one shot, not even the flourish of a *coup de grace*. The Albino's explanation, "One slug'll do it, Boss. It was a soft-nose one an' I rubbed it wit' garlic. He'll go out the hard way — howling," was scissored out of the film.

The enterprise of detection by force of law was ignored in this class of film. The accent lay on crime and retribution or retaliation, exacted by characters no less sinister than the initial offender. The curtain was designed to fall upon a stroke of judgment, an act of atonement, or a full measure of vengeance — anything, so long as it happened in the gutter and the afflicted pegged out groaning, "Owooo! Kin dis be de end of Little Caesar (or Hamilcar, or Sargon, or Hadji Ali, or Karl-Maria von Weber)?"

It was difficult to distinguish between this type of crime film and the true gangster picture. You paid your money and you labeled them yourself. Both were overrun by such a galaxy of gibbet-meat, paranoiacs, and brothel-sweeps that another clause in the Production Code was invoked to

avoid the hardening of those who are young and impressionable to the thought and fact of crime.





How V-Loans Back the Attack

On every war front, the advance of Allied forces is greatly speeded by the skillful use of abundant effective materiel.

The manufacture of virtually all the nation's war weapons has been facilitated by America's banks. Their part in this vast production achievement is to make possible, through the extension of credit, the large payrolls of war workers, the purchase of

raw materials and new machinery, as well as plant expansions.

This service is extended through the medium of loans, including V and VT-Loans, in which the Government participates. The New York Trust Company offers complete facilities for these, as well as other vital wartime services to American industry. The inquiries of business executives are invited.



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That brought the detective back from long exile. But not in full derby-hatted panoply. He scouted the screen first in the scrofulous caftan of Swifty Olafson of the *Yorkshire Daily Pudding*, braying, "Stop the presses! Rip out the whole front page! This'll tear the town wide open!"

The film mechanics were hard put to find a detective who wasn't an F.B.I. man or on some municipal payroll. The instant the professional thief-taker went on the job it was only a question of 3000 more feet before a motorcade of official cars would come howling down to The Place on the Lake where the gang had holed up. A noisy siege would follow, in which everything from harquebuses to bazookas would be used to flush the Mob.

The screen wanted amateurs, yet not blunderers: detectives who solved crimes as an avocation. They got Philo Vance, whose clientele was butchered in windrows during his detecting specialty, the re-enactment of the original crime. He proved too elegant and *chi-chi* for American film audiences. It is rumored that he was himself cruelly done in when he told a New York cab-driver, "Charing Cross! And an extra half-crown for mild-and-bitter if you get me there b'midnight."

Perry Mason, the windy, skirt-struck lawyer-detective, as himself and as The Lone Wolf made twelve appearances on the screen. Mr. Moto, delineated by a Middle European specialist in horror and idiot roles, went through five performances.

Charlie Chan, manipulated by two actors, has appeared twenty-three times since 1932 in such places as the Circus, Monte Carlo, his Murder Cruise, Panama, London, Honolulu, at Treasure Island, at the Opera, in Rio, in Reno, at the Wax Museum, in a City in Darkness, and in his Greatest Case.

Chan, Moto, Mason, and their colleagues may have appeared also since 1915 in films the titles of which did not include their names. There were 101 with Danger, Dangerous, or Dark as part of the titles; 63 with Mystery or Mysterious; in 38 the first word of the title was Murder; in 28 the title began with "The Crime of"; and it is reasonable to include Whispering in 15 instances.

Once there was hope for Dashiell Hammett's Nick Charles. But somewhere along the route he betrayed us detective-picture zealots. His vehicles were mauled into the cloying pattern of the "society melodrama." Hammett's other boy, Sam Spade, is,

however, a man after our own kidney. *The Glass Key* and *The Maltese Falcon* were made twice, seven and ten years apart, gaining with each appearance in solid, thumping lustration. He is cynical. He is tough. The killers with whom he treats are not timid bunglers who torment a puff-adder into spiking their victim's cinnamon toast.

Sam's adversaries are as cynical as he is, and almost as greedy for a buck. They include deadly effeminate and fat old men with a refreshing disdain for human life. Sam can both administer and absorb a beating.

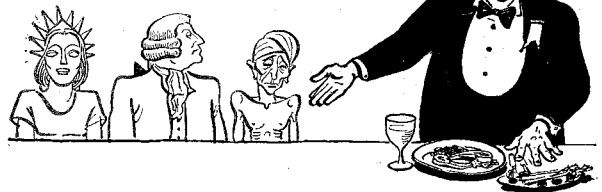
He isn't one to confuse concubinage with chivalry. Hence, when he turns his wanton out of the Murphy bed into the hands of the district attorney, she is headed for the gibbet and no turning back because of any generosity on Sam's part.

Sam's lady might well have been the daughter of Widow Meunier in that fine two-reeler, *The Poisoner of Poitiers*, I saw at the Odéon Theatre in 1911, who stood barefoot on the platform of the guillotine and spoke the apocalyptic title, "Fear the Justice of God, all of you. And the Justice of Mankind!" ere the polite operator of the machine gave her the works.

It was so beautiful I cried.

Eating for Causes

By HERBERT COGGINS



A MOST suitable vocation, with a great and worthwhile future, is one which I have classified as constructive gastronomy. In a way I pioneered it. I assume no great credit for it, but much of my life has been devoted to eating for other people—ample and nutritious dinners for the benefit of the poor and starving, for the downtrodden and oppressed, and for worthy persons and noble causes.

My first experience was a particularly abundant meal I ate for the benefit of the survivors of the Johnstown flood. This was the turning point in my life. I was young, and theretofore eating had been a personal matter devoid of idealism. But that experience opened a vista where duty and pleasure blended. I was soon giving a generous share of my time to dining for others: for the starving Ar-

HERBERT L. COGGINS has been an ornithologist, grape picker, publisher, cement contractor, and stationer. He is now engaged in an automotive parts and machine business in San Francisco.



The girl who is pledged to Humanity

I know that on every battlefield some woman—such as I shall try to be—is helping to save the lives of American soldiers, perhaps the life of my own brother, perhaps your sweetheart.

Nurses are needed everywhere, and so I am going to be a nurse . . . training here at home . . . with later a free choice of how I shall serve. I am going to help people get well, and someday I am going to be a better wife and mother, too, because of this training in the proud profession of nursing.

Yes, nurses are needed—here at home in civilian hospitals and clinics as well as military. To train them, your government, through the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, offers to intelligent young women a professional education free . . .

with smart street uniforms . . . a monthly allowance while learning . . . preparation for a wide choice of interesting work such as nursing executive, public health nurse, child health specialist, or anesthetist. And in any essential nursing job, you will be serving your country as well as yourself. If you are a high-school graduate, between 17 and 35, with a good scholastic record, and in good health, get further information now at the nearest hospital, or write: U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps (U.S. Public Health Service), Box 88, New York, N. Y.

THIS MESSAGE CONTRIBUTED BY



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menians, the perishing Hindus, the famished Irish, the destitute Chinese, for the preservation of the Indian and the uplift of the Negro. Between times I did honor to many great persons: Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Henry George, Marx, Darwin, and Susan B. Anthony. I nearly sacrificed both life and digestion during a four-dollar dinner in honor of the father of American frugality — Benjamin Franklin. But I never held it against Mr. Franklin. The trouble was with the oysters.

As I matured, my efforts took on an economic as well as a humane trend. I ate regularly for the striking miners; for the closed shop and the locked-out shopworkers; for shorter hours and for longer pay; for the unorganized farm worker, for the I.W.W., and many times for the Socialist Party. As I recall my many efforts along this line, I am surprised that the Revolution is still so far off.

Most of all, I have eaten for liberty and freedom. Causes of this type, as you will learn, require repeated honoring, since in any conflict both sides celebrate the same events. One side is fighting to get freedom, the other to preserve it. In fact, so numerous are the celebrations for freedom that anyone with a fair digestion might devote himself to this cause alone.

This kind of work inevitably broadens one's sympathies. You just can't eat repeatedly for people without feeling more and more kindly toward them.

It has its cultural side too. Recently I was invited to a dinner for the poets of my state, or for as many as could afford to be there. It was graced by the officially crowned poet laureate himself. Never before was my presence so needed. The poets are notoriously behind in their eating. Their lack of experience was most evident and the whole affair was dragging.

Time and time again I have been pressed into honoring some worthy and humane cause of which I had never even heard. During the war emergency there will be the inevitable need for more and greater banquets. Such causes as war relief, feeding foreign populations, reducing and rationing food at home, will require almost constant dining.

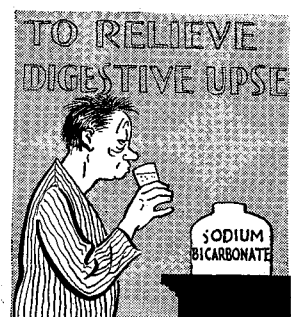
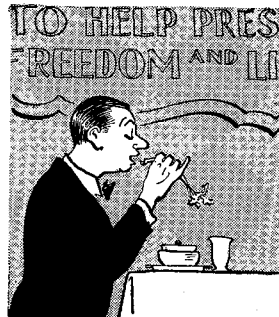
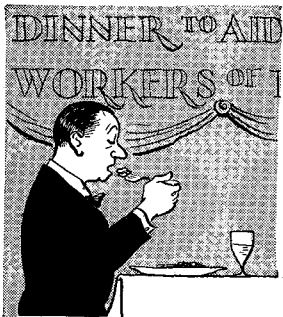
I regret that it is not yet the custom to pay people

for eating — for the time consumed and the depreciation of the banqueter. But with the kind of food that is now being served, compensation will be imperative if constructive dining is to continue.

In retrospect, I can see that I have devoted too large a part of my services to what might be called liberal, if not downright radical, causes. As a pioneer I had to start where the need was most urgent. But to any young person who feels drawn to this work, I would suggest leaning a little more to the conservative side. Not only is the food better, but in future there will be a little more of it.

Since both my doctor and my dentist have warned me that I shall have to slow up, I am reluctantly forced to limit my engagements. I now favor only those causes that rate some kind of fowl or possibly a fillet. I no longer feel honestly justified in frittering away time and effort on those cold and hurried noonday lunches which by their nature are obviously for causes of no great moment.

In the meantime I will continue the best I can. All my old friends on welfare boards, in patriotic and similar organizations, know that my heart and, with reservations, my digestion are still with them; and in any crisis that threatens the foundations of our society they have but to call me, and I'll stand by them to the last mouthful.

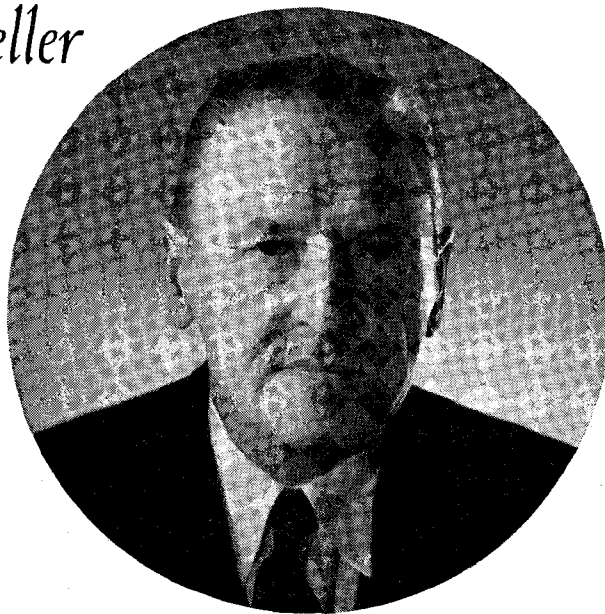


Excerpt from Self-Portrait

By MARTHE KELLER

I CAN forgo but not forgive:
Implacable and primitive,
I am no mother, no, nor wife,
No woman even, now my life
Is thrice a sorrow, thrice a joy.
Too much a coward for a boy —
Too tired, too petty, and too mean
To be a child. Too tinged with green
To be a man. Too old, too odd
To be a girl. Too frank, by God,
To be a woman. I have none
Of age's wisdom. One by one
The phases go. My rightful role
Is dowager. God rest my soul!

The greatest story-teller
of them all
tells one of his
greatest stories...



W. SOMERSET
Maugham



THE RAZOR'S EDGE begins and ends with a question. Yet strangely, it presents an answer, beautiful in its simplicity, to the ageless *Why?* in men's hearts. For the author who immortalized man's quest for simple happiness in *Of Human Bondage*—who portrayed so unforgettably the restless seeking of an artist in *The Moon and Sixpence*—has written a novel about a quest as thrilling as any in fiction, and infinitely stranger. It is the story of Larry Darrell, young American, who gave up home and country, wealth and the woman he loved, to search across continents for the answer to his question.

All the qualities of which Maugham is master—the brilliant contrasts of detachment and compassion, sophistication and simplicity, have been brought to fulfillment in a novel of deep significance that tells through one man's seeking, what *all* men have sought since the dawn of time.

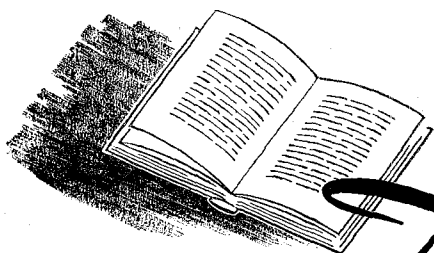
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THE ATLANTIC

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

SURF and sunlight are not the only reasons why Florida is a natural refuge for writers. Because of these two beneficent elements, the state has attracted a winter population (larger this year than ever) of elders and *malades*, craving warmth; of spenders and gamblers, horse lovers and rich fisher folk, craving excitement. But it is a mistake to picture it as only a holiday land. The white stucco with crimson and cerise vines is so showy that one is likely to overlook the gray, dingy pine buildings which are so much more numerous. As California was a Mecca for the dust-driven, desperate Okies, so, less spectacularly, Florida is the last resort for those of middle age and up, who have saved just enough to escape from the hard, blustery climate of Northern business. These people, who outnumber the vacationists, do not come here to splurge; they come to eke out their days at a warm level, a little above poverty.

On that other planet which I knew in my youth, a beginning author with more courage than cash had to get out of his home rut, shake free of journalism, and find an inexpensive and yet stimulating place in which to live and write. So Hemingway and Glenway Westcott and Stephen Vincent Benét and Elliot Paul went to Paris, Hervey Allen to Bermuda, Charles

Nordhoff and James Norman Hall to Tahiti. But it may be some time before the Left Bank or Polynesia (whose coral barriers have been leveled by gunfire and the Japanese) will again be receptive to American aspirants.

To a writer as to a zoologist, Florida has much to offer. From Palm Beach to the southernmost tip, there extends the *only* tropical belt in the forty-eight states; here we can plant and improve on the wealth of the Indies, here literally we are growing fruits and vegetables the average American palate has never tasted but would enjoy. It will take time: one has only to remember the twenty-five years of intensive cultivation — and advertising — which finally made the orange and grapefruit indispensable. But the loquat, the papaya, the dasheen, and the carambola are on the way. Early scientists like Dr. David Fairchild and Dr. Thomas Barbour, and enthusiastic laymen like Robert Montgomery, have shown what can be done in this huge laboratory.

What Florida was like in its pristine beauty can be seen in William Bartram's *Travels*, Florida's first classic, published in 1791 and only now coming into the appreciation it deserves. In the century and a half that have intervened, the pioneer, the Indian and Indian fighter, the lumberman, the cattleman, the cracker with his devastating ground fire, and "the realtor" — each has left his mark on what was once a virgin and versatile land of beauty. To read Bartram's *Travels* in the Florida of 1944 is to realize how far we Americans go in despoiling our country before we recognize its true value.

There are vigilantes in Florida today, men and women who are leading the fight against ruthless exploitation, who care much more for the preservation

IN THIS ISSUE

BOYS IN MEN'S SHOES • BY HARRY E. BURROUGHS
Reviewed by Charles W. Morton, Jr.

A GUIDE FOR THE BEDEVILLED • BY BEN HECHT
Reviewed by George W. Joel

NEVER WHISTLE IN A DRESSING ROOM • BY MAURICE ZLOTOW
Reviewed by Schuyler Watts

THE BAY OF SILENCE • BY EDUARDO MALLEA
Reviewed by Lt. (j.g.) Robert W. Anderson

THE OUTNUMBERED • BY CATHERINE HUTTER
Reviewed by Milton Hindus

CONTEMPORARY ITALY • BY COUNT CARLO SFORZA
Reviewed by Pierre van Paarsen

THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR • BY STANLEY F. DONATH
Reviewed by Milton Hindus



BOOT

A Marine in the Making

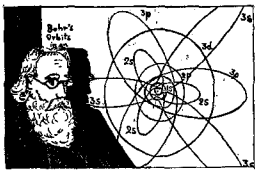
**By Corporal Gilbert
P. Bailey, U.S.M.C.R.**

Here is an intimate, detailed account of the U. S. Marines in the making—the story of "boot-camp," the initiation into a proud fighting fraternity. Every third page of this handsome book is a full-page photograph. \$2.50

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"The most complete and penetrating general survey of native American art ever published."
—N. Y. Times



Medieval American Art

By Pál Kelemen

The astonishing achievements of pre-Columbian America in architecture, sculpture, pottery, weaving, metalwork and other applied arts are here fascinatingly presented in the light of art history. It is a magnificent revelation of the cultures of our Southwest, and of the Maya, Aztec, Inca and other peoples.

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 - "I am filled with admiration."—*Frederick M. Clapp, Frick Collection*
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The Idea of Nationalism

A STUDY IN ITS ORIGINS AND BACKGROUND

By Hans Kohn

An important historian here traces comprehensively the rise of the idea of nationalism, analyzes its contents, and discusses its world-wide implications—covering the subject from the days of the Hebrews and Greeks to the eve of the French Revolution. Indispensable to the scholar and student in history, political science, the humanities, or philosophy, and of immediate interest to the general reader. \$7.50

Born Under Saturn

A BIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM HAZLITT

By Catherine Macdonald Maclean



An interpretive biography of one of the most remarkable figures of the early nineteenth century, a great writer and a great man. With sure and illuminating strokes Miss Maclean brings William Hazlitt to life, so that in the end we not only *know* the man, we are at times almost identified with him. Illustrated. \$3.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

of the Everglades and giant cypress than they do for the Miami skyline, and who have it in their power to tell the true story of what has happened to Florida since Bartram last saw it. Among the vigilantes, I number Dr. Fairchild, who has made a tropical garden in his own back yard, whose two books, *Exploring for Plants* and *The World Was My Garden*, are alight with his zest for the good things that grow, and who as Chief Agricultural Explorer of the United States Department of Agriculture has the imagination and knowledge to plan the resuscitation of the cut-over land. Next, his friend, Dr. Thomas Barbour, a naturalist at large, who maintains that the Seminoles, the otters, and the giant cypress have their rights quite as much as any inmate of a trailer camp. For half a century he has spent part of each year in Florida; he has watched the spoilation with an angry heart, and in his new book, *That Vanishing Eden* (chapters of which are to appear in the *Atlantic*), he writes with an understanding and an indignation which are to me unanswerable.

A month ago I saw in Florida a herd of thirty cattle for the benefit of which, through political pressure, 30,000 acres of the Everglades had been drained of their water. A thousand acres a head. What that reckless drainage meant to the otters, to the water plants, to the millions of (slaughtered) bass, and indeed to the water reserve of the state, is just one small aspect of the big story which I hope Marjory Stoneman Douglas will tell in her forthcoming book on the Everglades. Certainly one must include Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, who in her *South Moon Under* and in *Cross Creek* tells us so humanly of the Florida that is — and which, by implication, could so easily slide into the past tense, were it not for the vigilantes.

Racially, Florida has a story to tell as colorful and complex as any in the South. The saga of the Seminoles is a heartbreak. For humor you have the colonies of Bahamian Negroes, imported for the harvests, and the "conch," the native fisherman of the Keys. Off to themselves are the villages of Greek spongers who brought their ancient skill with them from the Aegean. There are tales to be written of the crushing or happy-go-lucky poverty of the shanty Negroes and of the not always peaceful life in the ingrowing border-color settlements.

Untamed America

At his home in Florida, a plantation which he staked out with the help of *Anthony Adverse*, Hervey Allen has long been at work on a North American romance, "wide in scope, deep in implication, swift in story." The narrative ranges through the early and middle decades of the eighteenth century, and

the scenes are laid in those Pennsylvania river valleys and uplands, Fort Pitt, Ligonier, and Bedford Village, the legends of which Mr. Allen has known as a boy and man.

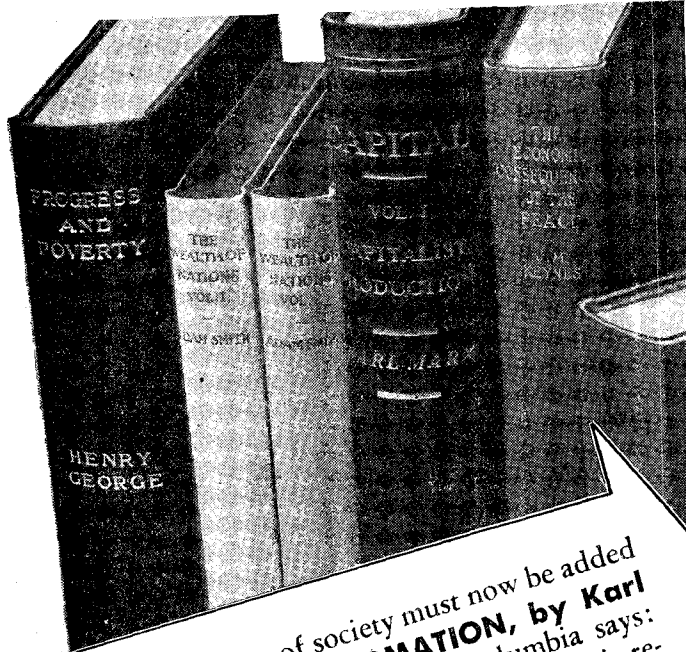
The first of the series, *The Forest and the Fort*, which was published a year ago, informed us of a big, blond boy of English descent, Salathiel Albine, who had been snatched into captivity by the Shawnees in the settlement raids of the 1740's. Sal's father was a hulking blacksmith and his mother had the Irish spark and blood, but Salathiel in himself was a man after Rousseau's heart. Captured at seven, he spent almost ten years in the Indian fraternity where his wits and strength marked him as the adopted son of a chieftain. On his release he emerges with a genuine naturalism and a wary simplicity which make him an impressionable and delightful fellow to follow as he passes through the lines into Fort Pitt and so begins his gradual journey back toward his white heritage.

Bedford Village finds Salathiel in the summer of '63. He has apprenticed himself as the batsman and scout for Captain Simeon Ecuyer of the 60th — the Royal American — Regiment, and by the time they reach Fort Bedford, the relay point on which Fort Pitt depends for its existence, the garrison is as much in need of the Captain's discipline as it is of Sal's strength and good humor. Women are beginning to look at Sal, and no wonder. Here at Bedford Village, Salathiel discards the last scales of his Indian skin and appears in his new stature as a clean white man and a merciless hunter. The farther Salathiel moves from his Indian experience, the closer he comes to our twentieth-century understanding.

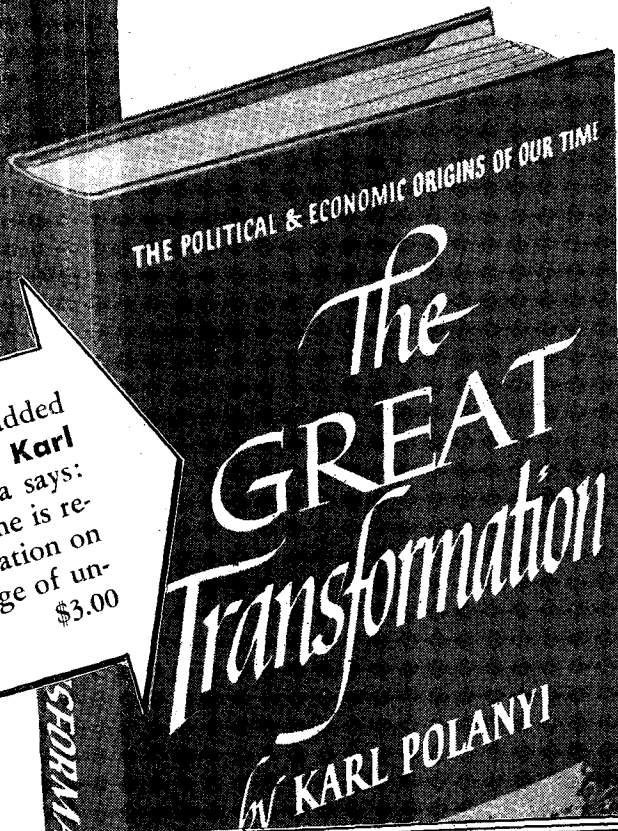
At Pendergass's, that combination of tavern, store, and frontier home with its huge fireplace, Salathiel comes to his new understanding of American domesticity. Here he is befriended by Captain Jack the Indian fighter, by Dr. Boyd the English surgeon, and by Yates, the little Scotch lawyer who is to be his partner in later life. Here Salathiel falls in love, and here before the tavern fire and up in the loft, as the long winter passes, he feels the binding loyalty which Masonry brought even to the frontier.

The men in this romance are more rounded (I did not say curved) and more credible than the women. On the distaff side Rose Pendergass comes closest to our senses. We see her room as if it had been painted by a master of the Dutch School, but she herself is a lavender and homespun deification of American grandmotherhood.

My second criticism is one which I know to be implicit in all romance: so much, so very much, happens all in the space of one year. I catch myself wondering whether quite so many events could have



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By Luella Cole



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been crowded into that one small community in a pedestrian age when it took so long to slug your way through wilderness, mud, or snow. The answer is, don't rationalize. Enjoy the scenes for all their curious detail and their sudden splashes of swift color and action; feel the heat of the big hearth and watch the arrival of the Pennsylvania wagons; listen to Sal's leave-taking of Phoebe; and in scenes like the big brawl at Pendergass's, the hunting and woods life of the seven Foxes, store away in your mind a picture of untamed America.

Strange Fruit

From the turpentine borderland between Georgia and Florida comes a novel which is like a hand grenade tossed into a tea party. *Strange Fruit* by Lillian Smith, who was born in Florida, takes the reader beneath the surface of a little Southern town and there discloses frankly, in human terms and with the high voltage of emotion, themes which it is polite not to discuss — miscegenation, abortion, and white supremacy. To the leaders of both races such ideas are repugnant; yet however we may avert our eyes, there the facts are staring us in the face, North and South.

The book will be judged quite as much for its social implications as for the story it has to tell. For me the novel, after an unclear beginning, does reach the heart.

Strange Fruit is full of pity — pity for Tracy Deen, a young Southerner who comes back from the First World War, critical and rebellious, yet with an aspiration he is unable to fill (as many will return from this war); a Southerner who, as he rebels against his family and Methodism and the white standards of his home town, becomes just such a failure as we saw about us in the Long Armistice. The book holds pity for Nonnie, the gentle, pliant octoroon whom Tracy loves; pity for Bess, Nonnie's sister who sees more clearly than anyone else the cruelty of what is coming; pity for Sam Perry, the steady, admirable colored doctor, the main prop of the Colored Town of Maxwell; and pity for Tracy's mother, Mrs. Deen. There could be no happy ending for such a story any more than there could be in actuality. The question we ask is, How prevalent is such tragedy?

In its light and shade, in its violent contrasts, the book is absorbing. Here are rich humor and the music of the Negro dialogue. Here is the pernicious anemia of Southern frustration; here is Mamie with her wide lap, knees spread, jogging her white foster-son Tracy and her black boy Henry; here is Mamie chopping the cottonmouth to death — scenes so protective and affectionate that one knows them for the truth. And here are other scenes so coarse

in word and implication that they are bound to offend.

But despite the shock that is here, I find nothing in the novel that is pornographic; the effect is not to make you want to follow after Nonnie and Tracy. Without the shock, I doubt if the moral would have gone home. At the speed things are moving today, I suspect we shall be needing a new *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for each decade. This one comes from the South, and this time New England seems afraid of it.

The quest for faith

Somerset Maugham, England's most accomplished novelist, is a peripatetic writer if ever there was one. France was his other country, and he often found it more congenial to do his writing there than in England. When the Nazis made France uninhabitable, he crossed to our side of the water, and for a time he suffered as other exiled novelists have suffered, whose roots were in the air. Then he settled down in a sunny little clearing in North Carolina and there his new book, *The Razor's Edge*, had its genesis. Even at this distance, Mr. Maugham is right in his perception of the new quest for faith which is abroad. Living in exile, it seemed to him wiser to cast his new story in American terms, and in his ingratiating introduction, he explains why he must insert himself in the story and why he cannot pretend to see Americans as Americans see themselves.

Mr. Maugham, who is the interlocutor throughout the book, tells us of a visit he paid to Chicago early in 1919. Among the Americans who there caught his fancy were a Mrs. Bradley, the widow of a diplomat; her brother Elliott, an art connoisseur home on a visit from Paris, an expatriate whose mannerisms and snobbishness might have been tailored by Henry James; and her daughter Isabel of ripe and marriageable beauty. But the one who most piques the novelist's curiosity is Isabel's fiancé, Larry, a twenty-year-old pilot lately demobilized and now ostensibly ready for marriage. Larry is a war hero, and like all American heroes he should enjoy his happy end, — should wed and settle down and sell bonds, — but to Chicago's disgust and Mr. Maugham's delight, this Larry won't do. He persists in "loafing," and when his loafing carries him to France — not to the flesh-pots but to study Greek, to work in a coal mine, and to read the great mystics — the novelist decides to find out why.

Larry's trail is agreeable to follow, for as an innocent abroad he is genuine and impulsive, and in his search for God he is willing to try any idea, any faith — at least once. Through its first half the story



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LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Be sure to read the "Imperative" book, A BELL FOR ADANO by John Hersey,
published by Alfred A. Knopf.

is told in the clear, hard light of reality, with Mr. Maugham acting as referee and father confessor to the contending Chicago factions as they reappear in Paris or London. His hopes are with Larry, but sardonically his friendship remains with the irritating dilettante Elliott. Essentially, then, this is a brilliant counterpoint between the urgent quest of youth and the cynical retreat of age, but in the development the tempo slows down as the indoctrination of Larry demands more and more attention. Each reader must decide whether the young American seen through English eyes is a breathing embodiment or a symbol of the faith we need.

Boys in Men's Shoes

By HARRY E. BURROUGHS

+ + +



H. E. BURROUGHS

SOCIAL workers and methodologists in the welfare field should give a thoughtful reading to this uncommon book. It contains much that is not to be found in their Manuals; its terminology would not fall into the "approved" category of most agencies; some of its programs for underprivileged boys

would seem fanciful or even horrifying to the "objective criteria" type of worker. Yet anyone who has observed welfare work, especially that part undertaken by so-called private agencies, must have wondered at times at the appalling want of those very qualities which Harry Burroughs brings so lavishly into play.

Mr. Burroughs is the founder and the guiding genius of a recreation center for newsboys in downtown Boston. In the summer months, his Foundation maintains a newsboys' camp in Maine. Both are ambitious in their scope, to say the least, and they have caused considerable headwagging among the more cautious authorities on child welfare. Some argued that the downtown building was too elaborate for its purpose. The camp, it was contended, could not afford a full-sized amusement-park merry-go-round, and there was no need of providing horses for the boys to ride.

Instead of watering down his theories to meet such intimations, Mr. Burroughs has continued to ginger them up and to enforce their success. No boy in a city slum, he argues, ever had enough rides, ordinarily, on a merry-go-round. Slum boys dream of riding horseback; yet many have never seen a horse other than a peddler's nag. What is so queer, he demands, in gratifying so great and so harmless an aspiration? If they live at home in tumult, why shouldn't his camp wake them up, of a morning, with soft chimes? It may not be in the Manual, but the boys like it a lot.

"In my own newsboy life of nine years," Mr. Burroughs writes, "one week end was the extent of my vacation. I spent that at a camp in Gloucester, and the charge was three dollars. In return I received only a change of air

and an unforgettable experience: there were not sufficient counselors to supervise the swimming period, and I almost drowned."

If Mr. Burroughs's practice of engaging a Parker House chef and of dazzling his "clients" with international swimming champions seems to go to the other extreme, he will tell you that every shot must count when you are dealing with the adolescent: if you let him grow up without ever encountering the more attractive things, the more outstanding people of a boy's world, he will never have even a glimpse of what he is missing.

Fortunately for these picturesque experiments, a number of public-spirited men and women have found them worth helping. The case histories which Mr. Burroughs's book includes suggest that their support has not been fruitless. An excellent foreword by Sheldon Glueck of the Harvard Law School confirms that impression.

A Russian immigrant, who supported himself as a boy by selling papers on the downtown corners, Harry Burroughs divides his time between his Foundation's affairs and an active law practice. His opinions on how to deal with boys are not to be taken lightly. Neither are his views as expressed under the heading, "Budgetitis": —

"The yardstick for judging agency budgets should be not how many dollars are spent per boy, but how much good is done to the boy per dollar; as soon as the agencies know they are judged not by how much they spend but by how much good they do, there will be fewer delinquent and maladjusted boys." *Macmillan, \$3.50.*

CHARLES W. MORTON, JR.

A Guide for the Bedevilled

By BEN HECHT

+ + +



BEN HECHT

MR. HECHT, never one to spare the invectives, lets fly with a barrage that bares in all its ugliness the problem of anti-Semitism and anti-Semites. Despite his vitriolic and violent approach to the subject, Mr. Hecht has written a sincere book. He takes anti-Semitism personally and emotionally. The result

is a stimulating volume, but one, unfortunately, that sheds little new light on the subject.

Skimming through the history of the Jews, Mr. Hecht finds that the Jew is not the cause of anti-Semitism but its victim; he explains that it has never mattered whether the Jew tried to make himself into a likeness pleasing to the non-Jew; it mattered not whether the Jew was rich or poor, quiet-mannered or noisy, radical or conservative: anti-Semitism always seemed to flourish.

In seeking for an answer, Mr. Hecht examines a number of theories: that anti-Semitism is the manifestation of an inferiority complex on the part of those who practice it; that anti-Semitism is a crime and anti-Semites criminals; that Jews are egotists. As for the German people, Mr. Hecht says that they are, with a very few exceptions, cold-blooded murderers and that the only way to cure

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By **BEN HECHT**

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their criminal tendencies is to fence off the whole nation and let it destroy itself — hardly a practical suggestion.

Mr. Hecht sees little likelihood that anti-Semitism will disappear. He points out that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1822 discovered the cause of puerperal fever and asked in his most charming manner that the medical profession investigate his theory. But neither the public nor the medical profession would listen to him, and it was not until a hundred years later that Dr. Holmes's theory was finally accepted. Mr. Hecht points out that if scientists and mankind in general are so callous about death in childbirth, how can the Jew expect the world to worry about his fate!

The only solution suggested by Mr. Hecht's book is that the non-Jews must recognize anti-Semitism as a virulent disease for which they must find a cure, for their own protection. *Scribner, \$2.50.*

GEORGE W. JOEL

Never Whistle in a Dressing Room

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

+ + +



M. ZOLOTOW

MAURICE ZOLOTOW's *Never Whistle in a Dressing Room* is an inside-Broadway book, showing you the who's who, the what's what, and the here's how of the Great White Way. The why, of course, is devotion to the fountain of eternal lucre.

Mr. Zolotow has a special fondness for human curiosities both individual and institutional; it is therefore not surprising that his two best chapters are both about rogues — ticket hustlers and pitchmen. Ticket hustlers are illegal ticket speculators, and their ingenuity is truly out of this world. Pitchmen are itinerant, open-air hawkers who sell kitchen gadgets, eradicators, and medicines, at swollen prices. The mark-up generally ranges between 70 and 80 per cent. These pitchmen, "remnants of the adventurous merchant traders of the Renaissance period," do an estimated business of \$150,000,000 a year.

Scholar Zolotow's chapter on the hat-checking industry may open some eyes. The annual overhead is relatively negligible, the annual "take" is \$250,000,000. (And taken it is.) The chapter on fortune-telling is amusing, as are the facts and figures; four out of ten people half believe in it, 5,000,000 actually run their lives by it, and persons in the United States are now spending \$200,000,000 a year trying to learn the future.

Two more conservative notes from Mr. Zolotow's informative researches: Howard S. Cullman, currently the theater's favorite finance-capitalist, in three years has realized 80 per cent over and above theatrical investments totaling \$200,000. The radio serial, that badgered institution, annually yields \$25,000,000 — which is one third of the broadcasting industry's yearly revenue — and has

inevitably become its backbone; as a form of entertainment it is unequivocally demanded by the public.

Never Whistle in a Dressing Room should amuse those who enjoy fantastic behavior. *Dutton, \$2.75.*

SCHUYLER WATTS

The Bay of Silence

By EDUARDO MALLEA

+ + +



E. MALLEA

THE rebellious, truth-seeking spirit of universal youth runs through this first-person story of a young Argentine who batters his head against the stone wall of corruption in his native land. It is the same spirit which has found voice in the literature of other countries, for in the years prior to this war Argentina was not the only land which could be described as "an enormous country sunk in a gigantic orgy of colossal self-complacency."

It is against this self-complacency and other rather vague ills that Tregua, the "I" of the novel, launches his attack. And the reform movement faces the same difficulties in Argentina that Tregua later finds throughout Europe. Tregua will not admit defeat; he finds himself and his insurgent fellows throughout the world "ardent and insufficient, full of will and incapacity! . . . Young, anxious, and disheartened mariners . . . waiting for their ship in the bay of silence."

Unfortunately the novel, like its heroes, is often "ardent and insufficient." In this translation it is a disjointed tale, a strange potpourri of episodes, short stories, and somewhat too lengthy dialogues on politics all jumbled in with affairs of the heart. The piece is ostensibly a history of Tregua's association with the rebellious movement against corruption, written by himself for a lovely, inspiring woman whom he has admired from afar but to whom he has never spoken. This *raison d'être* for the narrative seems forced, and the lady, the "you" of the novel, makes her appearances in unexpected places in the story. Married to a husband who prefers wealth and position to her, she stands somewhat, I imagine, as a symbol of Argentina, as Mallea sees her, betrayed by her politicians.

The first of the three novelettes into which the novel divides concerns Tregua and his circle of friends who lament the fate of Juan Argentino (a kind of Argentine John Doe) and publish for his rehabilitation a reform newspaper, *Enough*. In the second novelette Tregua appears quite unaccountably in Europe, where he sees in the refugees from Italy and other countries the same futile contest against powerful overlords that he undertook in Argentina. The third part of the story brings Tregua back to Argentina, where he becomes involved in a love affair with a tragically introverted young woman upon whom life has shut all the windows.

What unity there is in the novel, aside from the obvious unity in the teller of the tale, is in the transition of Tre-

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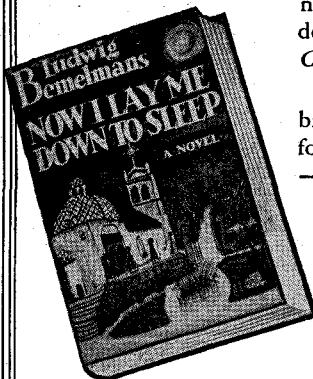
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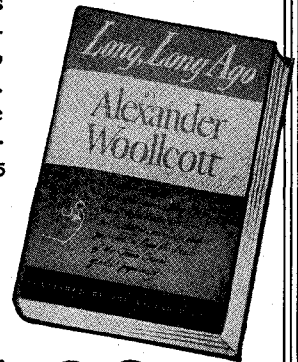


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A BELL
FOR ADANO
by John Hersey
(Knopf)

gua's spirit from rebelliousness to frustration to a final vague hopefulness that at some future time the ship will discover all those who have fought and failed huddled together in "the bay of silence." *Knopf, \$2.50.*

LT. (j.g.) ROBERT W. ANDERSON

The Outnumbered

By CATHERINE HUTTER

+ + +



C. HUTTER

THOSE who have enjoyed *The Song of Bernadette* will probably take to this rather unusual first novel by Catherine Hutter. The theme of both books is the same — the conquest of force by faith. Like Franz Werfel, Miss Hutter is a native of Europe, though her origins are German rather than Austrian. She

did, however, live for a time in the neighborhood of Vienna, and that locale serves her as the setting of this story.

The Outnumbered tells of a little girl named Fehge (her name means literally "little bird") who was born of Jewish parents, became, in a series of complicated events a Catholic, and was destined for an experience astonishing enough to make her a saint of the Christian calendar beside the peasant girl of Lourdes. The legend of this medieval miracle in modern dress spread over the breadth of the land, and Fehge became the focal point of a pilgrimage that had even the Gestapo worried.

The sweet and simple character of Fehge is well drawn and the atmosphere of democratic Austrian politics between the two World Wars is caught, but in spots Miss Hutter leans heavily on coincidence, and the final burden of her message to a confused world seems, at least to one reader, just a trifle obscure. *Dodd, Mead, \$2.75.*

MILTON HINDUS

Contemporary Italy

By COUNT CARLO SFORZA

+ + +



COUNT SFORZA

BETTER than any other contemporary statesman, Count Sforza understands what Julius II once called *il giuoco del mondo*, the game of world politics, because it is bred in his bones. This book is but another proof of it, if further proof were needed. For besides dealing with the tragic evolution of Italy's

political and cultural institutions, the story develops a world view in the sense that world affairs, under Count Sforza's brilliant pen and vast experience, move against the background of happenings in the author's native land. It is a vivid and fascinating account by an expert

whose like is all too rare in our epoch of mediocre amateurishness. Count Sforza speaks of what he knows, because he was an intimate participant in all the major international political and diplomatic events that occurred in the long armistice between the First and Second World Wars.

One cannot lay this book down without a sigh of regret that Sforza's amazing clarity of vision and his wise counsels were not more frequently followed in the years that led up to the disaster which has overtaken mankind. If to foresee is the true and ultimate measure of statecraft, Sforza is the master of them all. He foresaw everything: Pétain's treason, Weygand's obscurantism, Franco's role, Mussolini's stab in the back, Victor Emmanuel's cretinism, Beneš's grandeur of spirit, Daladier's weakness. There are some harrowing revelations in this book on the men who had and still have the destiny of mankind in their hands. The only fault one can find is the author's total neglect of the economic factors that contributed to the shaping of events.

Yet *Contemporary Italy* is of supreme timeliness. No man who wants to keep abreast of what is happening in Europe, and especially in Italy, can do without it. This book gives him the background of the immediate past and the basis of the future. *Dutton, \$3.50.*

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

The Lord Is a Man of War

By STANLEY F. DONATH

+ + +



S. F. DONATH

LOVERS of adventure stories should mark down the name of Stanley F. Donath, a refugee of Czech heritage now living in New Jersey. I know of no American who could have done such a slick writing job, outside of James M. Cain.

This wild and yet somehow strictly disciplined tale begins at the New York World's Fair. Jan Dvorin, a young Czech refugee, is desperately trying to save enough money out of his wages as a counterman to bring his father to America. He soon learns, however, that all his sacrifices have been useless because the old man has been killed by the S.S. That's where the fantasy begins. It's all supposed to be real, of course, and it is carried off with the greatest aplomb, but a more amazing series of events has never got between book covers.

Jan finds out the name of the officer responsible for the murder (he's known him in the past) and he's off on a one-man invasion of Europe to hunt him down and kill him. His hunt takes him through Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany, France (to name the better-known places).

Without the greatest skill on the author's part, such a wide-ranging story invites comparison with a comic strip. But that skill is here. It is as highly professional as this sort of thing can be, and it makes me wish to see what Alfred Hitchcock could make of it. *Knopf, \$2.50.*

MILTON HINDUS



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LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND!

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

SOME ancient houses have storied in them the character, the beauty, and the trophies of experience which a vigorous family hands down the centuries. Such is Renishaw Hall, which, since 1625, has been enlarged and reanimated by the Sitwells. Hot-tempered and reckless, scholarly and passionate and adventuresome, this family is in miniature a portrait gallery of England.

Renishaw today is the home of Sir Osbert Sitwell, an officer of the Grenadier Guards, 1914-1919, a poet and critic who now combines the duties of a squire with the art of a biographer. In his "frank, beautifully written, and excessively amusing autobiography" he traces that blending of character and temperament which has produced three authors in his generation — Edith, Sacheverell, and Sir Osbert himself.

28

MY EARLIEST recollection of an author, and of the impression such a being is likely to create, goes back to the year when I was seven.

Renishaw was full of guests, mostly relations of my mother's; poor relations who spent a shadow-like existence silhouetted, at discreet intervals, upon the walls of great house after great house. They were said — and proudly they bore their label — to be "such fun"; though, somehow, one never gathered precisely how or why. ("Do you know Tita? She's such fun.") Nor did my Sitwell and Hely-Hutchinson relations ever seem to enter into this ambiguous, esoteric category: serious-minded, their every thought tinged with religion, no one attempted, or dared, to say it of them. Though they prided themselves upon the possession of a sense of humor, they would have been the first, I think, to resent being dismissed as "such fun."

No, these relatives of whom I am talking were, in the main, distant female cousins of my mother's or "connections," spinsters for the most part, though they included a few married couples. But the worst of it was that this fun brigade stood divided against itself; mutual backbiting was rampant, although it must be admitted that sufficient *esprit de corps* prevailed to prevent a general breakup. No member of it would insinuate about another anything so definite as to make it unlikely that that person would again be invited to the house; such an action would have constituted a breach of the unwritten rules. Notwithstanding, when several ministers of fun were gathered together at the same time, an unmistakable acerbity would before long begin to make itself felt. Tempers were short because of the pressure of work. Like the members of a second-rate provincial touring company, they would stop at station after station along the line, to fulfill, as it were, a week's engagement. As soon as it was finished, they must pack again and be off.

Then there would be a wedding or a memorial service,

and they would all be obliged, at great expense, to troop back to London. But they *had* to be there, or someone might be offended. Besides, they must be seen, could not afford to drop out. It provided, too, an occasion for them to meet, concoct their future plans, and see that these would not conflict in any way. It was hard work, harder every year now. Fun, oh, such fun, but they had little of their time to spare, and none for the children of the house. If they could think of nothing to say, they just laughed, which kept things going, and compared with saying things to make the others laugh as treading water does with swimming. It kept them afloat, and maintained their reputation for gayety and humor.

At such moments the children regarded them with a horrid, round-eyed wonder. The brigade hated the children in every house at which they stopped, and the children returned the feeling. But though the young were so great a trial, experience had taught these relatives that it was usually necessary to mask their animus, because the mothers never really seemed to *like* a show of it and one pleasant place of resort had already disappeared from circulation because of a piece of overenthusiastic and too hastily improvised mischief-making. I was an "elder son"; so, quite apart from the fact that my parents would have resented criticism of me, it was wiser to pet and to take trouble — you never knew; this treatment might pay a bonus later on.

They did not, I apprehend, care much for my father either. He had the reputation of being "clever"; and if you were "clever," that somehow or other canceled out "fun." Of course they did not see him a great deal in the day, hardly ever until dinner, but the ice-coated politeness with which he enveloped them made them feel, often, that they were being strangled or had fallen unaware into plaster of Paris. And, in any case, instinct told them that they would have got more out of it if only he had not been

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there — and, indeed, would have been there more often themselves. And the place was very convenient — situated on two main railway lines.

We returned their dislike heartily enough, but, if compelled to see much of them at any particular time, — beyond all things, I resented their being brought up to say good-night to me, — I could always find relief for my feelings by going down to the pantry the next morning, where I enjoyed a talk about these visitors with Henry, the butler, whose vivid tongue and acute judgment of people were a continual, if inhospitable, source of pleasure.

Generally, I would find Henry polishing a piece of silver with great vigor, and to the same rhythm as the tune he was singing. In the morning he usually chose hymns, rolling the pious and familiar words round his tongue with an unconjecturable unction, and rendering the notes in his well-known bellow, deep and melodious. Or, again, he might be singing a favorite song — “The Pope, he leads a happy life” — concerned with a comparison between the sensual indulgences affected by the Pope and the Sultan of Turkey, for, whereas the Holy Father was allowed as much wine as he liked, but no wives, the Caliph was permitted, on the other hand, as many wives as he liked, but no wine. After he had finished his song, which he had given with the utmost formality, as though in front of an audience, he would stop, and catching sight, through the window, of the chef and his underlings preparing food, would remark, “Miss Vasal looks hungrier than ever this year, Master Osbert. All you’ve got to do now, if you want her to come and stay, is to hang a bit of bacon outside on a hook. She’ll smell it, wherever she is, and walk straight in and begin laughing at once — unless she catches sight of Sir George (*No, no, no!*) — fit to bust ’erself, poor lady.”

Fortunately, in those worlds apart of child and adult, except upon a picnic or outing of some sort, we saw little of the fun contingent. One such occasion presented itself, however, when an old elm, at the near end of the avenue, was cut down. We were all of us, fifteen or sixteen persons it may be, taken out to see the giant fall, for this is a process that most of humanity loves to witness. And it proved, indeed, an interesting spectacle, because, as it fell, a cloud of bats, hundred upon hundred of them, flew out into the, to them, impenetrable daylight, and wildly sped and spun and circled, squeaking in their voices that are so high-pitched as to be felt rather than heard. With shrieks of terror, as though they had just witnessed the landing of Mr. H. G. Wells’s contemporary Martians, the women of the party, clasping their piled-up masses of hair tightly with their hands, so as to protect it, — for a myth persisted that bats loved to become involved in those nests of crowning glory, — fled towards the house. It was an extraordinary scene, such as I now see might have inspired the brush of Nicholas Poussin — the flight, the stricken faces, the gestures of despair, the eyes round and welling with terror.

Even at so early an age, I found this rhythmic flight of women towards the house impressive: I scarcely expected to witness again soon such a classic scene of anguish. But

I was wrong, for a few days later Miss de Rodes, the heiress of the beautiful Elizabethan house of Barlborough, brought over to tea at Renishaw the members of her house party. When, arriving on the lawn, she introduced one of them as “Mr. Augustus Hare, the writer,” her words created obvious panic. There ensued, metaphorically, the same tragic rush of women, away, off stage, holding their hair and, this time, crying, “He may put *me* in a book!”

It was then brought home to me for the first — but alas! not the last — time, the universal horror in which the writer is held in England, in elegant circles no less than among the common men. The lurking, inexpressible, awful fear haunted each of their hearts, like that which, were it sentient enough, would haunt the mind of a butterfly about to be netted, anesthetized, killed, and pinned out upon a square of cardboard. The prejudice was immense. Each man — though my father’s attitude, of course, was exceptional, for he was interested — and each woman felt sure of being the quarry. Perhaps, also, beneath the horror, there sprang up a certain feeling of self-importance, in the same way that it had been, in a sense, self-flattery in each woman to have been so convinced that the bats wished particularly to snuggle in *her* hair. But then, writers, in addition, were *clever*. Even bats were not *that*! Again, the victims recoiled.

But I still consider it to have been on their part an unjustifiable panic. I can conceive of no writer’s *wishing* to “put them in a book.” Yet I suppose at the very moment I am being guilty of it.

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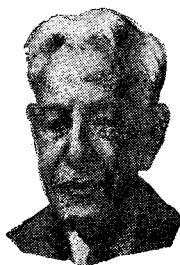
THIS, then, was my first glimpse of a writer. My initial contact with a painter, on the other hand, began during the following spring, when with the rest of the family I sat for a portrait group to John Sargent. The minute circumstances attending and leading up to the painting of a conversation-piece of this kind are not without an interest even today, and will possess still more when the rendering of such groups is finally an extinct art. I shall try to revive for the reader the look of the figures before the painter in the hard north light, like that of a permanent arctic dawn, of a studio near the river, to see how that light showed *us* to *him*, as either we posed there — in that big room bristling with canvases and containing the smell of paint which binds all studios, whether the working-places of good or bad artists, into a kingdom of their own, hedging their occupants off from the rest of mankind — uneasily balancing, modeled for him by the cold fingers of a wintry day, or fidgeted, waiting our turn, in the dark background behind him.

Although at the time occupied with some particular physical aspect of one of the persons before him, or of something connected with it, of how the scarlet dress of my pale young sister — with her hair of shallow gold that was almost a polar green — blazed out against the lying avenues of the tapestry that led from nowhere to nowhere, of how the glistening white of my mother’s dress must flicker like a spectral flame against the figures of the



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tapestry, frozen in gesture, rigid in imagery, or of how he was, in general, to balance into a tolerable whole the various patterns which people and things imposed upon his facile and poignant brush — how, for example, to reconcile the warm and breathing yet correct beauty of my mother with the woven figure of the woman at her side, in a classical robe, with her cold face reflected in the mirror she was holding before her, and with one foot poised above a basket full of enameled masks; although, as I say, occupied with all this, he would nevertheless often peer round at us with his prominent eyes, saying a word or two to amuse or pacify or keep us quiet until the moment when we were due to mount the scaffold before him.

First of all, since I possess a horror of hedging over matters wherein art is concerned, let me a little elaborate my views of Sargent's paintings: a body of work all the more necessary for us to explore at this moment because it constitutes an approach to the age which we are about to enter. These portraits are the guardians of the Edwardian shrine, comparable to the figures of the Four Marshals, those grotesque and stylized generals, with their swords and shields, their purple faces and bulging, glaring eyes, who customarily guard the entrance to temples of the Buddhist faith in China. I do not consider Sargent a great portrait painter, in the sense that Velásquez and Goya and Manet were great portrait painters, but neither, on the other hand, am I content summarily to dismiss his name.

To the aim of continuing to paint likenesses in a particular style, Sargent added his own smartness of eye, and many a touch from the Spanish and French Impressionist masters. And here the Ruskin-fed ignorance of the English public came to his aid, and helped to build him a reputation for brilliance: the mass of art patrons in this country, who had remained steadfast in their ignorance of Manet and Degas and Renoir, and even of Goya, although these painters had been famous on the Continent for a quarter of a century, mistook a reflection of this technique — now itself discarded in the lands of its origin, or, rather, actually antiquated by the complete transformation in the aims of painting that had occurred during that period — for genuine and personal invention.

Nevertheless, and in spite of his lamentable frescoes in the Boston Public Library, it must be allowed that Sargent was a painter who lived for his painting, and that, albeit not of the first, or even second, order, not of the quality of the two other celebrated portrait painters that America has given us, not so sound in workmanship or so true in color as his fellow citizen, John Singleton Copley, nor so inspired a poet of his period as the great Whistler, yet he can be compared in value, though not, of course, in the method of his painting, to such other fashionable portraitists of their epochs as Sir Thomas Lawrence or Winterhalter; painters who will always be of more interest to writers and social historians than to their fellow artists.

In order to make a living in England during the late Victorian and the Edwardian ages, every portrait painter had, to a certain extent, to become a faker of old masters, because the clients who could afford to patronize him demanded, "Give me the sort of Gainsborough that my

grandfather had," — or, more usually, that somebody else's grandfather had, and which the grandson had sold, — "but not so old-fashioned!": that was the clamant cry. Sargent, by supplying old masters, to which was added the skin-thin glint of the French Impressionists, novel to the English public, precisely met this demand. His portraits are usually good period-pieces, *de luxe*, and bear the same relation to the portraits of Gainsborough or Sir Joshua that the Ritz Hotels in the ruined capitals of Europe present to the Place Stanislas in Nancy. But they will always retain their own charm; a charm often founded in the repulsion of their subjects. For to light upon a fashionable painter who knows how to paint at all is a rarity, and Sargent knew how to make — or, rather, fake — his obvious effects better, even, than did Winterhalter.

Moreover, Sargent matched the Edwardian Age to a nicety; he was entirely occupied with outward and superficial effects. Money, one would hazard, bore for this painter the identical Edwardian sanctity that it possessed for the city magnates, sporting peers, and old-clothes and furniture dealers whose likenesses and those of their wives he was obliged to perpetuate. Yet the fact that he was so plainly more interested in the appurtenances of the sitters and in the appointments of their rooms than in their faces, from which he sought refuge in the tilted top-hats, with their somber but water-light reflections, the cravats and fur coats of the men, or in the tiaras, flashing, stiff but uneasy, above the heads of the women, or in the brocades and velvets they were wearing, in no way detracted from his popularity with them. To the whole age which he interpreted, these values were true values, and so could not be resented: sables, ermine, jewels, bath salts, rich food, covered every lapse or defect. Sargent remains the painter of *Pêche Melba*, the artist who exalted this dish to the rank of an ideal.

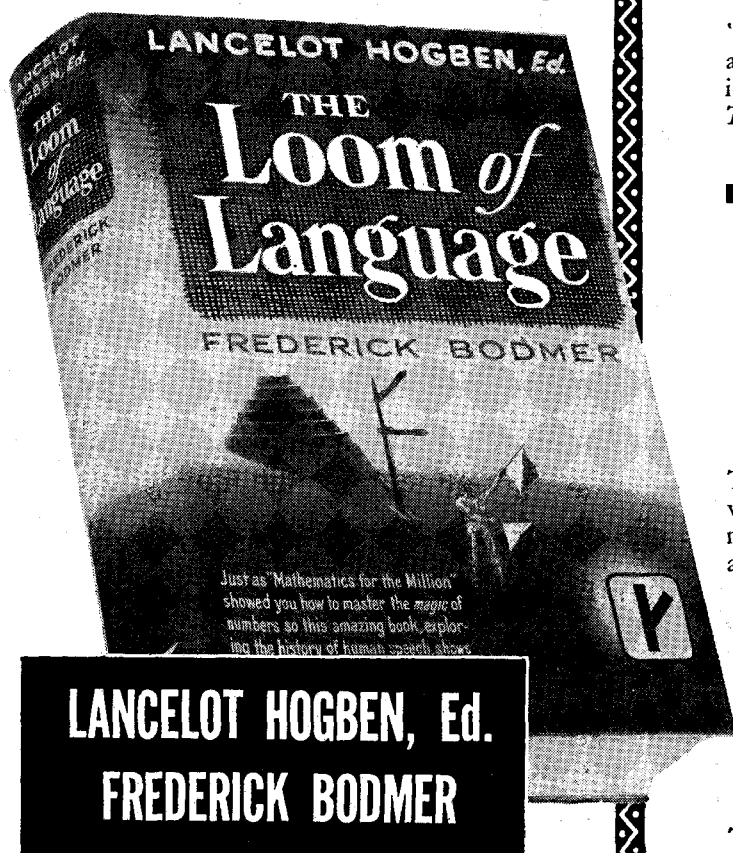
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THE events and opinions that, in our particular case, led up to the execution of the Sargent group offer a field of minute observation and present a microcosm of the development of English aesthetic opinion; so I propose to examine them in detail.

The great exhibition of English Art at Burlington House had taken place, to which my father had lent the Copley group of the Sitwell Children. He had spent many hours at it, comparing the merits of the various famous portrait painters of the eighteenth century. And about this time, or perhaps a year or two later, he wrote me a charming letter, which I found and mislaid again only the other day; a letter wherein he gravely and politely discusses with me, although I was only six or seven, the various excellencies and faults of such masters as Gainsborough, Sir Joshua, and Romney. But of all the pictures he had seen, it was the family groups that he had most enjoyed, for these appealed particularly to the ancestor-and-descendant theme which so largely dominated his conception of the family; "A delightful thing for one's descendants to have!"

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Besides, in 1898, he sat, in evening dress with white waistcoat and tie, to Tonks for his portrait, though I find no reference to it in his correspondence. Tonks stayed at Renishaw for some time, and I remember dimly that he stared for several hours a day, as it seemed, at the Copley group, and I recall more clearly his appearance, so lank, damp, and forlorn, as he came back to the house one afternoon, when the punt he had been sailing on the lake had capsized. A sudden squall had swung the sail right over, and he had been immersed. I have never seen a figure that looked more wet, almost as though clothed in water weeds.

The visit, I think, was not a success, and he never repeated it. There must have been a clash of temperaments. But all I know is that when, just after the last war, I came to know Tonks well, my father always referred to this austere artist, with his passion for connoisseurship and tradition, as "that Bolshevik," and that Tonks, for his part, told me, without making any comment, that when he had been beginning his morning's work at Renishaw, my father had looked across at him and said, "Don't paint the hair today: it's not quite in its usual form." Be that as it may, my father was not satisfied with Tonks's portrait and realized now, finally, that it was a family group that he would like to have painted.

On April 29, 1899, from Belvoir House, Scarborough, he writes to his agent, and former tutor, Peveril Turnbull, a long letter, for the most part concerned with balance sheets. It must be explained that both Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull were cultivated and intelligent, and friends of such people as Walter Crane and D. S. McColl, both of whom wielded in their own spheres considerable influence. To his surprise, my father says, he finds that he is slightly better off than he had feared. He adds: "I feel now equal to paying for a large portrait group, and wish you would ask your artist friend McColl whom he recommends. I also wish to buy two pieces of land behind Morewood the butcher's shop. . . . What is to be done about buying a billiard-table?"

In his reply, Turnbull must have informed my father that McColl had recommended for the task Jacques Émile Blanche, that charming man and brilliant talker who, during his career, had been the owner of so many good, and the painter of so many bad, pictures. (He was very generous, as they say, "with his own." Before the war, hardly a gallery in Europe existed in which did not hang several portraits by Blanche, the gift of the artist.) But it is plain that in reality my father, though he still asked for suggestions, no longer needed them. He had made up his mind. Accordingly on June 14 he wrote to Turnbull — from Scarborough again — the following long letter, this time devoted entirely to the question of the group, and of the aesthetic principles underlying it, and making no mention of butcher's shop or billiard-table: —

MY DEAR PEVERIL,

So much obliged for McColl's advice. Is it possible anywhere to get a photograph of Blanche's portrait groups, or a landscape of the painter Thornton and his family? I should much like to get one if possible.

I believe I have settled with Sargent for next year,

but "there's many a slip." Sargent is very much the kind of painter McColl recommends. He will only paint in his own studio in London, won't hear of a motive for the group or an outdoor picture, and will please himself. It is evident therefore that I cannot get what I want, namely a portrait group that will give information and tell its own story, and will hang and mezzotint as a pair to the Copley. At the same time Sargent is a great artist, and I shall get the best this age can offer, if all goes well. What I am afraid of is that Sargent has not studied the principles which have to be considered in dealing with portrait groups, an art by itself, and that he will presently realise that five figures can't be grouped without a motive, and will "chuck" the picture before it is half finished. Sargent and the modern school seem actually proud of not being able to paint what they can't see. But what a misfortune that is, for that is where the highest art comes in. Sir Joshua and the old English painters were always doing it. . . .

I showed McColl Richmond's portrait [of my mother] and told him the story, which I dare say he doesn't remember very well. The difficulty there was that Richmond won't allow one to see his canvas from the day he commences it to the day he finishes it. When one did see it one was appalled at the length of leg. . . . I have had a good deal to do with artists and always get on well with them. — Yours very truly, GEORGE R. SITWELL.

This letter is full of that minute concern with detail which always distinguishes my father's dealings. Its air is peculiarly and individually authoritative, and denotes, too, that he has no intention of depriving any artist of the benefit of his own experience and of his advice. In the last short sentence alone, which a little suggests a heroic theme blown upon a cracked bugle, there is to be detected, perhaps, an undertone suggesting, in spite of the assertive ring of it, that even the writer of the letter himself is unconvinced of the truth of his boast. At the same time, apart from this, a basis of aesthetic good sense lies under what he says.

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SEVERAL things had occurred in the preceding year to make my father alter the direction of his gaze towards Sargent. For a year and more he had been fascinated by Sargent's approach to his sitters, one so novel in England, and, besides, he had been introduced to the painter himself (as well as to his work) by George Swinton, my father's first cousin. George Swinton possessed a love and knowledge of the arts and was one of the first patrons — if not the first — of both Orpen and Sargent. His wife, Elsie Swinton, whose great portrait by Sickert is so justly celebrated, became in after years — and, I am glad to say, remains — an intimate friend of mine, and of my sister's, though to achieve this, we had, all three of us, first to fight our way out of cousinhood into friendship. She was perhaps the most gifted of all English singers of her time, an artist of a remarkable kind.

It was through the Swintons, then, that Sargent came to Renishaw to make the acquaintance of his sitters and to

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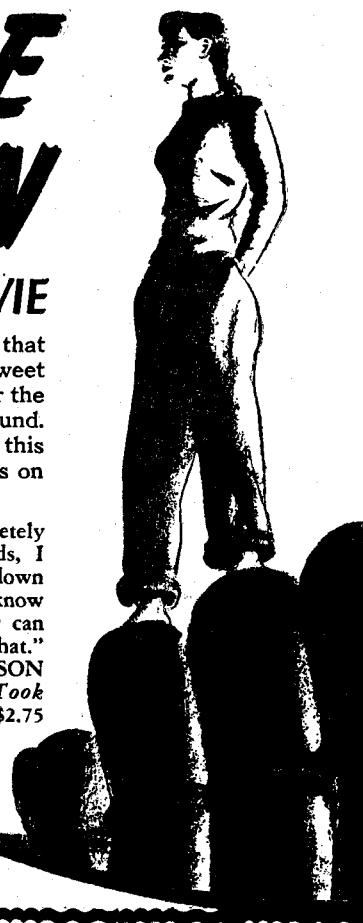
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see the Copley group, with which his picture was to tally, for it was to be of the same size, the figures in it of the same proportion, and, in so far as he could be induced to make it, of a similar feeling. Rather unexpectedly, the Copley immediately excited Sargent's admiration, and his first words, on seeing it, were, "I can never equal that." George and Elsie Swinton accompanied Sargent at the beginning of his stay, but I can remember little of him from this visit, except that he spent a considerable time fixing a cyclometer upon Elsie's bicycle. I can, however, still see very clearly in my mind's eye George Swinton and my father walking up and down the lawns together, talking, but not listening, and pointing their sticks in different directions.

This was the first time I had been privileged to see them together. They resembled each other considerably in appearance and manner, though George Swinton was taller (my father was six foot one), presenting a byzantine counterpart to my father's gothic; and their interests were akin. As the years progressed, this racing over the lawn, with their usual air of dignity combined with disapproval, their somewhat similar walk, their identical bearing and gestures, and the mutual but impersonal criticism by each of them of the remarks the other made, became one of the favorite "turns" of the Renishaw summer. "I should put the vista there, if I were you." "No, no, no!" — "But the eye should always be carried toward the horizon." "Such a mistake!" (With an air of finality) "They never do that in Italy."

Neither my father nor George Swinton seemed as a rule inclined to take the other's advice, though each possessed a respect for the other's judgment. Consequently I am surprised that my father, in the matter of the Sargent, should have allowed himself to be so plainly influenced by his cousin. However, things were now set in train. Sargent agreed to paint a picture of the dimensions and kind desired, for fifteen hundred pounds: a charge by no means excessive, for, though not yet at the height of his vogue, which reached its climax about 1910 when his prices ranged from two to three thousand pounds for a single portrait, he was already receiving large sums.

Tremendous scenes of bustle and activity now began at Renishaw. "We have got the tapestry, picture and side-board packed up, and the place put right again," the sub-agent reports to Turnbull, in a letter of February 20, 1900; for, since it was intended, as I have said, that the group should be a conversation-piece of a certain size, with its own appropriate furniture and accessories, and since Sargent refused to paint except in his own studio, my father, when he set off for London during this first winter of the Boer War, took with him the Copley picture — so that Sargent should have it before his eyes while he painted — besides the other extensions of his own and the family personality that follow: a vast and dark panel of Brussels tapestry, measuring thirty by twenty feet, signed by Louis de Vos and representing the Triumph of Justice, a figure — for once un-blindfold — posed on a column, holding in her right hand a sword and in her left the scales, against a Versailles-like vista of clipped trees and of water, while other personifications of virtue, with

their particular attributes, loll in classical attitudes in the foreground; a so-called commode, designed by Robert Adam, and executed by Chippendale and Haigh, with ormolu mountings by Matthew Boulton — a large and exquisite piece of furniture, made for the marriage of Francis Hurt Sitwell in 1776; a silver racing cup won by an ancestor at the Chesterfield races in 1747; and, last but not least, my mother, my sister, my brother, and myself, as well as the toys with which we children were to play and the black pug which was to be beside us; Yum, a sleek Chinese dog of changeable, Oriental temper whom — because this is a convention for children, a liking for dogs being almost obligatory upon them — I was expected to fondle, in spite of his snuffing manners and snapping ways.

We settled then, for the first few months of 1900, in 25 Chesham Place, a house which was almost opposite the Russian Embassy and belonged to Mrs. Moreton Frewen, a sister of Lady Randolph Churchill. (Only a few days ago I saw a ragged gap in the line of painted-plaster houses precisely where it used to stand.) It was "done-up" in the height of the fashion of the moment, for interior decoration had only just started as a mode and on its present professional basis, and Lady Randolph had been almost the first person to interest herself in it and may perhaps have had a hand in these color schemes. Before 1900, the aesthetes alone had shown an interest in the rooms in which they beautifully existed; ordinary rich people had been content to live in the houses in which they lived, with their possessions, ugly or beautiful, about them. They accepted that which fate had decreed, unless a fire, or new circumstances of one kind or another, imposed fresh surroundings upon them. They had not hitherto felt a conscious need for self-dramatization — but, with the turn of the late nineties into 1900, their confidence had all of a sudden wilted. Thus I believe that the rage for interior decoration can be related to the enormous social changes that were only hidden from them by the still shadowy outline of the new century.

In the house that we had taken, mauve, I remember, was the color on which each scheme was founded. Indeed, mauve was the acme of fashion in all branches of decoration, whether for ceilings or wallpapers, and for coverings, of a woman herself no less than of her furniture. And so I remember an aunt, who wore very striking and modish dresses, appearing in a gown of mauve striped with turquoise blue. Henceforth, mauve and the Boer War were to be inextricably associated in my mind.

Nevertheless, the house was to be memorable to me still more because it contained the first electric fan I had ever seen and, since I was young and the idea that electricity could move things, as well as illuminate them, was novel to me, I never wearied of turning it on and off, to the violent peril of my fingers. The machine stood on a mahogany pedestal in a corner of the dining room that was peculiarly drafty by nature as well as by this artifice, and I fear that before I had tired of this new toy, my mother and her friends had, during the bitter early months of that year, paid for my pleasure with many a cold, many a stabbing rheumatic pain.

My father, meanwhile, was very busy. Sargent was to begin his picture in a few days' time, — on March 1, — and the tapestry, the furniture, the Copley, and the silver bowl had all to be deposited and unpacked — under my father's personal supervision, of course — in the studio. He had, further, to arrange for the reinsurance of all the objects that he had placed there. And, during the whole time, too, he was jotting down in his notebook pieces of advice and various technical hints that he thought might be useful to the artist. Then, after the furniture and objects had been safely installed in Tite Street, there was the arrangement of them to be pondered. The bowl, for instance — where ought it to be put? The matter required careful consideration. Eventually it was placed on an Empire table, belonging to Sargent, who was a collector of furniture, and showed great taste and knowledge. This table is to be seen in other of his portraits, and it, together with the Aubusson carpet, and the pieces of china which stand on the commode, are the only things in the picture which did not come from Renishaw.

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THE sittings began on March 1, as planned, and I remember the day because we heard in the morning that the siege of Ladysmith had been lifted. Every second day for five or six weeks we posed to the famous painter in his studio, and no picture, I am sure, can ever have given the artist more trouble, for my father held strong views concerning the relationship of the patron to the painter, who ought, he inwardly maintained, to occupy the same position as a bone to a dog, — or, as for that, of a mouse to a cat, — being created and placed before him to be worried, gnawed, and teased. That my father believed this painter to be a great artist at his greatest in no wise relieved him of his duty as patron, which was to offer an opinion upon every matter, whether of taste, of feeling, or of technique, with an air of absolute and final authority, and to distract him by starting a new theory every instant, and then swiftly abandoning it, or, alternatively, by suddenly behaving as though it were Sargent's theory and not his own at all, and by consequently opposing it with startling vigor just as the artist had agreed to accept it. At moments that became steadily more frequent as the picture progressed, he played a very strong hand and became positively dictatorial.

In some ways a man of gentle temperament, despite his full-blooded, energetic, resolute appearance, Sargent exhibited under this treatment a remarkable mildness and self-control. Notwithstanding, albeit difficult to provoke, there were enacted from time to time considerable scenes, though, even then, the sudden outbursts of the artist, his rushing bull-like at the canvas and shouting, were in reality the expression more of tremendous physical vitality than of rage. And, in any case, my father himself enjoyed these exhibitions very much, for, according to his code, a show of temperament was expected of every artist — who ought, indeed, to be goaded daily by the patron until he gave it, that being part of the contract, as it were,

existing between them, and a guarantee that the work would be of the highest quality.

On one occasion, then, a really big scene took place, but my father triumphed, and obliged Sargent to paint out completely a table with some silver upon it, the most skillful and typical still-life — so George Swinton, who had seen it, told me in after years — that he had ever executed. There, somewhere under the dark surface of the present picture, that pyrotechnical display lies interred. But Sargent had been loath to lose it and had not scrupled to state plainly his own views on the painter-patron relationship.

I remember, too, another incident. My father, who, as I have said, only admired in a female small du Maurier-like features, pointed out to the painter that my sister's nose deviated slightly from the perpendicular, and hoped that he would emphasize this flaw. This request much incensed Sargent, obviously a very kind and considerate man; and he showed plainly that he regarded this as no way in which to speak of her personal aspect in front of a very shy and supersensitive child of eleven. Perhaps, too, he may already have divined in her face and physique the germ of a remarkable and distinguished appearance which was later to appeal particularly to painters. At any rate, he made her nose straight in his canvas and my father's nose crooked, and absolutely refused to alter either of them, whatever my father might say.

Even this difference of opinion, however, and the expressions of a turbulent and rebellious kind which accompanied it, seem in no way to have spoiled my father's pleasure in the picture. Thus, on March 19, we find him writing to Turnbull a short account of the progress of the group, and a description of it: "Sargent's picture is going on famously and will I think be finished in a fortnight. We are all very much pleased with it. Lady Ida is standing in a white and silver evening-dress arranging flowers in that old silver bowl on a little first Empire table. Osbert and the baby are on the floor to her left, giving the black pug a biscuit. I am standing to her right in dark grey and with brown riding-boots with one hand on Edith's shoulder — she is in scarlet. The tapestry and old French chiffonier make a most satisfactory background. We have put Lady Ida in a black 'shadow' hat, something like that in Copley's picture, with white feathers and red ribbons. . . ."

The dress worn by my mother, though perhaps oddly chosen, was certainly very pretty in its way and had been made — this offers a singular footnote to the epoch — by the then celebrated dressmaker, Madame Clapham, who worked in Hull (another link between the Sargent group and that city). From the present distance in time it would seem improbable that any fashionable woman should go especially to Hull for her clothes; but so it was. The mode had originated with the daughters of Mrs. Arthur Wilson and Mrs. Charles Wilson, — afterwards Lady Nunburnholme, — who, coming from this district, had startled London a few years before with their good looks and their dashing clothes, and had soon made the reputation of the local dressmaker whom they were said to patronize.

I remember, though I cannot be certain of the year, accompanying my mother and her cousin, Lady Westmorland, by train from Scarborough to Hull, and then being taken to see Madame Clapham, who was fitting them for the dresses they had ordered for a Court Ball. Lady Westmorland, a famous beauty, bought some of her clothes, it is true, in Paris, but as yet very few women — apart from the American contingent, who thereby gained an unfair advantage over the rest — obtained them there. And though within a few years every woman who could afford to do so was following the American example, at present Hull was the rage.

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A CHILD of seven is granted very good chances of observation, for he is old enough to notice a considerable amount and, so long as he behaves himself, grown-up people are usually unself-conscious, thinking that he is too young to understand their characters. Thus, if he is much with them, he can for the most part watch them being their natural selves, without any attempt at disguise, except, occasionally and only with certain individuals, for a special show of friendliness and condescension.

I was privileged in this manner to watch at his work this tall, taurine figure, with his large, rather shapeless but forceful torso and strong arms, his head, small for the body supporting it, and his flushed face with its little beard and prominent, bulging blue eyes. He was always dressed in a conventional blue serge suit, for in those times fashionable portrait painters never indulged in the overalls or semi-fancy dress which they would adopt today, and no doubt the tight, starched white collar was responsible for the rather plethoric appearance of his face as he painted, for work of an aesthetic and intellectual order is as difficult as manual labor in such constricting fetters. I can still see him now, if I shut my eyes, as, when something he had done displeased him, he would lower his head and, as it were, charge the canvas with a brush in his hand to blot out what the minute before he had so rapidly created, bellowing, at the same time, in his deep voice, the words, "It's pea-green, pea-green, pea-green — it's all pea-green!"

I think Sargent must have liked children — or perhaps he only found them a pleasant change from the usual, more sophisticated occupants of his studio, public monuments of men, proconsuls and generals, grave and portentous mouths through whom spake spirits, the infinite army of the banal dead, or fashionable beauties, with psyches that resembled air-balloons, inflated, light and highly colored. Certainly he was very patient, would go to almost any trouble, consistent with being allowed to paint, to amuse us. When the first fascination of watching him at work, a conjurer drawing effects out of the void, had worn off, we became restless — especially Sacheverell, who was only two years old.

After a quarter of an hour, it would be impossible for either Davis or me any longer to restrain his childish impatience, or to cajole him into posing; but Sargent

could always contrive to hold his attention for a few extra minutes, either by indulging in a peculiar and elaborate whistling he had cultivated, like that of a French *siffler* upon the music-hall stage, or by incessantly intoning a limerick, which ran: —

There was a Young Lady of Spain
Who often was sick in a train,
Not once and again,
But again and again,
And again and again and again.

With an air of rapt amazement and delight, Sacheverell would listen to this recitation, rooted throughout the performance of it to the right spot. Even this, however, did not serve to keep him quiet indefinitely, and, being so young, his fidgeting was such that eventually a doll had to be made, of exactly his size and coloring, so that it could pose for him. Sargent would then paint him for so long as the restless child would allow, and, when his continuing to sit any longer became out of the question, this miniature waxen-faced lay figure, with the same fair curls and the same clothes, would take his place.

Although my brother and I were always pleased when the time came to leave the studio, we both of us liked Sargent, and appreciated his kindness, of which we saw many indications. He always tried to avoid implicating us in any trouble, when trouble arose because we had been "difficult." He championed us, and especially my sister, who could not do very much that was right. So the platform on which we were painted was not as unpleasant as it might have been. Indeed I, for one, enjoyed watching him paint. He bore the reputation of being an extremely rapid worker, and it may be that, in his capacity of illusionist, — for, at his best, he was that rather than an impressionist, — he was more interesting for a child to observe than many a greater artist.

We went to the studio always in the same groups or solitary units, at the same repetitive hours; Sachie and I, always together, for example, with Davis shepherding us, but without the rest of the family. Our nurse would take great care to see that we were smartly dressed — for to sit to a painter was, in her eyes, merely a more expensive form of sitting to a photographer: you must wear your best clothes and most disarming smile — and that we reached the studio punctually; which, in practice, meant about half an hour before the sitting began.

We would wait in a darkened corner, watching Sargent as he stood there, with one eye shut, regarding his models for several minutes from a very considerable distance, and then bore down upon the canvas, which was much nearer to them than to him. We would look, too, at the people he was painting: my father, with a certain air of distinguished isolation, and "with one hand on Edith's shoulder," rather in the manner of a stage magician, producing a rabbit out of a hat; Edith in her scarlet dress, with her lank, golden-green hair frizzed out unbecomingly for the occasion (for my father said that "all hair should be inclined to curl, and so soften the lines of the face"), and her pale face very intent, as though waiting, listening for some sound she could scarcely catch as yet, some sound in the future,

the particular rhythm that it had been left to her, alone of those who speak our English tongue, to seize, adding thereby a new and lovely melody to the innumerable glories of English poetry; my mother (who had usually brought with her a friend now sitting with us, watching), with one long-gloved hand, the fingers pointed and bent back upon the table, with the other about to make an ineffectual attempt to cope with a few crimson *anemone fulgens* in the silver bowl; and I would wonder, too, at the silver bowl itself, and the Chelsea figures and the silver embroidery. Could they be *so like*, when the lights in them were just twists and blobs of paint; so like, when you wished them to be like, so unlike, so flat and simple, at other moments?

Then my sister or my mother would step down from the platform, and it would be our turn. Soon Sargent would begin reciting again, until finally came the hour of release. As the evenings grew longer and finer, my mother would sometimes come back to fetch us in an open carriage, so that we could have some air. We would usually cross the Suspension Bridge that spanned the enormous river, and drive in Battersea Park. Then we would return to the mauve, brightly lit interior of Chesham Place. The footman would open the door, and I would quickly dash through it into the dining room, to turn on the electric fan before anyone could stop me.

Altogether, I liked London. In these months I did not experience the attacks of croup that I should certainly have had to endure in Scarborough; for croup is a kind of nervous frenzy brought on by boredom, that complaint of the spirit from which it is never admitted that children can suffer. The atmosphere of this city was exciting — though this, indeed, made the length of the sittings seem more dreary — and there was — oh, so occasionally! — a theater to visit; and the Zoological Gardens, living continuation of Noah's Ark, were open to us on Sundays. But, besides, there existed the fascinating pleasure-round of every day: one could always go to Hamley's, to look at the latest and most enchanting tricks and toys; brightly lit shops that put to flight the yellow fogs outside.

Or I could tease Davis till she took me to Harrod's store — "Anything for peace!" — and, once there, while she was not looking, make a dash for the escalator (the earliest, I believe, in London; not so much a moving staircase as a moving inclined plane). Even out walking, treats were plentiful. We might meet a battalion of one of the regiments of the Brigade of Guards, with its red coats and enormous bearskins, lighting the gray streets like fires, as they passed with drums and fifes, or even occasionally accompanied by the regimental band. Or we might see persons or personages at whom we were actually encouraged to stare, in order that we might never forget having seen them, and how they looked.

Thus, one cold spring morning, when gray clouds clustered round the sky as gray feathers round a sea-bird, Edith and I were walking with Davis along the Mall — then an unpretentious street, and not a processional road modeled by elephantine Edwardian taste upon the Sieges Allee in Berlin. Suddenly a clatter and scraping of hoofs

told us that a body of Life Guards was approaching, and behind them, in an open carriage, sat a small figure, in black, with a black bonnet, bowing with a regular swaying motion to right and left, as the people thinly lining the road cheered her. She liked the air, and her face was rather red with exposure to it.

This was the sovereign who, at the age of seventeen, had mounted a shaken and a shaky throne and now, after a reign of sixty and more years, was about to leave it, transmuted into rock by the magic of the common virtues she exhibited, to her heirs. This was the presiding deity of a golden age, blessed and tranquil in spite of its manifold endeavor; this the young girl who had remained, until the time she had become an old woman, the personification of a way of life, and who, by some combination of evolutionary advantage and of instinct, had invented a new kind of sovereignty, so that the frontiers of it now stretched as the very portals of the world.

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AT LAST, the picture was finished; at last the moment came when we no longer had to go to Sargent's studio — except, as the reader will see, on one more, and a different, occasion. The end came with a flourish and a gesture, for the painter had secretly caused the frame of the Copley to be copied for his pendant to it, and now presented it to my father as a surprise. My father, who did not usually like to receive gifts, was on this occasion enchanted.

Then came the question of exhibition. The picture had been finished too late to be sent in to the Royal Academy of 1900, and so, as my father wished various members of the family who were living in London, or happened to be staying there, to see it, he asked Sargent's permission to allow them to come to the studio one afternoon in early April. Accordingly they were invited, in order to give their opinion of the picture and Sargent the benefit of their informed advice; at least that is what they imagined was expected of them, though in reality my father only wanted to be congratulated on his taste and on having obtained so fine a bargain.

But this, again, was not at all what the opposition — led by my grandmother Londesborough — intended (the members of my mother's family, so much less interested in works of art than those of my father's, had nevertheless turned up in much greater force). On the contrary, she and her followers immensely enjoyed the sensation of allowing themselves to be amazed. Serge Lifar tells us that in Paris, when Diaghilev felt dull or was bored, he would always send for Jean Cocteau and say to him imploringly, "Étonne-moi, Jean!" To the Russian impresario, therefore, the process of being astonished was evidently pleasurable as well as stimulating, but not so with this gathering of my relatives. To be astonished was, to them, to be shocked; nay, *scandalized*. They may, secretly, have reveled in the emotion, but they pretended to be aghast.

My grandmother, and her unmarried sister, Lady Geraldine Somerset, — a fascinating and, indeed, cultivated old lady, possessed of infinite character, who lived

inside what appeared to be a series of tents composed of fading photographs, pitched in Upper Brook Street, and who had to be shouted at, for she was very deaf and carried an elaborate ear-trumpet, flounced and pleated like an early lamp-shade, — concentrated on the picture, and pecked away at its faults after the manner of two powerful birds. “Why riding things and an evening-dress?” “Why an evening-dress and a hat?” “Why, if you wear a hat, have a hat with a transparent brim?” they demanded of each other rhetorically, expecting no answer. “Why?” “Why, d’you suppose?” (This last was a favorite phrase of theirs.) “And why not go to an ordinary painter?” “Why, do you suppose?” “Why go to an American?”

“Why, do you suppose?” The eager and attentive chorus of younger relatives took up the theme from them, and made it swell to a grand, imposing culmination, “Why, do you suppose?”

This memorable spring afternoon was the last occasion on which I saw Sargent in his studio. Indeed, I never met him again until I was nineteen or twenty, when I dined in his company one night at Elsie Swinton’s. (When I mentioned this to my father, afterwards, he said anxiously, “I *hope* you didn’t talk — these great men don’t like it.”) It was also the last occasion on which I saw my grandmother arrayed in her ordinary clothes. Henceforth she wore widow’s weeds, for, a fortnight later, on April 19, my grandfather died. Already in the winter he had been unwell, had been advised to seek a more genial climate — and had, in fact, done so. But he had been brought home too early in the year and the weather had turned cold and had lowered his resistance. But the actual cause of his death was strange, or at any rate seemed so at that time, and I will relate it.

I saw him again, a day or two after the private view in the studio, for he was attached to me, and I was the last person to go out with him. One afternoon he fetched me for a drive. He was driving the vehicle himself — whatever it may have been; we sat very high up, I remember, with a groom at the back. Because of the unpopularity on the Continent of the Boer War, an unknown man had just made an attempt on the life of the Prince of Wales as he had been passing through Belgium on his way to visit Denmark, and my grandfather first called at Marlborough House, so that he could write his name in the book there. Then he took me in the growing dusk, through the streets of Pimlico, where the stalls, tended by costers, were lit by flares that flowed in the wind like ostrich plumes, to the door of a big yellow warehouse in which were sold parrots, cockatoos, and lovebirds.

The next day he fell ill, and died a few days later — it was said of pneumonia, but my father told me subsequently that this illness had been very rare, a form of pneumonia that could only be caught from parrots infected with it (the disease in fact which, when in after years it grew more common, was known as psittacosis). And he added that it had struck him as singular under these circumstances that the delirium of the dying man had consisted in a reversion to the time, many years previously, when he had visited Central and South

America in his yacht, so that, as if influenced by the source of the germs he had contracted, he was perpetually traveling again on the wide rivers through the otherwise impenetrable forests of those tropical lands.

My sister, my brother, and I were sent down to stay with my grandmother Sitwell in her large honey-colored house in Surrey, set among commons and leafy lanes. Later my mother, and a friend or two to offer profane and comforting company in this secluded religious community, came down to join us. Sometimes, we would hear the grown-up people talking anxiously of business and family affairs. Where, they asked, *where* would my grandmother Londesborough live? And they would go and look for houses for her. My grandfather had left no personalty; Francis, they said, would be “badly off” now he had succeeded: he would only have forty thousand a year at first to spend, though eventually sixty. Taxes were so high. They looked worried.

Meanwhile my father’s mind, absorbed as ever by so many affairs, was still following, among other tracks, the pictorial. Sargent had not, for all my father’s admiration for him, converted him to Impressionism.

In a long, cross letter to Turnbull, dated May 26, 1900, concerned mainly with coal leases and having in it such sentences as “Wardell’s coal report is to my belief the first I have seen, and is not what I want,” “I have long felt I have not sufficient information or control about my mineral affairs. I should have copies of all letters, so that I can interfere whenever I think interference necessary,” and much more of the same sort, we are, at the end, rewarded with a fitful gleam of aesthetic illumination: —

I am sending the quarry leases, and should also thank you very much for the Sieveking book *In Praise of Gardens*. . . . I have been finishing Lecky’s Map of Life and Stevenson’s Velasquez. The latter is an excellent statement of the “impressionist” case, but has left me more prejudiced against impressionism than I was before. They seem to make truth of visual impression their one aim, and to turn up their noses at the highest qualities of a painter — imagination and a sense of beauty. No doubt the scientific problems of painting want working out, but the greatest art is to paint what one does not see. — Yours very sincerely, GEORGE R. SITWELL.

So that is — or was — that!

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THE picture still hangs — I wonder for how long? — in the house in which I write these words. A few people occasionally look at it as they pass, and one or two inquire, “Is that a Sargent?” My mother is indeed exquisite in it; though Sargent was inclined to see in every woman he painted the reflection — which he himself projected — of Mrs. Charles Hunter, of whom he made so many portraits. Upon all his female sitters he liked to bestow a little of her massive, embalmed, and enameled beauty; whereas my mother’s looks — which sometimes recalled a form in one of Michelangelo’s frescoes, by the attitude

which came naturally to her, and by the turn of her head and body — resided in her line, in her beautifully shaped features, and small head set so elegantly upon her graceful neck and tall figure, and in her carriage, which was, perhaps, in part the result of her having as a child been taught "dancing and deportment" by the great Taglioni.

On the whole, then, the picture is impressive; the tapestry, clothes, and furniture are rendered with a brilliance that is undeniable, the people themselves with a kind of uncomprehending scintillation, which, because the element of caricature, always present in the work of this portraitist, has its emphasis in the wrong place, yet lets in the light all the more clearly. The tapestry of the background is mysterious as one of the wind-blown arras, covered with arabesques, in the stories of Edgar Allan Poe. The figure of Justice, with sword and scales, hovers, just out of sight, above the heads of my father and mother, and the wooden stiffness of the figures, which is the fault of the picture, is also its merit, imparting to it a sense of expectation. They are frozen in this cataleptic immobility only for an instant in time, and will presently thaw to life. A feeling of tension broods in the stillness and darkness.

In the year that intervened between the painting and the exhibition of the picture, much had happened. An age had come to an end.

At Scarborough the following January, a tolling of bells at seven in the evening announced the death of the old Queen. "What *shall* we do now?" I heard people say in perplexity; for the loss was something in which no man born and brought up in that long reign could altogether believe. The people mourned sincerely, but perhaps a few inwardly rejoiced at the overthrowing of the prim barriers of the Victorian conventions. Now it would be possible to live in the shell of these, in the space hollowed out behind them, as a wasp lives in a peach.

The ageing heir to the throne had at last inherited it. Within a few years it was boasted that nothing remained of the Victorian Age! Yet this was not true, though those who made it may have believed the statement, for henceforth it lived in the bones of English men and women, who could no more be deprived of it, with all its faults and virtues, than of the Elizabethan era, to which it provided so remarkable and strait-laced a sequel. But the Rich Man's Banquet, which was to last for a decade, had now begun: the feast, it was recognized, went to the greediest. And Sargent was to be the recorder of it in

paint, as Veronese had been of the Age of Opulence in Venice.

But Beauty, today, was not everything — indeed, anything. The Venetians had lavished their fortunes upon the building of palaces and gardens, upon brocades and jewels in lovely settings, upon masques and entertainments of an exquisite loveliness: the Edwardians squandered their accumulated riches at the shrine of the strange new goddess Comfort; they spent them on the gilding of pathetic but vulgar dreams from South Africa and the Ghetto, on the installation of bathrooms, electric light, and radiators. (When the wife, noted for her malapropisms, of an American millionaire of the time, whose daughter had just married an English peer, remarked of her husband's generosity to the bride, "Where another father would have placed a diamond pendant, Mr. X installed an electric elevator," she knew of what she was talking.)

They had waited, among other things, for Sargent to record them, and he snatched many of them. From Time's effacement; the aristocrat with his top hat and riding whip, his handsome ram's head and air of dowdy elegance, the fashionable beauties who were beautiful, but in so unstylized and *fade* a manner that it was almost impossible to formulate them upon canvas, and the fashionable beauties who were ugly and, so, much easier to paint. But all the women in his pictures are richly clothed and all have the same harpies' hands, grasping and ineffectual, with long gray-green talons, and hold or allow to dangle the same arm's-length white kid gloves. Then there are the generals, the statesmen, and the viceroys, and a ponderous and pondering author or two, with domed forehead and businessman's jaw, looking out of presentation portraits in expensive frames.

Everything seemed still to be fixed and immutable. The wainscoting was very thick. Soon we were back at Renishaw, in a life that somehow one knew had the patine of time upon it. The very nursery atmosphere itself was impregnated with that of other times; one of the blankets on my bed bore the date 1801 on it, the rooms were full of plain oak chairs of the time of Charles I, and long, long ago a hand that was now dust had scratched a phrase in French, with a date, upon one of the windowpanes. Outside, in the passage, stood the large old rocking-horse upon which a former generation of children had been painted in 1836. It had lost one ear, so that it was more difficult to climb on to, but its rocking was as satisfactory as ever.

With this fifth installment the Atlantic concludes its serialization of Sir Osbert Sitwell's book. The chapters selected for the magazine comprise two thirds of the text. We hope that not a few readers will wish to read
LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND! when it appears in book form later this spring.

Beginning in the June Atlantic

THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING

By Van Wyck Brooks